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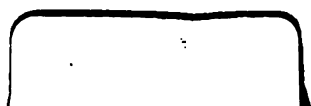
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THE

# ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

## ENGLISH PROSE,

AS LITERALLY AS THE

DIFFERENT IDIOMS OF THE GREEK AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES

WILL ALLOW;

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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BY A

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

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THIRD EDITION,

THOROUGHLY REVISED AND CORRECTED: WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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## PREFACE.

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It has been remarked by an able writer in our language, that it is the business of a translator to convey the general meaning of his author, rather than to give an exact interpretation of every word and phrase in the original. This maxim, when applied to books of science, and even to history and poetry, is, in general, certainly correct. No science can be taught without the use of technical terms to a greater or less extent, and there are no two languages, whether living or dead, that will admit of those terms being literally translated from the one into the other. This of itself will necessarily occasion a certain degree of freedom in the translation; but independent of this, it will be found utterly impossible to give, at once, a translation, perfectly literal, of even the common expressions employed by a scientific writer, and, at the same time, to convey any thing like his general meaning to the mind of the reader. Let us take for example any of the treatises of Aristotle—his *Ethics*, or his *Rhetoric*. Can any man suppose himself competent to give a literal, and, at the same time, a fair translation of either of these works? If he does, he will find himself mistaken. To the person who understands Greek, the translation would be infinitely more difficult to be understood than the original; whereas to the mere English reader, it would either be unintelligible, or ex-

press a meaning very different from that which was intended by the author.

In history, again, although there is not the same absolute necessity for a freedom of translation, still it is generally useful, and always ornamental. No man would sit down to translate such books as the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus for the mere purpose of assisting the student in Greek. He would write for the instruction and amusement of society at large, particularly of that portion of it which is unacquainted with the learned languages; and his object would be more completely attained by a free, than by a literal translation;—by making the author express himself in such terms, as, from the nature of his Greek style, we have reason to infer that he would have employed, had the language of the translation been his vernacular tongue.

It is equally impossible, by literal translations, to convey to the mere English or French reader a correct feeling of the beauties of Greek or Roman poetry; and very difficult to do so by any translation, however free and however spirited. To accomplish this object, it would not be sufficient to make the ancient poet express himself in such a manner as we may suppose he would have done had he been an Englishman or Frenchman of the present age. It would be necessary to employ that phraseology which we have reason to suppose such a poet would have employed, had he been an Englishman or Frenchman of the age, which, in the progress of modern society and literature, we consider as analogous to the age in which he lived, in the progress of Greek or Roman society and literature. If, for instance, we consider the present age of English literature as analogous to that of Plato and Xenophon in

Greece, to give a correct view of Homer's poetry, it will be necessary to exhibit it in a more antique phraseology than that of Pope, or even of Dryden.

By these reflections it is not intended to throw a greater odium on literal translations than that which is already attached to them; for they may be made for other purposes than to teach mere modern scholars ancient history, ancient science, or the beauties and expression of ancient poetry. They may be made to assist the student in the acquisition of ancient languages; and in their defence, when this is their object, a few observations shall now be offered, on the fairness or unfairness of which the candid reader must decide.

There is nothing more common, among a certain class of scholars, than to cry out with vehemence against every literal translation. It induces young men, say they, to be idle; they trust entirely to the labours of another; they get up a book by rote; and their advancement in learning is consequently injured. But to such men a few circumstances may be stated, to which, though it is hardly to be supposed that they have never thought of them, they cannot have paid sufficient attention. In the first place, no young man who *is capable of being injured by a translation*, will be injured by it. The youth of aspiring mind and good talents, who looks forward to the period when he may take a lofty station in the republic of letters, will never deign to be altogether dependent upon another. Even with the translation before him he will never *trust* to it, but reserve it as something to be applied to, when the intricacy of arrangement, or some other cause, renders his Lexicon and Grammar insufficient to extricate him from a difficulty. As he advances in his knowledge of the



language, the translation will cease to be at all useful to him, and the danger which was so greatly dreaded, will be found to have been a mere phantom of the imagination. In the next place, the youth whose talents are such as to render every foreign aid acceptable in assisting him in the acquisition of as much learning as may serve an immediate purpose, may be benefited, but cannot be injured by a literal translation. Such a youth will not toil, cannot indeed be expected to toil, day after day, and week after week, in the vain attempt to understand what appears to him to be utterly incomprehensible. If possessed of money sufficient for the purpose, he will undoubtedly apply to a private tutor, possessed of patience sufficient to read the lesson over and over till something like a shadow of its meaning be left upon the pupil's memory. And of what importance is it whether such a youth be instructed by a dead, or by a living tutor? In many cases the youth is perhaps poor, and cannot afford to pay for private tuition. His future prospects in life may depend upon his being able to scrape together as much knowledge of Greek and Latin as will enable him to take a degree; and is a translation to be condemned because it has been useful in the attainment of this object? Let those who exclaim most loudly against literal translations reflect upon these things, and they will find, that the youth of good talents cannot be injured by such translations; whilst the youth of moderate talents may be greatly assisted by them.

It was with a full conviction of the truth of this reasoning, that the following translation of Homer's *Iliad* was written. To translate the poetry of one language into the prose of another, is, to say the least of it, an irksome task, and necessarily obliges the translator to lay aside every

idea of elegance in his composition. With respect to Homer, in particular, these objections are peculiarly strong. Although certainly as simple as a poet can be, Homer delights in numerous and compound epithets; expressions which, though in the Greek poem they are extremely beautiful, become in an English prose translation almost ridiculous. To make the translation at all what it was intended to be, however, those epithets must be fairly and literally given, the consequence of which is, that the style is always pompous, and not unfrequently bombastic. It would be quite needless to offer an apology for a fault which there was no possibility of avoiding; and for the general correctness of the translation it is humbly hoped that no apology is required. The utmost care has been bestowed upon it, and no error has been caused by indifference or inattention. Not that it is vainly believed to be altogether free from mistakes. Such there may be, and such no doubt there are; but it is pretty confidently affirmed, that no meaning has been attached to the Greek words, which those words are wholly incapable of bearing. There are, to be sure, some particles scattered in great profusion throughout the poem, which are almost universally admitted to be incapable of translation; such as *μὲν*, *καί*, *γάρ*, and such like. All these, no doubt, add greatly to the precision of the expression, and, among the Greeks, possessed each some definite meaning. But though we are well aware of this, and see plainly that they add in no small degree to the beauty as well as strength of the language, we are, from the mere want of similar terms in our own, obliged either to pass them by entirely, or to compress two or three of them into one word. Wherever it is possible, they have each received a distinct translation



in the following work ; and where they have been omitted, the reader will do well to supply for himself some such word as—"indeed," or "in truth." The  $\delta\epsilon$ , with which so many of Homer's sentences commence, has been frequently omitted, to avoid the running together of too many sentences into one, which must have been the consequence had it been translated. In such cases it will be found to signify either "but" or "and." When  $\mu\epsilon\lambda\lambda$  and  $\delta\epsilon$  occur in the middle of a sentence, they have generally the force of "on the one hand," and "on the other hand ;" and when either occurs alone, it may be safely rendered "indeed."

Having given these few general hints to the reader, it would be unnecessary to take up more of his time with a preface. That the translation of Homer's Iliad, now given to the public, can possibly do harm, is not feared ; and if it be of the smallest use in furthering the views or prospects of any individual, the labour of the translator will be amply rewarded.

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Considerable pains have been taken in the present edition, throughout, to mark the meaning of Homer more specifically than before, both by corrections in the text, and by occasional notes—without, however, deviating at all from the rigour of a literal version. Universally, indeed, every change has been made with the sole view of conveying the construction as well as the sense of the noble original more closely.

H. P.

March, 1833.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK I.

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ARGUMENT.

Account of a pestilence in the Grecian camp, and cause of it. A council called. Fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. Achilles renounces the field. Agamemnon demands Briseïs. Achilles resigns her. He complains to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jove. She pleads it, and prevails. What passed in heaven on that occasion.

SING, Goddess, the destructive wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus, which brought many disasters upon the Achæans, and sent many gallant souls of heroes to Hades, and made them a prey to the dogs and to all the fowls of the air (for so the counsel of Jove was fulfilled) from the time 5 when first Atrides, king of men, and the godlike Achilles quarrelled<sup>1</sup>.

Which then of the gods excited them to quarrel<sup>2</sup>? It was the son of Jove and Latona; for, being indignant with the king, he sent a terrible disease upon the army, and the 10 people perished; because Atrides had insulted Chryses the priest. For he came to the swift ships of the Achæans to redeem his daughter, bringing an invaluable ransom, and bearing in his hands the garlands of the far-darting

<sup>1</sup> Stood apart—separated, having quarrelled.

<sup>2</sup> Which of the gods then sent them together in contest, that they should fight—to a contest of words.

15 Apollo, upon a golden sceptre. And he supplicated all the Achæans, but especially the sons of Atreus, the two leaders of the people :

“ Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other well-armed <sup>1</sup> Achæans, may the gods who possess the Olympic mansions grant that ye may destroy the city of Priam, and return home in  
20 safety. But release my beloved daughter, and accept her ransom, reverencing the son of Jove, the far-darting Apollo.”

Then all the other Achæans agreed by acclamation to respect the priest and to accept the rich ransom. But it pleased not the mind of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus ;  
25 and he dismissed him with disgrace, and added <sup>2</sup> these threatening words :

“ Let me not find thee, old man, either now lingering at the hollow ships, or hereafter returning, lest the sceptre and garland of thy god avail thee not. For I will not set her free—old age shall come upon her first, plying the  
30 loom, and sharing my bed, in my home at Argos, far from her native land. But begone and irritate me not, that thou mayst depart in safety.”

Thus he spoke, and the old man was afraid, and obeyed the order. And he walked in silence along the sands of the loud-roaring sea, and after he had gone some distance,  
35 the old man prayed to king Apollo, whom the fair-haired Latona bore :

“ Hear me, Apollo, god of the silver bow, thou who protectest Chrysa and the glorious Cilla, and with authority dost govern Tenedos ; if ever I hung thy beautiful temple with garlands, or if ever I burnt in honour of  
40 thee, the fat legs <sup>3</sup> of bulls or of goats, accomplish this my prayer. Let the Achæans suffer punishment from thy arrows, for my tears.”

Thus he spoke in prayer ; and Phœbus Apollo heard him. And he came down from the summits of Olympus,

<sup>1</sup> Well-booted.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* With this angry address.

<sup>3</sup> See line 460 of this book.

enraged in his heart, bearing upon his shoulders, his bow, and covered<sup>1</sup> quiver. And the arrows rattled upon his 45 shoulders as he moved in anger, and he came onwards like night. Then he sat down at some distance from the ships and sent forth an arrow, and terrible was the clang of the silver bow. At first he directed his weapons against the mules, and swift dogs, but afterwards he shot a deadly arrow 50 at the men themselves and struck them; and the numerous pyres of the dead were ever burning. Nine days did the arrows of the god make their way through the army; but on the tenth, Achilles called the people to an assembly, for the white-armed goddess Juno had prompted<sup>2</sup> this 55 resolution; for she was grieved for the Achæans, because she beheld them perishing. When therefore they collected together, and were in assembly, the swift-footed Achilles standing up among them, thus spoke:

“Atrides, I suppose we must now turn back and go home again, if at least we would escape death; since war 60 and pestilence at once press upon the Achæans. But come, let us consult some prophet, or priest, or even interpreter of dreams (for a dream also is from Jove), who may say, why Phœbus Apollo is thus angry with us. If 65 he be offended on account of some vow or hecatomb *unperformed*, he will perhaps, if he obtain from us the scent<sup>3</sup> of choice lambs and kids, avert from us the plague.”

When he had thus spoken he sat down; and Calchas, the son of Thestor arose, the best of Augurs, a man who knew the present, the future, and the past, and who had guided 70 the ships of the Achæans to Ilium, by that power of prophecy which Phœbus Apollo gave him. With wisdom<sup>4</sup> he thus addressed them, and said:

“Achilles, beloved of Jove; thou chargest me to explain the *cause* of the anger of Apollo, the far-darting king. 75

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* The heads of the arrows did not appear above the quiver—the top of the quiver was covered.

<sup>2</sup> Had put it in his mind.

<sup>3</sup> Steam or scent of roast-lamb, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Prudently—with a just regard for their interests, and his own safety.



Well, I will declare it; but do thou observe, and swear to me, that thou wilt promptly by words and hands protect me. For I suspect that I shall irritate the man who governs all the Argives, and whom the Achæans obey.

80 For a king, when he is angry with an inferior, is too much for him; for, even if at the time of *provocation* he control his rage, he lays up his resentment in his breast, to wreak it on a future day: do thou then say<sup>1</sup> if thou wilt protect me." Him the swift-footed Achilles answered, and said:

85 "Declare<sup>2</sup>, with confidence, whatever thou knowest of the will of the god. For, by Apollo, beloved of Jove,—by praying to whom thou declarest his will to the Danaans,—no one of all the Danaans while I live and look upon the earth, shall lay violent hands upon thee, at the hollow

90 ships; no, not even if thou wert to name Agamemnon, who now boasts himself to be the most powerful man in the army."

Then, at last, the good prophet took courage, and said: "Then, neither from the neglect of a vow, nor of a hecatomb, is he enraged, but on account of his priest, whom

95 Agamemnon insulted, nor set his daughter at liberty, nor accepted her ransom. For this reason has the far-darting *Apollo* sent diseases upon us, and will send them; neither will he withhold his heavy hands from *afflicting us* with pestilence until *Agamemnon* restore the beautiful<sup>3</sup> maid, unpurchased, unredeemed, to her beloved father; and

100 take a sacred hecatomb to Chrysa; then, perhaps, we may hope to appease his wrath<sup>4</sup>."

Having thus spoken, he sat down. Then the hero, the son of Atreus, the far-ruling Agamemnon rose, in anger;

<sup>1</sup> Or, consider if you can.

<sup>2</sup> Having great confidence, declare, &c.

<sup>3</sup> The specific sense of *ελευωψ* is not known. It is applied to men (line 389 of this book) as well as women, and seems to be expressive of some admirable personal qualities. *Black-eyed* is an interpretation of remote tradition, though apparently an applicable one.

<sup>4</sup> Or—having propitiated—or with these supplications, we may persuade him to forgive us.

and his darkened breast was greatly filled with rage, and his eyes resembled flaming fire. First looking sternly at 105 Calchas, he thus addressed him :

“ Prophet of evil, never hast thou predicted that which was agreeable to me ; but ever pleasant is it to thy soul to prophesy misfortunes ; and never yet hast thou uttered one good prediction, or brought *one* to effect. And now, interpreting the will of the god in the presence of the Danaans, thou tellest them that for this, forsooth, the 110 far-darting god has sent sorrow upon them, because I would not accept the rich ransom for the maiden Chryseis ; and *I would not*, because I much wish to have her at home ; for I prefer her even to Clytemnestra my wife<sup>1</sup>, since she is not inferior to her, either in figure or features, 115 in disposition or in accomplishments<sup>2</sup>. Yet even thus will I restore her if it is better *so to do* ; for I wish my people to be safe rather than to perish. But forthwith prepare requital for me, that I may not be the only one of the Argives unrewarded ; since that would not be fitting. For ye all behold this, that my prize goes else- 120 where.”

Him, then, the swift-footed godlike Achilles answered : “ Most noble Atreus, most rapacious of men, how can the brave Achæans bestow a reward upon thee ? We know nothing of many stores laid up in common. But 125 what we have plundered from towns has been divided, and it would ill become the people to collect<sup>3</sup> it together again. But do thou now give her up to the god, and we Achæans will reward thee three or four-fold, if Jove ever grant us to spoil the well-fortified city of Troy.” Him answering, the 130 king Agamemnon addressed : “ Clever as thou art, god-like Achilles, do not practise upon me<sup>4</sup> ; since thou wilt not

<sup>1</sup> Κουριδης αλοχου—my wife ; one who had never been married before—in opposition to a mistress.

<sup>2</sup> Works.

<sup>3</sup> And it would not become the people to collect them to be placed together again.

<sup>4</sup> Κλεπτει νοφ—i. e. steal or filch with the *mind*, in opposition to the



overreach me, nor persuade me. Is it thy wish, that thou shouldest thyself keep thy prize, and that I should sit down thus<sup>1</sup> without one? And dost thou advise me to  
 135 restore her? Well, *I will do so, if the Achæans give me another*; but if the brave Achæans, gratifying my wishes<sup>2</sup>, will give me *another* prize, *let them take care* it be an equivalent one. For if they should not give me one, and I must myself go and seize one, I will seize and take away<sup>3</sup> thine, or that of Ajax, or of Ulysses; and he against whom I come may be enraged *if he will*. On this matter, how-  
 140 ever, we will consult afterwards. But now, come, we will launch a black ship into the vast sea; and collect a sufficient number of rowers, and embark an hecatomb, and put the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses on board; and  
 145 let some one chief be commander, Ajax, or Idomeneus, or the godlike Ulysses; or thyself, son of Peleus, most tremendous<sup>4</sup> of men, that thou mayst reconcile to us the far-darter, by offering sacrifice."

But the swift-footed Achilles, looking sternly at him, said, "Ha! shameless<sup>5</sup> and rapacious! how can any of the  
 150 Achæans hereafter obey with alacrity thy orders, either to undertake an expedition<sup>6</sup>, or bravely to fight with men? I came not here to fight on account of the warlike Trojans; for they are blameless towards me. They never drove away my cattle nor my horses, nor even injured the crops in  
 155 fruitful and populous Phthia; for many shadowy mountains and resounding seas are between us. But thee, most shameless man, did we accompany for thy sake<sup>7</sup>, to exact

*hands*. The force of the phrase is, obviously,—Do not attempt to juggle, or play your tricks upon me.

<sup>1</sup> Ἀπύρως. The sense is supplied by gesticulation, to sit down *thus*—inactively, without stirring to maintain my rights.

<sup>2</sup> Having suited it to my mind, or taste.

<sup>3</sup> Forcibly taking it, I will bear it away.

<sup>4</sup> Εκπαγλωτατε—ironically, of course.

<sup>5</sup> Clothed or covered with impudence.

<sup>6</sup> An ambuscade, or a foray—to intercept caravans, or seize upon cattle. Λοχονδε ιεναι, line 226 of this book, is an equivalent phrase.

<sup>7</sup> That thou mayst rejoice.

satisfaction from the Trojans for Menelaus, and for thee, insolent; but thou hast no respect for these *favours*, nor 160 dost thou value them. And now thou threatenest thyself to deprive me of my reward, for which I have undergone many labours, and which the sons of the Achæans have given me. When the Achæans lay waste a well-peopled town of the Trojans, never have I a reward equal to thine; although mine are the hands which execute the greater 165 labours of harassing warfare; but whenever a division of *spoils* takes place, to thee falls the greater prize, while I, when wearied with fighting, return to the ships with some little prize, but with which I am contented<sup>1</sup>. But now I 170 will go to Phthia, since it is much better to return home with our high-beaked<sup>2</sup> ships; nor am I disposed, thus insulted here, to gather spoils and wealth for thee."

To him, then, the king of men, Agamemnon, replied: "Fly by all means, if thy mind thus urges thee; nor will I intreat thee to remain on my account: for there are others with me who will honour me, and, above all, counselling 175 Jove. And thou art the most hateful to me of heaven-protected kings, for strife is always agreeable to thee, and wars and battles. Valiant though thou art, a deity made thee so. Return home with thy ships and thy companions, and lord it over the Myrmidons; for I regard 180 thee not, nor care for thine anger<sup>3</sup>; but this warning will I give thee. As Phœbus Apollo takes from me Chryseis, her I shall send in my own ship, and with her my own attendants; but, repairing to thy tent, I will myself bear off thy prize, the fair-cheeked Briseïs; that thou 185 mayst well know how much more powerful I am than thou, and that another may be afraid to declare himself my equal, or compare himself with me<sup>4</sup>."

Thus he spoke, and pain seized the son of Peleus, and

<sup>1</sup> Small and dear.

<sup>2</sup> *κορωνιστῶν*, i. e. ships, both whose prow and stern rose high and curved—like the horns of an ox. The same epithet is applied to oxen by Theocrit. Idyll. xxv. 151.

<sup>3</sup> Nor do I regard thee when angry.

<sup>4</sup> To be compared, *ἀντην*, in opposition to me.



his heart within his furious breast hesitated between two  
 190 courses; whether, plucking the sharp sword from his thigh,  
 he should break <sup>1</sup> through them, and put Atrides to death,  
 or repress his anger, and calm his feelings. While he  
 was thus deliberating in his heart and soul, and drawing  
 the mighty sword from the sheath, Minerva came from  
 195 heaven; for the white-armed goddess Juno had sent her  
 forth, as she had an equal love and regard in her soul for  
 both. She stood behind him, and pulled the son of Peleus  
 by the yellow hair, apparent to him alone, and none of the  
 200 rest beheld her. But Achilles was alarmed, turned round,  
 and immediately recognized Pallas Minerva, whose eyes  
 appeared terrible. <sup>2</sup> And addressing her in winged words,  
 he said:

“ Why, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, hast thou come  
 hither? Is it that thou mayest behold the insolence of  
 Agamemnon, the son of Atreus? But I will declare to  
 thee, and I think it will be accomplished, that he will soon  
 205 lose his life by his insolence.”

But the blue-eyed goddess Minerva spoke to him in  
 012 return: “ I came from heaven to allay thy wrath, if thou  
 wilt but obey me; for the white-armed goddess Juno sent  
 me forth, who has an equal love and regard in her soul  
 210 for both <sup>3</sup>. But, come, end the strife, nor draw the sword  
 with thy hand. Upbraid him, nevertheless, in words, as  
 thou wilt—*but no violence*; for I thus declare, and it shall  
 012 be fulfilled—rich gifts of even three times the value of *this*  
 shall be thine, for this insult. But do thou restrain  
 thyself, and be obedient to us.”

215 And the swift-footed Achilles answered her and said: “ It  
 is my duty to observe the commands of you both, much  
 012 as my soul is enraged; for thus it is better. To the man,  
 who is obedient to the gods, they most readily listen.”

He said, and pressed his heavy hand upon the silver hilt,  
 220 and thrust back the mighty sword into the sheath, nor dis-  
 obeyed the command of Minerva; and she went to Olym-

<sup>1</sup> Overturn or remove—those who stood between himself and Agamemnon.

<sup>2</sup> And addressing her, he said winged words.

<sup>3</sup> Loving and regarding both equally.

pus to the mansions of ægis-bearing Jove, to the other divinities. But Achilles again addressed Atrides with passionate words, nor yet ceased from his anger:

“Thou drunken wretch, with the eyes of a dog, and 225  
the heart of a deer, never hast thou the courage<sup>1</sup> to arm  
thyself for war with the people, nor to go into ambus-  
cades with the chiefs of the Achæans; for this always  
appears to be death to thee. To be sure, it is much  
better, amid the extensive army of the Achæans, to de- 230  
prive of his rewards whoever may at all contradict thee<sup>2</sup>.  
O king, oppressor of thy people—a *coward people*—for  
thou reignest over dastards, otherwise, son of Atreus, thou  
wouldest now have been insolent for the last time. But I  
will tell thee, and I will swear a mighty oath, even by  
this sceptre, which shall never bear leaves and shoots, nor 235  
bloom again from the time it left its trunk<sup>3</sup> among the  
mountains: for the axe quite stripped it of its leaves  
and bark<sup>4</sup>; but now the sons of the Achæans, who are  
judges, and who preserve the laws *delivered to them* by  
Jove, bear it in their hands—and this oath will be a great  
one—that the desire of Achilles will surely one day come 240  
upon all the sons of the Achæans, and thou, though much  
grieved, wilt be unable to assist them, when many fall  
dead by the hand of Hector, the slayer of men. Then  
shalt thou tear thy soul within, enraged with thyself that  
thou didst insult the mightiest of the Achæans.”

Thus spoke the son of Peleus; and he cast upon the earth 245  
his sceptre adorned with golden studs, and sat down. On  
the other hand, the son of Atreus grew warm; but the  
sweet-speaking Nestor, the pleasant orator of the Pylans,  
from whose tongue flowed words sweeter than honey, arose.  
Two generations of articulate-speaking<sup>5</sup> men, who, in 250

<sup>1</sup> Thou hast never dared in thy mind.

<sup>2</sup> Whoever may say anything in opposition.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* The tree from which it was cut.

<sup>4</sup> The brass has stripped off, all round it, the leaves and bark.

<sup>5</sup> In opposition to animals, who do not articulate sounds, or express their feelings by words.

former days were educated, and lived with him in sacred Pylus, had gone by, and he was governing the third. He harangued them with prudence, and said :

“ Ye gods, great sorrow is come upon the Achæan  
 255 land. Priam will rejoice, and the sons of Priam, with  
 the other Trojans, be gladdened in their souls, if they  
 hear that you two, who excel the Danaans in council  
 and in valour<sup>1</sup>, are quarrelling about all these matters.  
 But be persuaded; for you are both younger than I.  
 260 Long ago I associated with men more mighty than you,  
 and they never disregarded me. Never have I seen, nor  
 shall I see such men as Pirithous, and Dryas, shepherd  
 of his people, and Cæneus, and Exadius, and Polyphemus  
 265 the divine, and Theseus the son of Ægeus, who resembled  
 the immortals. The bravest of earthly men, were they  
 bred; the bravest were they, and they fought with those  
 who were very brave, the Centaurs<sup>2</sup> of the mountains, and  
 fearfully slew them. With these I had intercourse, when  
 270 I went from Pylus far from the Apian<sup>3</sup> land; for they  
 invited me, and I fought with all my might<sup>4</sup>; but with  
 them (the Centaurs) none of those men who now inhabit<sup>5</sup>  
 the earth could have fought. Yet they (Pirithous, &c.)  
 hearkened to my counsels, and obeyed my words. And  
 be ye also persuaded, since it is better to obey. Do not  
 275 thou, *Agamemnon*, powerful as thou art, take away the  
 maid from him, but suffer *the reward to remain*, as the sons  
 of the Achæans first gave it; nor do thou, son of Peleus,  
 seek to strive with the king<sup>6</sup>; for no sceptered king to  
 whom Jove has given glory, ever possessed authority equal  
 280 to his. If thou art more valiant, and a goddess was<sup>7</sup> thy  
 mother; still he is mightier than thou, for he rules more  
 people. Son of Atreus, repress thy rage; and I myself  
 implore thee to give up thy resentment against Achilles,

<sup>1</sup> In fighting.

<sup>2</sup> Savage animals.

<sup>3</sup> The ancient name of the Peloponnesus.

<sup>4</sup> *Kar' ep' auron.*

<sup>5</sup> Men on the earth.

<sup>6</sup> Against the king.

<sup>7</sup> A goddess-mother bore thee.



who is the great bulwark against evil war to all the Achæans."

But king Agamemnon answered and said: "Thou hast 285 said all this, old man, in a manner which becomes thee. But this man is desirous to be above all other men; he wishes to rule and reign over all, and command all<sup>1</sup>, which I am not disposed to submit to<sup>2</sup>. If the everlasting gods 290 have made him a warrior, do they therefore permit that he should be insulting in speech<sup>3</sup>?"

Then the godlike Achilles interrupted him and said<sup>4</sup>: "I might well be called a coward and a worthless fellow, if I complied with any of thy orders. Give them to others; 295 thou shalt not command me, for I will no longer obey thee<sup>5</sup>. But I will tell thee something else, and do thou attend to it<sup>6</sup>. I will offer no resistance<sup>7</sup> either to thee or to any other, on account of the maid, since ye who gave her, take her away. But of the rest of the spoils which are with me, 300 in my swift black ship, nothing shalt thou carry off, without my consent. But if *thou art disposed to do so*, come make the trial, that these too may learn *the consequence*—soon shall thy black blood flow around *my spear*."

Having thus fought with mutual violence of words, they 305 both arose, and the assembly broke up at the ships of the Achæans. The son of Peleus repaired to his tents and well-built<sup>8</sup> ships, along with Patroclus and his companions. But Atrides put to sea<sup>9</sup> a swift ship, and selected twenty rowers, and embarked a hecatomb for the god, and led 310 the fair Chryseis on board, and the wise Ulysses took the command. When they had embarked, they sailed upon

<sup>1</sup> And to give signals to all.

<sup>2</sup> Which I do not think he will persuade me to let him do.

<sup>3</sup> That he should speak insults.

<sup>4</sup> Then the godlike Achilles said to him, interruptingly.

<sup>5</sup> I do not think—*i. e.* I am not disposed—I am resolved no longer to obey.

<sup>6</sup> Cast it—let it sink in your mind.

<sup>7</sup> Fight with hands—in opposition to words.

<sup>8</sup> Εἰσας—*i. e.* equal—which perhaps refers to the symmetry of the parts.

<sup>9</sup> Προεργασσεν—dragged down, *i. e.* to the water. The vessels, when not wanted, were drawn up on the shore—kept in a sort of dry dock.

the watery paths. Then Agamemnon ordered the people to purify themselves<sup>1</sup>, and they did purify themselves, and cast the sordes (or suds) into the sea. And they sacrificed  
 315 to Apollo choice hecatombs of bulls and goats, by the shore of the unfruitful ocean, and the odour, curling with the smoke, ascended up to heaven. Thus did they employ themselves throughout the army. Nor did Agamemnon desist from the contest, with which he first threatened  
 320 Achilles<sup>2</sup>. But he thus addressed Talthybius and Eurybates, who were his heralds, and zealous attendants:

“Go to the tent of Achilles, the son of Peleus, and having taken by the hand the fair Briseïs, bring her away;  
 325 and if he do not resign her, I will myself come with greater numbers and seize her<sup>3</sup>, which will be even worse for him.”

So saying, he dismissed them, with this harsh<sup>4</sup> commission. Against their will, along the shore of the barren sea they went, and came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons. And they found him sitting beside his tent and his black ship; nor was Achilles pleased when he beheld them.  
 330 And they, fearing and reverencing the king, stood still, neither did they address him, nor speak a word; but he knew *their business*, in his mind, and said:

“Welcome, heralds, messengers of Jove and of men,  
 335 approach, for ye are not to blame<sup>5</sup>, but Agamemnon, who sends you for the maid Briseïs. Go, noble Patroclus, bring forth the maid, and give her to them, to take her away; but be ye yourselves witnesses before the immortal gods, and  
 340 mortal men, and before the cruel king, *of my resolve*. If ever again there be need of me to ward off destructive pestilence from the rest<sup>6</sup>—for he is driven by destructive counsels,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* With water.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* He did not desist from executing the threat.

<sup>3</sup> Coming with greater numbers, I will seize her.

<sup>4</sup> And added a harsh command.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* You are guiltless of the injury you are come to inflict on me.

<sup>6</sup> In his rage, Achilles refuses to assist not merely Agamemnon, but the whole army. Supply—I will not lend my services, and he cannot supply my absence, for, &c.



nor can he judge of the future by the past<sup>1</sup>, in order that the Achæans may fight in safety at their ships."

Thus he spake. And Patroclus obeyed his beloved com- 345  
panion, and led the fair-cheeked Briseïs from the tent, and gave her to them to lead away; and they returned to the ships of the Greeks. And the maiden followed along with them unwillingly. But Achilles, weeping, sat down, withdrawn apart from his companions, on the shore of the 350  
foaming sea, and gazed upon the dark ocean. And he uttered many supplications to his beloved mother with outstretched hands<sup>2</sup>:

"Since thou hast borne me, O my mother, doomed but to a short existence<sup>3</sup>, the high thundering Olympian Jove ought to have bestowed honour at least upon me; but now has he not honoured me in the smallest degree; for the son 355  
of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, has insulted me, for he has taken from me my reward,—depriving me of it for his own advantage<sup>4</sup>."

Thus he spake, weeping. And his revered mother heard him, as she sat in the depths of the ocean beside her aged father. And she rose in haste from the surging deep, like a cloud. And she seated herself by him, as he wept, 360  
and took him by the hand<sup>5</sup>, and addressed<sup>6</sup> him by his name, and said:

"Why weepest thou, my son, and what sorrow has touched thy mind? Declare it, nor hide it in thy soul, that we both may know it."

But sighing deeply, the swift-footed Achilles replied:  
"Thou knowest; why should I tell these matters to thee, 365  
who art acquainted with them all? We marched against Thebe, Eëtion's sacred<sup>7</sup> city, and we plundered it,

<sup>1</sup> Observe together *what is before* and *what is behind*—i. e. to compare them—to judge of one by the other.

<sup>2</sup> Stretching forth his hands.

<sup>3</sup> Being but of a short life.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. So far from consulting for my honour, he permits Agamemnon to insult me.

<sup>5</sup> Caressed him.

<sup>6</sup> Spoke a word to him, and called him by his name.

<sup>7</sup> Great or noble. *ἱερός*, like *θεῖος* and *διος*, is used for any thing *superior*.

and brought all the spoil hither. Then the sons of the Achæans made a proper division among themselves, and selected for Agamemnon the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses. But Chryses, the priest of the far-darting Apollo, came afterwards to the swift ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans<sup>1</sup>, to redeem his daughter, bringing an invaluable ransom, and bearing in his hands the garlands of the far-darting Apollo, upon a golden sceptre. And he supplicated all the Achæans, but especially the sons of Atreus, the two leaders of the people. Then all the other Achæans assented by acclaim to respect the priest, and accept the rich ransom. But it pleased not the soul of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus; for he dismissed him with disgrace, and added a severe threat. And the old man departed indignant: and Apollo heard his prayer<sup>2</sup>, for he was very dear to him. And he shot a destructive arrow among the Argives; and the people now died, one after another, whilst the weapons of the god went in all directions throughout the wide army of the Achæans. But a skilful prophet explained the divine will<sup>3</sup> of Apollo. Forthwith I was the first to advise them to appease the god; and then rage seized Atrides, and instantly rising he uttered a threat, which has been just accomplished. For the generous Achæans send her to Chrysa in a swift ship, and carry offerings to the king (*Apollo*): and the heralds have this moment quitted my tent, taking with them the maid Briseïs, whom the sons of the Achæans gave to me. But do thou, for thou canst, protect thy son. Go to Olympus, and intreat Jove to assist me, if ever thou didst gratify the heart of Jove, by word or deed. For I have heard thee often boast in the halls of my father, when thou saidst that thou alone, among the immortals, did ward off from the cloud-collecting son of Saturn unworthy destruction, when the other inhabitants of Olympus, Juno, Neptune, and Pallas Minerva,

<sup>1</sup> Brazen-coated.<sup>2</sup> Him praying.<sup>3</sup> *Θεοπροπίας*—not “oracles,” for none were given. The priest is supposed to have had private communication with the deity; or to have known how to interpret the will of the gods from express tokens, or natural phenomena.



wished to bind him in chains. But thou, O goddess, interposing, freed him from his bonds by quickly calling to high Olympus, him of the hundred hands, whom the gods call Briareus, and all men, Ægeon, (for he was stronger than his father<sup>1</sup>;) who then sat by the son of Saturn, exulting in 405 glory<sup>2</sup>. And him the blessed gods dreaded, and no longer held Jupiter in chains. Reminding him of all these things now, sit down by him and embrace his knees<sup>3</sup>, if he will some way or other give assistance to the Trojans, and drive the Achæans slaughtered to their ships, and the sea, that they may all have the full benefit of their king, and that 410 the son of Atreus, the far-ruling Agamemnon, may know the error *he committed*, when he insulted the mightiest of the Achæans."

Then Thetis, in tears, replied<sup>4</sup>, "Alas! my son, why did I unhappily give thee birth, and bring thee up<sup>5</sup>? Would 415 that thou couldst have remained by thy ships, free from tears and troubles, since short is thy fate—not long. But now both short-lived and miserable art thou above all; and therefore in an ill hour<sup>6</sup>, I brought thee forth in our halls. I will, however, myself go to snowy Olympus, and deliver 420 this message to Jove, who delights in thunder, *and see* if he can be persuaded. But do thou remain, for the present, beside the swift ships, nurse thy wrath against the Achæans, and abstain altogether from war. For Jupiter went yesterday to Oceanus, to feast with the blameless Ethiopians, and all the gods attended him. But on the twelfth day he will 425 return to Olympus, and then will I certainly repair to the brazen mansion of Jove, and embrace his knees; and I think he will be prevailed upon." Having thus spoken she departed; and left him there indignant in his soul for the

<sup>1</sup> "Because he was better than his father in strength." He was the son of Neptune.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* Of having rescued Jupiter.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* In that attitude of supplication, ask him, if, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Then Thetis answered, shedding tears.

<sup>5</sup> Having unhappily borne thee.

<sup>6</sup> With an unlucky fate.



loss of the lovely maid<sup>1</sup>, whom they had forcibly taken from him against his will.

But Ulysses came to Chrysa, conducting the sacred hecatomb. And when at length they arrived within the deep harbour, they took in the sails, and stowed them in the black ship; and the mast they removed to its receptacle<sup>2</sup>,  
 435 lowering it quickly by the braces. But the vessel they impelled to her station with oars, and cast out the anchors, and made fast the cable; and the crew landed upon the shore of the sea, and disembarked the hecatomb for the far-darting Apollo. And Chryseis also landed from the sea-  
 440 crossing ship. Then wise Ulysses, leading her to the altar, gave her into the hands of her beloved father, and thus addressed him :

“ O Chryses; Agamemnon, king of men, has sent me to bring thee back thy daughter, and to offer on the part of the Danaans a sacred hecatomb to Phœbus, that we may  
 445 appease the king (Apollo), who has now sent grievous troubles upon the Argives.”

Thus, having spoken, he gave her into his hands; and Chryses received his dear daughter with joy; whilst the others speedily arranged around the well-built altar the noble hecatomb for the god. Then they washed their hands  
 450 and took up the salt and barley. But Chryses prayed for them with a loud voice, lifting up his hands :

“ Hear me, god of the silver bow, thou who dost protect Chrysa and the glorious Cilla, and dost by thy power govern Tenedos; thou didst once before hear me when I prayed to thee. Thou hast honoured me, and done much  
 455 mischief to the people of the Achæans. And again now too fulfil this my prayer. Put away now from the Danaans this foul pestilence.”

Thus he spake in prayer, and Phœbus Apollo heard him. And after they had prayed and cast down the salt and  
 460 barley, they drew back first *the heads of the victims*, and

<sup>1</sup> With a beautiful waist—a swelling bosom.

<sup>2</sup> The place in the ship where it was usually placed, when not elevated.

cut their throats, and skinned them.<sup>1</sup> Next they cut off the kidneys and covered them with the caul<sup>2</sup>, making it double, 460 and placed morsels of flesh (*cut from different parts of the victim*) upon them. Then the old man burnt them upon cleft wood, and poured ruddy wine over them, and youths held long forks<sup>3</sup> in their hands beside him. But when the legs were quite consumed, and they had tasted the entrails, they divided the rest into small pieces, and pierced 465 them with spits, and cooked them carefully, and then drew them all off again. And when they had accomplished the labour, and prepared the feast, they ate, nor were their appetites unsatisfied<sup>4</sup>. And after they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, the attendants crowned goblets with 470 wine; and with cups, beginning *from the right*, they distributed them among all. But the youths of the Achæans all day propitiated the god with singing, chanting a beautiful pæan, and celebrating the Far-darter; and he heard them with joy<sup>5</sup>. And when the sun had set, and 475 darkness succeeded, then slept they beside the hawsers<sup>6</sup> of their ship. But when the rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the morn, appeared, then they steered back towards the broad army of the Achæans. And the far-darting Apollo sent a fair wind to them, and they erected their mast, and 480 spread their white sails. And the breeze filled the middle of the sail, and the purple wave roared loud around the keel, as the ship scudded away; and she bounded along, cutting her path through the billows. But when they reached

<sup>1</sup> *ουλοχεραι, scil. κριθαι*. The barley was *whole*—not ground, and mixed with salt. This mixture they held in their hands over the victims, whilst the priest prayed, and at the conclusion of the prayer, cast it on the heads of the victims—which were thus consecrated.

<sup>2</sup> They wrapt the legs, or the bones of the legs (*τα μηριαια οστια*, Schol.) twice around with the caul.

<sup>3</sup> With five prongs. The fork was used, apparently, to keep the parts of the offering together on the altar—that all might be burnt.

<sup>4</sup> Nor did the mind want at all an equal feast—*i. e.* every one had their due share.

<sup>5</sup> And he was pleased in his mind, hearing them.

<sup>6</sup> *πρυμνησια*—the cables by which the *πρυμνη*, or stern, was secured to a capstan on the shore.



the broad army of the Achæans, they drew the black ship upon the strand, high upon the sands, and propped her up with long scantlings<sup>1</sup>: and themselves dispersed to their tents and ships. But the noble son of Peleus, the swift-footed Achilles, continued in anger, as he sat  
 490 by the quick-moving ships, nor ever went to the glorious<sup>2</sup> council, nor into war; yet it fretted his heart remaining there, for he longed for the shout and the battle. But when at last the twelfth morning from that day had arrived, then also the everlasting gods went in a  
 495 body to Olympus, with Jove at their head<sup>3</sup>; and Thetis was not forgetful of the commands of her son, but emerged from the wave of the sea, and mounted at an early hour to the great heaven, and Olympus. And she found the far-thundering son of Saturn apart from the rest, sitting upon the highest summit of the many-topped Olympus. And  
 500 she sat down beside him, and embraced his knees with her left hand, and taking him with her right by the beard, in a suppliant<sup>4</sup> manner she addressed king Jove, the son of Saturn:

“ O father Jove, if ever I assisted thee among the immortals, by word or deed, accomplish this my desire.  
 505 Give honour to my<sup>5</sup> son,—he who is doomed to be the shortest-lived of all others; yet him has the king of men, Agamemnon, disgraced; for seizing and taking away from him his prize, he keeps it himself. But do thou honor him, O Olympian, allwise Jove. Give victory to the  
 510 Trojans, till the Achæans honor my son, and treat him with more respect<sup>6</sup>.

Thus she spake, and the cloud-compelling Jove answered not, but sat long in silence. And Thetis, as she embraced his knees, as she still clung to him<sup>7</sup>, besought him again a second time:

<sup>1</sup> And stretched under her long props.

<sup>2</sup> Containing illustrious men—or where men distinguish themselves.

<sup>3</sup> And Jupiter went first.

<sup>4</sup> And supplicating.

<sup>5</sup> Who is the shortest lived of others.

<sup>6</sup> And increase him with honour; *i. e.* vindicating his honour—by avenging the wrong he has received.

<sup>7</sup> Clinging to him as she was.

“Distinctly promise and confirm it to me, or refuse—  
for thou canst have no fears—that I may well know how  
much, among all, I am the least honoured deity.” 515

And her the cloud-collecting Jove, much disturbed, addressed: “It will be indeed a bad business; for thou wilt force me to quarrel with Juno, when she irritates me with opprobrious words<sup>1</sup>. And even as it is<sup>2</sup>, she is always 520 among the immortal gods, upbraiding me, and says that I aid the Trojans in battle. But do thou now go away again, lest Juno behold thee; and these *requests* shall be my care, that I may fulfil them. But come, I will bend my head to thee, that thou mayst have reliance. For this from me 525 is the greatest pledge among immortals—for that *word* of mine, which I confirm by my head, is neither revocable nor delusive, nor will fail of accomplishment.”

The son of Saturn spake, and bent with his dark brows. And the ambrosial hair of the king waved from his immortal head, and he shook the vast Olympus. Thus hav- 530 ing deliberated, they parted. She then leaped down from the shining Olympus into the deep sea; and Jupiter repaired to his own mansion. And all the gods at once rose from their seats, in the presence of their father; nor did any dare remain (*in his seat*) at his approach, but all stood 535 up before him.

Thus he sat down there upon his throne. But Juno was not ignorant—having seen her—that the silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the aged sea-god, had been plotting with him. Immediately, therefore, she addressed Jupiter, the son of Saturn, with taunting words:

“Which of the gods again has been plotting with thee, 540 juggler? It is ever thy delight, apart from me<sup>3</sup>, to plan

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* because she will hear of my promise, and will abuse me for favouring the Trojans.

<sup>2</sup> In this way—*i. e.* under present circumstances, and without cause.

<sup>3</sup> It is *ever* pleasant to thee, being apart from me, clandestinely planning, to decide.



and decide clandestinely; nor willingly couldst thou ever bear to tell me a word of what thou purposest<sup>1</sup>."

And to her then the father of gods and men replied:  
545 "Juno, never hope to know all my counsels, for that would be impracticable<sup>2</sup> for thee, although thou art my wife. Whatever is proper for thee to hear, that no one either of gods or men shall henceforth know before thee; but as to what I may choose to plan apart from the gods, do not  
550 thou inquire about any such matters, nor pry into them."

And to him then the large-eyed<sup>3</sup>, imperial<sup>4</sup> Juno answered: "Most despotic Chronides, what speech is this of thine<sup>5</sup>? It is long since<sup>6</sup> I have either questioned thee, or pryed into thy measures; but, quite undisturbed *by me*, thou  
555 plannest what thou wilt. But now I am much afraid<sup>7</sup>, lest the silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old sea-god, has seduced thee<sup>8</sup>; for early this morning she sat beside thee, and embraced thy knees: and on that account I suspect thou hast promised her<sup>9</sup> that thou wouldest give honour to Achilles, and destroy many of the Achæans at their ships."

560 But the cloud-collecting Jove answered her and said:  
"Goddess<sup>10</sup>! thou art always suspecting, nor can I ever

<sup>1</sup> *επος, ὅτι νοησεις*, i. e. any of thy measures.

<sup>2</sup> They would be difficult—i. e. too much for thee.

<sup>3</sup> *βωωπις*. Etymologically, the word applies at least as much to the general countenance, or aspect, as to the eyes. *βους* seems, in compounds, expressive of any thing large—as with us, bull-head, bull-rush, &c. *Μα- jestic*, or noble, may perhaps be more applicable than *ox-eyed*.

<sup>4</sup> *πορνία*. Venerable has become inseparably coupled with age. August, or imperial, seems more appropriate.

<sup>5</sup> What word is this which thou hast spoken?

<sup>6</sup> *λίην παρος*. Long before—or rather perhaps—never.

<sup>7</sup> I am fearful in my heart. *φρην*—the midriff, as the seat of some of the passions—of fear at least.

<sup>8</sup> *παρειπῆ*—turned you from your purpose—or drawn you to her's.

<sup>9</sup> *κατανεύσαι ἐτητυμον*—bend the head in confirmation—significant of an irrevocable promise.

<sup>10</sup> *Δαίμονι*—uttered with an angry emphasis.

escape thee<sup>1</sup>! Thou wilt not, however, be able to do any thing<sup>2</sup>, but thou wilt only become more odious to my mind, and that will be even worse for thee. But if that be so<sup>3</sup>, it will be agreeable to me. Yet sit down in silence, 565 and obey my command, lest not all the gods of Olympus can protect thee against me, on my approach, when I lay upon thee my invincible hands."

Thus he spake, and the large-eyed imperial Juno was alarmed; and she in consequence sat down in silence, suppressing her indignation<sup>4</sup>, and the celestial gods were 570 distressed *at the sight* throughout the abode of Jove. But Vulcan, the skilful artist, began to address them, from affection<sup>5</sup> for his dear mother, the white-armed Juno:

"This will indeed be a sad business<sup>6</sup>, and intolerable, if for the sake of mortals you two quarrel in this manner, and excite a tumult among the gods; nor will there be any 575 comfort in the good feast, when quarrels<sup>7</sup> prevail. But I advise my mother, though she herself knows *what is proper to do*, to give way to my dear father Jove, that he may not again chide, and thus disturb our feast. For if the Olympic Thunderer<sup>8</sup> choose to hurl *us* from our seats, 580 *he can*; for he is by far the most powerful. But do thou appease him with gentle words, and the Olympian will then be in good humour again with us *all*."

Thus he spake; and rising, he put a double cup<sup>9</sup> in the hands of his mother, and thus addressed her: 585

"Bear with it, my mother, and support it, grieved

<sup>1</sup> Do any thing without your detecting it. *ιονθ'* must be (if the word be correct) *ιοντα*, and can only apply to Jupiter.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* by such meddling and prying.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* if you do become odious to me.

<sup>4</sup> Bending—forcing her heart to submission.

<sup>5</sup> Bringing or doing what was agreeable—a phrase which in line 578 below amounts to obedience.

<sup>6</sup> Pestilent, or mischievous things—plaguy.

<sup>7</sup> *χερμωνα*, *i. e.* the *λοιγια εργα*—opposed to *αμεινονα—βελτιωνα*.

<sup>8</sup> Discharger of lightning.

<sup>9</sup> *Δμφικύπελλον*. Strictly, a vessel with a cup at each end, for mutual pledges at drinking parties.

though thou art; nor let me with these eyes behold thee, so dear to me, punished<sup>1</sup>; since then I shall not be able  
 590 at all to aid thee, however grieved, for the Olympian is hard to be resisted. For once before when I endeavoured to assist thee, he seized me by the foot, and cast me from the celestial threshold. All day I was borne along, and at sun-set I fell in Lemnos, and little life was there left in me. But there the Sintian men immediately received<sup>2</sup> me when I fell."

595 Thus he spake, and the white-armed goddess Juno smiled; and smiling, she took the cup from the hand of her son. And beginning on the right, he poured out wine for all the other gods, drawing the sweet nectar from the bowl. Then loud laughter<sup>3</sup> rose among the blessed gods  
 600 when they beheld Vulcan ministering<sup>4</sup> to them through the house.

Thus then they feasted all day until sun-set, nor was the appetite ungratified with a full feast, or with the beautiful lyre which Apollo possessed, or with the Muses who sang alternately with delightful voice.

605 But when the splendid light of the sun had set, they each went home to rest, where for each the renowned Vulcan, lame in both feet, had built with good skill apartments.

And Jove, the Olympic Thunderer, went to his couch where he was before wont to recline, when sweet sleep  
 610 came upon him. And he ascended it, and there slept; and beside him Juno, goddess of the golden throne.

<sup>1</sup> Beaten.

<sup>2</sup> Took care of me—brought me to life again.

<sup>3</sup> Unextinguishable.

<sup>4</sup> Playing the waiter—possibly pledging each—the whole circle—which might be the occasion of the laughter.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK II.

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ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians, in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is, that the army should go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

THE other gods and warriors<sup>1</sup> slept all night; but sweet repose came not upon Jove; for he was revolving in his mind how he might do honour to Achilles, and destroy many of the Achæans at their ships. And this plan appeared best to his mind, to send a delusive Dream to Agamemnon, son of Atreus.

Having called him, therefore, he uttered these winged words: "Away, delusive Dream, to the swift ships of the Achæans. Go to the tent<sup>2</sup> of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and repeat very carefully<sup>3</sup> as I charge thee. Bid him arm<sup>10</sup> the long-haired Achæans in full force; for now he may take the broad-streeted city of the Trojans; since the immortals, who possess the mansions of Olympus, no longer

<sup>1</sup> ἱπποκορυστᾶι—those who fought, armed, in war-cars.

<sup>2</sup> Going to the tent, take care to tell him, &c.

<sup>3</sup> ἀκριβῶς—i. e. in the same words—literally.



15 differ in opinion, for Juno has conciliated them all, by her intreaties<sup>1</sup>; and evils impend over the Trojans."

Thus he spake, and then the Dream departed as soon as he had received his orders. Forthwith he came to the swift ships of the Achæans, and then repaired to the tent of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Him he found reposing in his tent, and around him was shed ambrosial sleep.

20 And then he stood over his head, resembling Nestor, the son of Neleus, whom<sup>2</sup> Agamemnon honoured most of the old men. Assuming<sup>3</sup> his likeness, the divine Dream addressed him:

"Sleepest thou, son of brave Atreus, the tamer of  
25 horses<sup>4</sup>? It becomes not a chief<sup>5</sup>, to whose charge nations are committed, and who has so many cares upon him, to sleep all night. But now attend to me with speed; for I am a messenger to thee from Jove, who, though far distant, is very anxious about thee, and pities thee. He orders thee to arm the long-haired Achæans in full force, for now mayst thou take the broad-streeted city of the  
30 Trojans; since the immortals who possess the mansions of Olympus no longer differ in opinion; for Juno has conciliated all by her intreaties; and evils from Jove impend over the Trojans. But keep these things in thy mind, nor let forgetfulness seize upon thee, when sweet sleep has left thee."

35 Then, having thus spoken, he departed, and left him there meditating in his mind on things which, however, were not to be accomplished. For he thought<sup>6</sup>, like a fool,

<sup>1</sup> Having intreated them, has bent, &c.

<sup>2</sup> τον ῥα—he, that is, whom, &c.; indicating the reason why he was selected.

<sup>3</sup> Having made himself like to him.

<sup>4</sup> ἰπποδάμοιο—a warrior, one especially who fought or drove in war-cars—not on foot.

<sup>5</sup> βουλευφορον ἀνδρα—counsellor—one who shares in the counsels of the state, or army—or directs them.

<sup>6</sup> φη—said to himself.

that he should take the city of Priam, on that day; and knew not what Jove was preparing: for he was going to inflict on the Achæans and Trojans more labours and sorrows, 40 in hard-fought battles. And Agamemnon started from his sleep, while the divine voice was yet floating around him. And he sat upright<sup>1</sup>, and put on his soft tunic, beautiful and new, and next threw his large cloak about him. And he bound his beautiful sandals beneath his smooth<sup>2</sup> feet, and then about his shoulders hung the silver-studded sword. 45 And he took his paternal sceptre, ever imperishable<sup>3</sup>, with which he walked to the ships of the brave mailed Achæans.

And now the goddess Morn ascended high Olympus to report to Jove and the other gods the approach of day<sup>4</sup>; and he (Agamemnon,) ordered the loud-tongued heralds 50 to call to assembly the long-haired Achæans. And they proclaimed the meeting, and the people were very speedily assembled. But first he convened<sup>5</sup> a council of noble old men, at the ship of Nestor the Pylian-born king<sup>6</sup>, and having called them together, arranged with 55 them a prudent plan.

“Hear me, my friends. A divine<sup>7</sup> Dream came to me while I slept, during the ambrosial night; and it resembled, most particularly, the noble Nestor, in appearance, in stature, and in person. And it stood over my head, and reported its commission to me. Sleepest thou, son of 60 brave Atreus, the tamer of horses? It becomes not a chief, to whom nations are entrusted, and who has so many cares upon him, to sleep all night. But now attend to me with speed; for I am a messenger to thee from Jove, who, though far distant, is very anxious about thee, and

<sup>1</sup> Being raised upright, he sat in that position.

<sup>2</sup> *ἀπαροι*—specifically—*clean*.

<sup>3</sup> As being hereditary—an heir-loom.

<sup>4</sup> To report the light to Jove and the other immortals.

<sup>5</sup> *ἰζε*—actively—cause to sit, which implies an invitation or summons—convene.

<sup>6</sup> At the Nestorean ship of the king, born at Pylus.

<sup>7</sup> *θεός*—as being a divinity—or as dispatched by Jove.



65 pities thee. He orders thee to arm the long-haired Achæans in full force, for now thou mayst take the wide-streeted city of the Trojans; since the immortals who possess the mansions of Olympus are no longer of different opinions, for Juno conciliates them all with her intreaties; and evils from Jove impend over the Trojans.  
 70 But keep these things in thy mind. Thus having spoken, he flew away<sup>1</sup>; and sweet sleep left me. Come then, *let us consult* how we shall arm the sons of the Achæans. I will first, as usual<sup>2</sup>, try them with my words<sup>3</sup>, and will advise them to fly with their ships of many benches<sup>4</sup>, and  
 75 do you distribute yourselves<sup>5</sup> among them, and restrain them by your exhortations."

Having thus spoken, he then sat down: and Nestor, he who was king of sandy Pylus, rose, and harangued them with prudence, and said:

"My friends, leaders and chiefs of the Argives, if any  
 80 other of the Achæans had told this dream, we should have pronounced it to be false, and given no credit to it<sup>6</sup>. But now he has seen it, who justly boasts to be the greatest man in the army<sup>7</sup>. Therefore come, *let us see* how we shall arm the sons of the Achæans."

Thus having spoken, he began to depart from the coun-  
 85 cil; and the sceptered kings arose next, and obeyed the shepherd of the people. And the nations thronged together—as swarms of crowding bees, which come ever in fresh<sup>8</sup> numbers from the hollow rock, and fly in clus-  
 90 ters over the vernal flowers, and thickly some fly in this direction, and some in that; so of the people did

<sup>1</sup> He departed, flying away.

<sup>2</sup> ὅ ᾧμις ἐστί. It was the business of the king to state to the general assembly the object of the meeting.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. will try what effect I can produce on them.

<sup>4</sup> πολυκλῆμισι. Therefore—large ships.

<sup>5</sup> ἐρηγνύναι scil. μεμνησθε.—But do you, one in one place, and another in another, restrain them with words.

<sup>6</sup> μάλλον—but rather have turned away from it—than have been persuaded by it.

<sup>7</sup> And of course a person entitled to credit.

<sup>8</sup> Ever newly.

many nations from the ships and tents march in companies along the vast shore to the place of assembly. And in the midst of them, Rumour, the messenger of Jove, raged, urging them to proceed<sup>1</sup>; and they were now collected. And the assembly was in commotion, and the earth groaned under them, as the people were taking their seats, and there was a loud clamour; but nine heralds exclaiming, restrained them, to make them<sup>2</sup> cease from their noise, and listen to the heaven-protected kings. At last with difficulty the people sat down, and were kept in their seats, and the clamour ceased<sup>3</sup>; and king Agamemnon arose, holding in *his hand* the sceptre which Vulcan had toiled to form<sup>4</sup>. Vulcan had given it to king Jove, the son of Saturn, and Jupiter next bestowed it upon his messenger, the slayer of Argus; and king Mercury presented it to the noble Pelops<sup>5</sup>, and Pelops again gave it to Atreus, shepherd of the people. And Atreus, at his death, left it to Thyestes, rich in cattle; and Thyestes again bequeathed it to be borne by Agamemnon, that *with it* he might govern many islands, and the whole of Argos. Leaning upon this, he spake *these* winged words:

My friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars! Jove, the son of Saturn, has involved me in a very heavy calamity. Cruel *god*, who formerly promised, and confirmed that promise with a nod, that I should not return home till I had destroyed well-fortified Ilium<sup>6</sup>. But now he has sadly deceived me<sup>7</sup>, and orders me, inglorious, to return to Argos, after I have lost many of my people. Thus it seems<sup>8</sup>, somehow or other (*που*) agreeable to almighty Jove, who has already overthrown the heights of many

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the report spread rapidly, through the army, of a general meeting.

<sup>2</sup> *εἰποτε*—in order that they might, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Desisting from their clamour.

<sup>4</sup> Which Vulcan had toiled forming.

<sup>5</sup> *πληξίππος*—as a warrior who fought in war-cars—and celebrated for his coachmanship.

<sup>6</sup> That having, or after I had destroyed Ilium, I should return.

<sup>7</sup> He planned a deception—*i. e.* his promise was delusive.

<sup>8</sup> *μῆλλει*—it seems—as, apparently, is often the meaning of the term.



states<sup>1</sup>, and will still overthrow more, for his power is very great. For<sup>2</sup> it will be disgraceful even for *our* posterity to learn that such and so great an army of Achæans vainly waged a fruitless war, and fought with men less numerous than themselves; and that no end to that war has yet been seen. For if we, Achæans and Trojans, should make a truce<sup>3</sup>, and both should be numbered, and the  
 120 Trojans, as many as are natives, should assemble, and we Achæans be drawn up in decades, and we should choose one man of the Trojans to pour out wine for us, many decades would be without a cup-bearer<sup>4</sup>. So much  
 130 do I say the Achæans are more in number than the Trojans who inhabit the city. But there are allies from many states, warlike<sup>5</sup> men, who greatly baffle, and prevent<sup>6</sup> me from destroying as I wish the well-peopled town of Ilium. Nine years of mighty Jove<sup>7</sup> have now gone by, and now  
 135 the timbers of our ships are rotten, and the cordage is decayed. Our wives and our young children sit in our halls expecting us, and our work, for which we came hither, remains thus unfinished. But come, let us all obey as I  
 140 advise; let us fly with the ships to our beloved native land, for never shall we take wide-streeted Troy."

Thus he spake, and agitated the hearts of all throughout the multitude, as many as had not heard his plan<sup>8</sup>. And the assembly was shaken like the huge billows of the  
 145 Icarian sea, which Eurys and Notus have raised, rushing on them from the clouds of father Jove; or as when Zephyrus coming waves a field of high standing corn, rushing furiously over it, and the corn bends under

<sup>1</sup> Καρηνά—"the summits"—the Acropolis, or citadel.

<sup>2</sup> γὰρ—referring to ἐνσκληα (line 115.)

<sup>3</sup> Having struck sacred victims—*i. e.* to sanction a truce.

<sup>4</sup> Without a pourer out of wine.

<sup>5</sup> ἐγχέσπαλοι—men who brandish spears.

<sup>6</sup> Suffer me not.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* ἐκ Διός—compare Od. ζ 93.

<sup>8</sup> Thus he spake, and disturbed the mind in their breasts to all throughout the crowd, who had not heard his plan—*i. e.* the measure decided upon in the council.

it<sup>1</sup>; thus was all the assembly of Achæans moved. Some rushed with a shout to the ships, and the excited dust 150 rose from beneath their feet; and the rest exhorted one another to seize the ships, and drag them to the mighty ocean; and cleared out the channels. The shout of these eager<sup>2</sup> for home ascended to heaven, and they dragged the props<sup>3</sup> from beneath the ships.

Then would a return have been effected by the Argives, 155 in spite of fate, had not Juno addressed herself to Minerva:

“Oh! unconquered daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, shall the Argives thus at last fly home to their loved native land, over the wide surface<sup>4</sup> of the sea? and leave, as a triumph to Priam, and to the Trojans, Argive Helen, for whose 160 sake many of the Achæans have perished at Troy, far from the dear land of their fathers? But go now to the army of the brazen-mailed Achæans, and restrain each man with thy persuasive words, nor suffer them to drag to the sea their 165 double-oared ships<sup>5</sup>.”

Thus she spake, nor was the blue-eyed goddess Minerva disobedient. But she descended from the summits of Olympus in haste, and quickly reached the swift ships of the Achæans. Next she found Ulysses, a man equal to Jupiter in counsel, standing<sup>6</sup>,—he was not laying hold of his good<sup>7</sup> 170 black ship, for sorrow had come upon his heart and soul. And blue-eyed Minerva stood near him, and said:

“Noble son of Laertes, Ulysses, man of many counsels<sup>8</sup>, so at last will ye fly home to your loved native land, embarking in your ships of many benches<sup>9</sup>? And will ye 175

<sup>1</sup> *ἤνυσεν*—*λήιον* is the nom. case. The standing corn bends with the ears to the ground.

<sup>2</sup> The shout of those who were hastening home.

<sup>3</sup> *ἱπύρα*, frames or stocks, on which the vessels were kept dry—or mere props.

<sup>4</sup> *πύρα*—backs—while our poets speak of the bosom of the waters.

<sup>5</sup> Having oars on both sides.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* not hastening, like others, to the ships, but deliberating whether he should assist in carrying Agamemnon's plan into execution.

<sup>7</sup> With good benches—*i. e.* well equipped.

<sup>8</sup> As if never at a loss for expedients.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* large.



leave, as a triumph to Priam and the Trojans, Argive Helen, for whose sake many of the Achæans have fallen at Troy, far from the dear land of their fathers? But go now to the  
180 army of the Achæans, and hesitate not; but restrain each man with thy persuasive words, nor suffer them to drag to the sea their double-oared ships."

Thus she spake, and he knew the voice of the goddess who addressed him. And he went in haste<sup>1</sup>, and threw from him his cloak; and the herald Eurybates, of Ithaca,  
185 who followed him, took it up. And meeting<sup>2</sup> Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, he received from him the paternal sceptre, ever-imperishable, with which he went down to the ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans.

Whatever king or chief he overtook—standing beside him, he stopt him with gentle words:

190 "It does not become thee, friend<sup>3</sup>, to be thus alarmed, like a coward. Sit down thyself, and make the rest of the people be quiet, for thou knowest not clearly yet what the intention of Atreides is. He is now proving you, and will quickly harass the sons of the Achæans. We have not all heard what he said in the council<sup>4</sup>, *therefore beware*, lest in  
195 his anger he do some mischief to the sons of the Achæans. For the anger of an heaven-protected king is mighty; and his authority is from Jove, and wise Jupiter loves him."

But, on the other hand, whatever man of the common people he saw, and found shouting, he struck him with the sceptre, and reproved him in these words:

200 "Sirrah! be quiet, and listen to the commands of others, who are thy superiors; for thou art unwarlike and weak, and never worthy to be numbered in battle or in council. We Achæans cannot all be kings here. The government of  
205 many is not good; let there be one chief only, one king—

<sup>1</sup> And he went to run.

<sup>2</sup> And coming opposite to.

<sup>3</sup> Δαίμονι. The force of the word, it may be supposed, depended mainly on the tone of the speaker. Compare line 200 below.

<sup>4</sup> These had of course not been of the council—only certain γερωνες, (line 53) were there.



he to whom the son of crafty Saturn gives a sceptre, and authority<sup>1</sup> to reign over *the people*<sup>2</sup>."

Thus he, commanding, directed the army. And they again rushed from the ships and tents to assembly with a shout—as when the waves of the roaring sea break upon 210 the mighty shore, and the deep rebellows.

The rest then sat down, and were kept *quiet* in their seats. And the prating Thersites was the only one who still babbled, a man who coarsely and much was wont<sup>3</sup> to upbraid the chiefs—idly, and not with propriety, but with whatever seemed likely to produce laughter<sup>4</sup> among the 215 Argives. He was the most miserable looking wretch<sup>5</sup> who came to Ilium. He squinted, and was lame of one foot; his shoulders were crooked, and drawn together over his breast<sup>6</sup>; and his head was sharp towards the top, and a few tufts of hair grew upon it. To Achilles and Ulysses he 220 was particularly offensive, for he used to abuse them. And now again he railed at the noble Agamemnon, in his sharpest key<sup>7</sup>; and the Achæans were exceedingly angry with Agamemnon, and with one mind indignant. With a loud voice, therefore, he reviled Agamemnon<sup>8</sup>:

"Of what again dost thou complain, son of Atreus, or 225 what dost thou desire? Thy tents are full of brass<sup>9</sup>, and many chosen dames are in thy tents, which we Achæans bestow upon thee before all others<sup>10</sup>, whenever we capture a town. Or dost thou still want gold, which one of the Trojans, tamers of horses, shall bring from Troy, as a ran- 230

<sup>1</sup> Periphrasis for sovereign power.

<sup>2</sup> *σφισι*—the word has no reference.

<sup>3</sup> Who knew in his mind—was familiar with coarse expressions—knew how to use them in contentions with the chiefs, and, by implication, was in the habit of using them.

<sup>4</sup> Seemed to be laughable.

<sup>5</sup> *αισχιστος*.

<sup>6</sup> He was hump-backed.

<sup>7</sup> But then shouting sharply he uttered insults against the noble Agamemnon.

<sup>8</sup> Shouting loud, therefore, he railed at Agamemnon in a speech.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* vessels, armour, &c. of this metal—brass, or more correctly perhaps, copper.

<sup>10</sup> *Πρωρίστω*.

som for his son, whom I or some other of the Achæans has brought a captive<sup>1</sup>? Or a young woman, that thou mayst enjoy the pleasures of love, and whom thou mayst thyself possess—apart from others<sup>2</sup>. Ill does it become the man who is chief in command, to bring calamities upon the  
 235 sons of the Achæans. O wretches, miserable cowards! Achæan women, no longer Achæan men, let us return home with the ships, and let us leave this *man* here to enjoy his honours in Troy, that he may know whether it is really we who protect him or not. And now he has insulted  
 240 Achilles, a man much more valiant than himself, for he has seized his prize, himself depriving him<sup>3</sup>. But there is not much gall in the soul of Achilles, he is very forgiving;—otherwise, son of Atreus, thou wouldst for the last time have done an act of injustice.”

Thus spake Thersites, reviling Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people. But the godlike Ulysses stood speedily  
 245 beside him, and looking sternly at him, with a rough speech reproved him.

“Thersites, brainless babbler<sup>4</sup>—sonorous orator as thou seemest<sup>5</sup>, cease, nor be the only one who desires to strive with kings; for I affirm that there is not a man<sup>6</sup> more base than thou of all who came with the sons of Atreus to Ilium.  
 250 Thou, therefore, shouldst not prate about kings<sup>7</sup>, nor offer insults to them, nor be upon the watch for return<sup>8</sup>. As yet, indeed, we know not clearly how these matters will be—whether, well or ill, we sons of Achæans shall return<sup>9</sup>. Yet<sup>10</sup> now sittest thou, reviling the son of Atreus, Aga-

<sup>1</sup> May bring, having bound him.

<sup>2</sup> With allusion to Briseis.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* for himself.

<sup>4</sup> ἀκρομυθεῖ—*i. e.* a man of much speech without judgment—without knowing where to leave off—an eternal babbler.

<sup>5</sup> Although being a loud or sonorous orator—ironically.

<sup>6</sup> Another.

<sup>7</sup> Thou, therefore, having kings in thy mouth, shouldst not harangue.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* as too good an occasion for abuse to be lost.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* we can only judge by the event—or, we know not all his motives; and yet you revile the king, as if he was known to be indisputably wrong.

<sup>10</sup> τῷ—in this case—under these circumstances.



memnon, leader of the people, because the Danaan heroes 255 bestow many honours<sup>1</sup> upon him; and bitterly harangue. But I declare to thee what will surely be accomplished. If ever again I shall catch thee playing the fool, as thou dost now<sup>2</sup>, may the head of Ulysses rest no more upon these shoulders, and may I no longer be called the father 260 of Telemachus, if I do not seize thee<sup>3</sup>, and strip off thy clothes, thy cloak, and thy tunic, and that with which thou coverest thy nakedness, and drive thyself, weeping, to the swift ships, after beating thee with disgraceful blows, from the assembly."

Thus he spake, and struck him with the sceptre upon 265 the back and the shoulders; and he writhed, and many tears fell from him, and a bloody tumor rose upon his back, from the blow of the golden sceptre. And he sat down and trembled; but, in pain and chap-fallen<sup>4</sup>, wiped away his tears. And the rest, although sullen<sup>5</sup>, laughed heartily at 270 him; and thus looking to his neighbour one said to another:

"Gods! myriads of good deeds has Ulysses done before, both in council and in battle<sup>6</sup>; but now this is by far the best thing which he has ever done among the Argives—putting a stop<sup>7</sup> to this abusive slanderer's harangues. Surely 275 his bold spirit<sup>8</sup> will not again urge him to insult kings with such scurrilous language."

Thus spake the crowd; and Ulysses, destroyer of cities, arose, holding the sceptre, and beside him blue-eyed Minerva, in likeness of an herald, proclaimed silence to 280 the people<sup>9</sup>, that both the highest and lowest<sup>10</sup> sons of the

<sup>1</sup> Give him very many things.

<sup>2</sup> As thus.

<sup>3</sup> Seizing thee, strip off thy clothes, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Looking foolish, abashed:—or coupling *αχρειον* with *δακρυ*—seeing his tears to be useless, he wiped them away.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. displeased with Agamemnon.

<sup>6</sup> *βουλας*—originating good plans and arming battle; *πολεμος* is a personification.

<sup>7</sup> *ὅς*—who has stopped, &c.

<sup>8</sup> Ironically—for *θυμος αγηνωρ* are constantly used in a good sense.

<sup>9</sup> Ordered the people to be silent.

<sup>10</sup> The first and the last.



Achæans might together hear his speech, and understand the king's views. He then prudently addressed them, and said :

“ The Achæans are now desirous, king Agamemnon, to  
 285 render thee the most contemptible of men<sup>1</sup> ; nor will they  
 perform the promise which they gave thee<sup>2</sup>, on coming  
 hither from fertile<sup>3</sup> Argos, that thou shouldst not<sup>4</sup> return  
 till thou hadst destroyed well fortified Ilium. For, like  
 young children, or widowed women, they express with  
 290 tears one to another<sup>5</sup> their wish to go home again. To be  
 sure it is a desirable thing<sup>6</sup> to go home again, when a man  
 is wearied *with long absence*. For one who is absent from  
 his wife, even for a single month, laments beside his many-  
 benched ship, which wintry winds and a stormy sea detain ;  
 295 whereas the ninth year is rolling over us, and we are *still*  
 remaining here. Therefore I am not offended that the  
 Achæans lament beside their high-beaked ships ; still is it  
 disgraceful both to remain here *so* long, and to return with-  
 out effecting our purpose<sup>7</sup>. Have patience<sup>8</sup>, my friends,  
 300 and stay yet awhile, that we may know whether Calchas  
 prophesies with truth or not ; for well, indeed, this we  
 know, and all whom deadly<sup>9</sup> fate of late<sup>10</sup> has not carried  
 off<sup>11</sup>, are witnesses ; that when the ships of the Achæans  
 were collected at Aulis, to bring<sup>12</sup> evils upon Priam and  
 305 the Trojans, and when we, around the fountain at the  
 sacred altars, were offering whole<sup>13</sup> hecatombs to the  
 immortals, beneath a beautiful plane-tree, whence flowed  
 limpid water, there a great prodigy was seen. A terrible

<sup>1</sup> *μυροπτεσι*. See A 250.

<sup>2</sup> Which they undertook—stood under.

<sup>3</sup> Horse feeding.

<sup>4</sup> As in line 113 of this book.

They weep to one another to return home.

<sup>6</sup> *ἢ μὴν καὶ πόνος*—it is worth any pains or labour. Ulysses allows long absence from home is a good reason for wishing to return.

<sup>7</sup> Empty.

<sup>8</sup> Bear.

<sup>9</sup> *κηρὲς θανάτου*.

<sup>10</sup> *χθιζα τε καὶ πρωιζα*—yesterday and the day before—proverbial for lately ; and alluding to the recent pestilence.

<sup>11</sup> *ἔβαν φερῆσαι*—gone, taking with them.

<sup>12</sup> Going to bring.

<sup>13</sup> Perfect.

serpent, spotted upon the back, one <sup>1</sup> which the Olympian himself had sent into the light, gliding from beneath the altar, sprang straight towards the plane-tree. And there 310 were there young ones of a sparrow, a callow brood <sup>2</sup>, concealed among the leaves, on the highest branch, eight of them, and the mother, which hatched the brood, made <sup>3</sup> the ninth. There he devoured them, shrieking piteously; and the mother fluttered about, mourning over her beloved 315 young; and then twisting himself round, he seized her, screaming, by the wing. But when he had devoured the young sparrows and the mother <sup>4</sup>, the god who gave him to the light <sup>5</sup> made him an object of wonder; for the son of wily Saturn changed him to a stone <sup>6</sup>; and we stood by, and were amazed <sup>7</sup> at what was done. Such mighty 320 portents of the gods then were seen during the sacrifice <sup>8</sup>; and then, on the spot, Calchas, interpreting the will of the god, said: 'Why are ye struck dumb, long-haired Achæans? It is the all-wise Jove <sup>9</sup> who has sent this prodigy, tardy, and late of accomplishment <sup>10</sup>, but the glory of which shall 325 never perish. As this *serpent* has devoured the young sparrows, and the old one—eight, and the mother which hatched the brood made the ninth; so shall we for a like number of years wage war there (in Troy), and in the tenth we shall take the wide-streeted city.' In this manner did 330 he harangue; and all will now at last be speedily fulfilled. Come, then, well-armed Greeks, remain all of you here, until we capture the great city of Priam."

Thus he spake, and the Greeks shouted loud, applauding the speech of the divine Ulysses; and the ships echoed 335

<sup>1</sup> τον ῥα.<sup>2</sup> νηπια τέκνα.<sup>3</sup> Was.<sup>4</sup> But when he had eaten the young of the sparrow and herself.<sup>5</sup> Who showed him.<sup>6</sup> Made him a stone.<sup>7</sup> But we, standing, wondered, &c.<sup>8</sup> Thus, then, did the mighty wonders of the gods enter into or attend the becatombs.<sup>9</sup> μέγα μῆτις Ζεὺς.<sup>10</sup> τῆρας ὀψιμον, &c.—a token indicative of the event of the expedition, which, though remote, it promised, would be glorious.



fearfully, as the Greeks shouted. Then Nestor, the Gerenian<sup>1</sup> chief<sup>2</sup>, also addressed them:

“ Oh heavens! like young children, who take no concern in the works of war, ye are talking. What becomes  
340 of our promises and oaths<sup>3</sup>? Are they all in the fire<sup>4</sup>—the plans and counsels of men, and the libations of undiluted wine, and the right hands<sup>5</sup> in which we trusted? To no purpose<sup>6</sup> do we thus discuss; we can discover no expedient<sup>7</sup>, although we have been here so long<sup>8</sup>. But do thou still, son of Atreus, as before, maintaining thy plan un-  
345 shaken, lead forth the Argives to hard battles; and leave them to rot, the one or two who are planning in opposition to the rest of the Achæans—but there will be no fulfilment of their plans—to return to Argos, before we know whether the promise of ægis-bearing Jove be false or not<sup>9</sup>. For I  
350 affirm, that the almighty son of Saturn did promise<sup>10</sup> on that day, when the Argives embarked in their swift<sup>11</sup> ships, bearing death and destruction to the Trojans—by glancing his lightning upon the right, and showing other propitious  
355 signs. Let none, therefore, hasten to return home, before each have slept with a Trojan wife<sup>12</sup>, and avenged the seizure and sorrows of Helen. But if any one be so very eager to return home, let him lay hold of his black ship, well supplied with benches, that he may meet with death  
360 and his fate<sup>13</sup> before the rest of us. But deliberate well

<sup>1</sup> Γερηνιος—from Gerena, in Messenia, where he is said to have taken refuge, when Hercules sacked Pylos.

<sup>2</sup> ἱπποτα—one who fought in cars—indicative of high-birth, or station.

<sup>3</sup> Where shall your agreements and oaths go?

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* burnt with the victims, which were sacrificed to procure the sanction of the gods—sarcastically.

<sup>5</sup> Symbols of fidelity and adherence.

<sup>6</sup> Dispute with words.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* for terminating the war.

<sup>8</sup> Though being here so long—perhaps, here in the assembly.

<sup>9</sup> Before we know of ægis-bearing Jove, whether his promise be a falsehood or not.

<sup>10</sup> Nodded.

<sup>11</sup> Quick-going.

<sup>12</sup> A wife of the Trojans.

<sup>13</sup> That he may overtake death and fate before others.



thyself, O king, and be persuaded by another—not to be despised is the advice which I now give<sup>1</sup>. Divide the troops, Agamemnon, into companies and squadrons, that squadron may support squadron, and company support company. For if thou wilt do thus, and the Achæans obey, then wilt thou know which of the leaders and of the 365 soldiers is a coward, and which of them is brave; for they will fight by themselves. And then wilt thou learn also if it be by divine interposition thou dost not sack the city, or by the cowardice of men, and their want of warlike skill."

And the king, Agamemnon, answered him, and said: "Again, as ever, old man, dost thou excel the sons of 370 the Achæans in council. Oh! father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, would that I had of the Achæans ten such counsellors<sup>2</sup>. Then would the city of Priam quickly fall to the earth, captured by our hands, and destroyed. But ægis-bearing Jove, the son of Saturn, has sent troubles on me, 375 who casts me upon idle quarrels and contentions. For I and Achilles have contended with angry words about a girl, and I began the quarrel<sup>3</sup>. But if ever we be reconciled<sup>4</sup>, then shall not there be a respite from evil to the Trojans, 380 no not for a moment. And now go to breakfast, that we may begin the battle. Let each man sharpen well his spear, and make ready his shield<sup>5</sup>. Let him give a good<sup>6</sup> feed to his swift-footed horses, and, examining his car on all sides, prepare for war; for we shall contend all day in 385 horrid battle. And there shall be no cessation, not even for a moment, till night coming on separate the ardour of men<sup>7</sup>. The strap of each man's protecting shield shall sweat on his breast, and his hand shall be weary with

<sup>1</sup> The advice which I speak.

<sup>2</sup> That there were to me of the Achæans ten such counsellors—*i. e.* men who consult with me—fellow-counsellors.

<sup>3</sup> For I and Achilles have fought with opposing words about a maid, and I began growing angry.

<sup>4</sup> *εἰς μίαν, scil. ἑωλην*—have but one opinion.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* clean it, &c.

<sup>6</sup> *εὖ ὄσσω*.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* ends the battle.

390 the spear<sup>1</sup>; and each man's horse shall sweat with dragging the handsome<sup>2</sup> car. But whomsoever I shall observe washing to shrink, at the high-beaked ships, from the battle, he shall not<sup>3</sup> afterwards escape the dogs and birds."

Thus he spake; and the Argives shouted loud, as a wave  
395 upon a steep shore, when the south-wind coming shall dash it against a projecting rock, which the billows never quit, whatever winds blow<sup>4</sup>. And getting up, they rushed *from the assembly*, dispersing through the ships; and they lighted fires at their tents, and took their breakfast. And each  
400 sacrificed to some one of the immortal gods<sup>5</sup>, praying that he might escape death, and the conflict of Mars<sup>6</sup>. But king Agamemnon offered up a fat ox, of five years old, to the almighty son of Saturn, and invited the elder chiefs<sup>7</sup> of  
405 all the Achæans. Nestor first and king Idomeneus, next the two Ajaxes, and the son of Tydeus, and sixth, Ulysses, equal in counsel to Jove. But the gallant<sup>8</sup> Menalaus came of his own accord, for he well knew his brother was very  
410 busy<sup>9</sup>. Then they stood round the ox, and lifted the salt and meal, and Agamemnon praying, in the midst of them, said:

"Jove, most glorious, most great, thou who darkenest the clouds, and dwellest in the air, let not the sun set, nor darkness come upon the earth, before I overthrow the  
415 palace of Priam burning, and consume its gates with hostile

<sup>1</sup> The thong of the man-protecting shield of each shall sweat upon his breast, and he shall be wearied as to his hand round the sword.

<sup>2</sup> Well-polished.

<sup>3</sup> *οὐκ ἀρκεῖον*—he will not be able—there will be no means of escaping.

<sup>4</sup> Under all sorts of winds, when they are here or there.

<sup>5</sup> And one sacrificed to one of the everlasting gods, and another to another.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* the peril of battle.

<sup>7</sup> *γερωντας ἀριστηας*—the princes—those, apparently, who had been of the council (line 53).

<sup>8</sup> But Menalaus, good in the shout,—or the battle.

<sup>9</sup> For he knew in his mind his brother, how much he was engaged—*i. e.* in preparing the sacrifice; and therefore did not wait for the formality of an invitation.



fire; and cleave Hector's coat of mail upon his breast, pierced with my sword; and O, may many of his companions round him, prone in the dust, bite the dust<sup>1</sup>."

Thus he spake, but the son of Saturn did not yet assent to his prayer<sup>2</sup>, and though he accepted the offering, yet he mightily increased the toil. But when they had prayed, and cast the salt and barley, they drew back first the head of the victim, cut its throat, and skinned it. Next they cut off the hind legs, and covered them with the fat, making it double, and placed morsels of flesh upon them<sup>3</sup>. And these they then consumed with cleft wood without leaves<sup>4</sup>. Then taking up the entrails with the forks<sup>5</sup>, they held them over the fire. But when the legs were quite burnt, and they had tasted the entrails, they divided the rest into small pieces, pierced them with spits, and dressed them carefully, and drew them all off again. Then when they had accomplished their labour, and prepared the feast, they ate, nor were their appetites without a full feast. But when they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, Nestor, the Gerenian chief, began to address them:

"Most noble son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, no longer now let us loiter here, nor longer put off the work, which the god will forthwith put into our hands. But come, let the heralds of the brazen mailed Achæans, by their summons<sup>6</sup>, assemble the people at the ships; and we will ourselves together go through the wide army of the Achæans, that we may the quicker commence the keen fight<sup>7</sup>."

Thus he spake, nor did the king of men, Agamemnon, refuse compliance<sup>8</sup>. Immediately he ordered the loud-tongued heralds to summon the long-haired Achæans to

<sup>1</sup> οδαξ—seize the earth with the teeth.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to take Troy that day.

<sup>3</sup> Compare A. 466, &c.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Dry sticks.

<sup>5</sup> ἀμπεραντες. See A. 463.

<sup>6</sup> Summoning the people.

<sup>7</sup> Awake—rouse up sharp Mars—sharp, from the weapons of war.

<sup>8</sup> Nor was disobedient.



battle. These gave the summons, and the *people* speedily  
 445 assembled, and the heaven-protected kings, along with  
 Atrides<sup>1</sup>, hastened to arrange them<sup>2</sup>. And blue-eyed  
 Minerva was among them, holding the precious ægis,  
 which was exempt from age and death<sup>3</sup>. A hundred  
 golden fringes were hung round it, all well woven, and  
 450 each of the value of an hecatomb. With this she—flashing  
 in every direction—stirred up the Achæans, urging them  
 to advance<sup>4</sup>, and in the heart of each she infused courage  
 to war and fight indomitably. And in them instantly to  
 fight<sup>5</sup> became more agreeable to them than to return, in  
 their hollow ships, to their loved native land.

455 As when a raging fire consumes a huge forest upon the  
 summits of a mountain, the flame is seen from afar; so,  
 as they advanced, the glittering splendour of their beau-  
 tiful armour ascended through the air to heaven<sup>6</sup>.

460 And as in the Asian meadows, by the streams of Cayster,  
 many flocks of winged<sup>7</sup> birds, geese, cranes, or long-  
 necked swans, fly from all quarters<sup>8</sup>, exulting in their  
 flight<sup>9</sup>, and, as they alight<sup>10</sup>, with screams the meadow  
 rings; so of the Achæans did many nations, from the  
 465 ships and tents, rush<sup>11</sup> into the plain of Scamander. And  
 the earth echoed fearfully under the feet of themselves and  
 their horses; whilst upon the flowery vale of Scamander,  
 stood myriads, numerous as are the flowers and leaves in  
 spring.

As many as are the swarms of crowding flies which  
 470 hover round the shepherd's fold in the season of spring,  
 and when the milk-pails are full; so numerous stood the

<sup>1</sup> οἱ ἀμφι, &c. i. e. Atrides and the kings.

<sup>2</sup> Hasted arranging them.

<sup>3</sup> The very valuable ægis, not subject to old age, and immortal.

<sup>4</sup> Divine—used for any thing conspicuously beautiful, or great.

<sup>5</sup> πολεμος.

<sup>6</sup> Thus they, advancing, the glittering splendour from the divine brass  
 came through the air to heaven.

<sup>7</sup> Flying.

<sup>8</sup> ἐνθά καὶ ἐνθά.

<sup>9</sup> Wings.

<sup>10</sup> Alighting—rushing forward, or rather downward, to alight.

<sup>11</sup> Were poured.

long-haired Achæans upon the plain against the Trojans, eager to destroy them.

But as goatherds easily separate large flocks of goats, when they have been mixed in the pasture, so did the 475 commanders every where <sup>1</sup> arrange them in battle array <sup>2</sup>, and in the midst stood king Agamemnon <sup>3</sup>, with an eye and head like thundering Jove, a belt <sup>4</sup> like Mars, and a breast like Neptune.

As the bull in a herd is most conspicuous of all <sup>5</sup>, for he 480 surpasses the collected cattle; such on that day did Jove render Agamemnon, distinguished and conspicuous among many heroes:

Tell me now, ye Muses, who dwell in mansions of Olympus, (for ye are goddesses, are *ever* present, and 485 know all; whilst we hear rumours only, and know nothing with certainty,) who were the leaders and chiefs of the Danaans. For I could not describe nor name the mass, not if I had <sup>6</sup> ten tongues, ten mouths, a voice indomit- 490 able <sup>7</sup>, and a brazen heart within me <sup>8</sup>; did not the Olympic Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, remind me of all who <sup>9</sup> came to Ilium. I will now rehearse the commanders of the ships, and all the vessels. Peneleus and Leïtus, Arcesilaus, Prothoënor and Clonius, commanded the BÆO- 495 TIANS; and those who dwelt at Hyria, and the rocky Aulis, and Schœnus, and Scolus, and the hilly Eteon, Thespeia, and Græa, and the spacious Mycalessus; and

<sup>1</sup> *ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα*.

<sup>2</sup> So the commanders drew them up here and there, that they should go to battle.

<sup>3</sup> And with them king Agamemnon, like to Jove, who delights in lightning, in his eye and head; to Mars, in his belt; and to Neptune, in his breast.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* what the belt encircled—the frame—or its strength and vigour.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* of all the cattle in that herd.

<sup>6</sup> Not even if there were to me.

<sup>7</sup> Not to be broken—that would never fail, or become hoarse.

<sup>8</sup> And a brazen heart was within me.

<sup>9</sup> As many as.

those who inhabited Harma<sup>1</sup>, Ilesium, and Erythræ;  
 500 and those who possessed Eleon, and Hyla, and Peteon,  
 Ocalæa, and Medion, a well-built town, Copæ, and Eutresis, and Thisbe, abounding in doves; and those who held Coroneia, and grassy Haliartus<sup>2</sup>, and those who occupied Platæa, and those who lived in Glissas, and those  
 505 who held Hypothebæ, a well-built town; and Onchestus, a beautiful grove, sacred to Neptune<sup>3</sup>. Those likewise who possessed Arne, abounding in vines, and Mideia, and glorious Nissa, and the farthest<sup>4</sup> Anthëdon. Belonging  
 510 to these went fifty ships, and in each embarked one hundred and twenty Bœotian youths.

And those who inhabited ASPLEDON, and the Minyeian Orchomenus, Ascalapus and Ialmenus commanded, sons of Mars, whom Astyoche, in her maiden state<sup>5</sup>, in the  
 515 women's apartments<sup>6</sup>, in the mansion of Actor, son of Azeus, bore to brave Mars; for he had by stealth slept with her. Of theirs thirty hollow ships went in their ranks.

And Schedius and Epistrophus, sons of Iphitus, the brave son of Nauboles, commanded the PHOCEANS—those who possessed Cyparissus, and rocky Python, and beautiful  
 520 Crissa, and Daulis, and Panopeus, and those who inhabited the country round Anemorea and Hyampolis; and those who dwelt by the noble river of Cephissus, and who possessed Lilæa, at the source of the Cephissus. With these came<sup>7</sup> forty black ships. These (Schedius and Epistrophus)  
 525 in command, drew up the ranks of Phoceans, and placed them<sup>8</sup> next to the Bœotians, upon the left.

<sup>1</sup> Those who live about Harma—*i. e.* Harma and its neighbourhood.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* with good or abundant pastures.

<sup>3</sup> Sacred spot, Neptunian, a beautiful grove—*scil.* *τεμενος*. Compare l. 696.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* at the extremity of the territory of the Bœotians.

<sup>5</sup> A chaste maiden—pure, that is, before her connexion with Mars.

<sup>6</sup> Ascending to the upper rooms—*i. e.* at her father's, in the apartments allotted to the females of the family.

<sup>7</sup> Followed.

<sup>8</sup> Armed.



And swift Ajax, the *son* of Oileus, commanded the LOCRIANS. He was a smaller man, not so large as the Telamonian Ajax, but much less. He was indeed a little man, with a corslet of linen; but in the use of the spear he 530 excelled all the Hellenes and Achæans <sup>1</sup>. *He commanded those* who inhabited Cynus, and Opoeis, and Calliarum, and Bessa, and Scarpha, and pleasant Augeiæ, and Tarphe, and Thronium, on the streams of Boagrius. And with him came thirty black ships of the Locrians, who dwell beyond sacred Eubœa <sup>2</sup>. 535

And the brave <sup>3</sup> ABANTES, who possessed Eubœa, and Chalcis, and Eretria, and Histiaë, abundant in vines, and Cerinthus, on the sea coast, and the hill-town of Dios, and those who possessed Carystus, and those who inhabited Styra—these next Elephénor led, branch of Mars <sup>4</sup>, the 540 son of Chalcōdon, the chief of the brave Abantes. With him came the active Abantes, with their hair hanging down upon their backs <sup>5</sup>, warriors <sup>6</sup> trained with ashen spears, to break the corslets of the enemy on their breasts; and forty black ships accompanied him. 545

And next those who inhabited ATHENS, a well-built town, the people of the great Erechtheus, whom of old Minerva, daughter of Jove, brought up, (but the bountiful Earth produced him,) and placed him also at Athens, in her own rich temple—There <sup>7</sup> the Athenian youth, as the years revolve <sup>8</sup>, 550 propitiate him with bulls and rams—These (*i. e.* the Athenians) next, Menestheus, son of Peteus, led. No mortal <sup>9</sup> man

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* all the army—which consisted of Hellenes (from Thessaly), Achæans and Argives.

<sup>2</sup> Which seems to indicate that the poet lived to the eastward of Eubœa; *i. e.* somewhere in the isles, or on the Asiatic coast.

<sup>3</sup> Breathing strength.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* of the stock of Mars—a descendant.

<sup>5</sup> Hairy behind—with hair on the *back* of the head only—contrasted with the rest of the Achæans.

<sup>6</sup> Spearmen.

<sup>7</sup> As was the case with other heroes—Palamon, for instance, in Neptune's temple at Corinth.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* once a year—at the end of every year.

<sup>9</sup> To him never was a man of those upon earth equal to arrange.

ever equalled him in the arraying of war-cars <sup>1</sup> and armed  
555 men <sup>2</sup>. Nestor alone could contend with him—for he was  
older <sup>3</sup>. And fifty black ships accompanied him.

And Ajax brought from SALAMIS twelve ships, and he  
led, and placed them <sup>4</sup>, where stood the lines of the Athe-  
nians.

And those who possessed ARGOS, and the walled-town  
560 of Tiryns, Hermione, and Asine, which stand within a deep  
bay <sup>5</sup>; Trœzen, and Eionæ, and Epidaurus, abounding in  
vines; and the Achæan youth, who occupied Ægina and  
Mases—these, next, brave <sup>6</sup> Diomedes commanded, and  
Sthenelus, the beloved son of illustrious Capaneus. And  
565 with them, a third in command, went Euryalus, a godlike  
man, a son of Mecisteus, and grandson of king Talaus.  
But the warrior Diomedes commanded the whole <sup>7</sup>, and  
with him came eighty black ships.

And those who possessed MYCENÆ, a well-built town,  
570 and wealthy Corinth, and well-built Cleonæ; and those  
who inhabited Orneïæ, and pleasant Aræthyrea and Sicyon,  
the place <sup>8</sup> where Adrastus first reigned; and those who  
occupied Hyperesia, and lofty Gonoessa, and Pellena; and  
those who dwelt round Ægium, and along all the coast <sup>9</sup>,  
575 and by the broad Helice <sup>10</sup>—these, in a hundred ships,  
King Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, commanded. With  
him came by far the most numerous and the best troops;  
and he braced on his shining mail, exulting that he sur-  
580 passed all the heroes; for he was the mightiest, and led the  
most numerous forces.

<sup>1</sup> ἵππους—there were no *cavalry*, in the modern sense.

<sup>2</sup> Men with shields—the infantry.

<sup>3</sup> And so, *i. e.* of more experience.

<sup>4</sup> And leading, he posted them.

<sup>5</sup> Having a deep bay, *i. e.* in the Sinus Argolicus.

<sup>6</sup> βῆν ἀγᾶθος—good at the shout, or battle.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* he was commander in chief of the *Argives*, specifically so styled.

<sup>8</sup> ὁδὸν ἀπᾶ.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* the coast of Achaia.

<sup>10</sup> A river, apparently.

And those who possessed the vast vale<sup>1</sup> of LACEDÆMON, and those who inhabited Phare, and Sparta, and Messa, abounding with doves, and Bryseizæ, and the delightful Augeizæ; and those also who held Amyclæ, and Helos, a town on the coast; and those who possessed Laas, and 585 dwelt round Cetylus—these his brother, the brave Menelaus, commanded, with sixty ships; but they were kept apart from Agamemnon's<sup>2</sup>. And he himself went with full confidence in his own energies, urging them to war; for he was especially<sup>3</sup> eager to avenge the seizure and the 590 sorrows of Helen.

And those who inhabited PYLUS, and those who dwelt in the pleasant Arene, and Thryus, a ford<sup>4</sup> of the Alphæus, and well-built Æpy, and Cyparisseeis, and Amphigeneia, and Ptelius, and Helos, and Dorion—where the Muses meeting Thamyris, the Thracian, as he came from Œchalia, 595 and from Eurytus, the Œchalian<sup>5</sup>, silenced his singing<sup>6</sup>; for he had boastingly<sup>7</sup> affirmed, that if the Muses themselves, the daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, should sing against him, he would excel them; and they, indignant, made him blind, and deprived him of his divine power of song<sup>8</sup>, 600 and made him forget the use of the lyre—these next, Nestor, the Gerenian chief, commanded, and ninety hollow ships went in their lines with him.

And those who occupied ARCADIA, at the foot of the lofty mountain of Cyllene, beside the tomb of Æpytus, where the men fight hand to hand<sup>9</sup>; and those who dwelt at Pheneus and occupied Orchomenus, abundant in flocks, 605 and Rhipe, and Stratia, and windy<sup>10</sup> Enispe, and Tegea,

<sup>1</sup> The vast hollow Lacedæmon. *κηρωεσσαυ*—from *κηρος*, which seems to indicate whatever is of great magnitude.

<sup>2</sup> Armed, or equipped, apart.

<sup>3</sup> He was particularly desirous in his mind.

<sup>4</sup> Where the river was fordable—or where a regular ferry was established.

<sup>5</sup> Or son of Œchaleus. <sup>6</sup> Caused his singing to cease. <sup>7</sup> Boasting.

<sup>8</sup> Took away his divine song.

<sup>9</sup> Equivalent to *ασπιδωται*—i. e. men who fought with shield and spear—not archers.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. exposed to the winds—high.



and those who possessed pleasant Mantinea, and Stymphēlus, and lived in Parrhasia—these king Agapēnor, the  
 610 son of Ancæus, commanded, with sixty ships, and in each vessel went many Arcadian men, skilful in war. Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, king of men, had himself supplied them with ships, well fitted with benches, that they might cross the dark <sup>1</sup> sea; for they themselves paid no attention to sea matters <sup>2</sup>.

615 Next were those who inhabited BUPRASIMUM and noble ELIS, as much as Hyrmīna and distant <sup>3</sup> Myrsinus, and the Olenian rock, and Alisium, comprise within them. Of these there were four commanders; and ten swift ships followed each man, and many Epeians were on board <sup>4</sup>. The *first*  
 620 *and second divisions* Amphimachus and Thalpius led, the one <sup>5</sup> the son of Cteatus, and the other of Eurytus, son of Actor; brave Diores, the son of Amarynceus, led the *third*; and the fourth division godlike Polyxenus, son of Agasthenes, and grandson of king Augeias, commanded.

625 And those from DULICHIMUM, and the sacred islands, the Echinæ, which are situated <sup>6</sup> across the sea, opposite to Elis—these next Meges, the son of Phyleus, equal to Mars, commanded; whose father <sup>7</sup>, beloved of Jove, was the noble <sup>8</sup> Phyleus, who had migrated to Dulichium, being  
 630 angry with his father; and forty black ships accompanied him.

And Ulysses led the brave CEPHALLENEANS—those who possessed Ithaca, and Neritus, full of woods <sup>9</sup>, and those who inhabited Crocyleia, and rugged Ægilips, and those who held Zacynthus; and those who dwelt at Samos;  
 635 and those who occupied Epirus, and dwelt upon the opposite shores. These Ulysses, equal to Jove in counsel, commanded, and with him came twelve ships, with their prows painted red.

<sup>1</sup> Of the appearance, or colour of wine.

<sup>2</sup> For maritime affairs were not a care to them.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* of each vessel.

<sup>6</sup> *παρὰ τὴν θάλασσαν*.

<sup>8</sup> *ἱπποῖα*.

<sup>3</sup> On the confines.

<sup>5</sup> Sons the one of.

<sup>7</sup> Whom Phyleus begot.

<sup>9</sup> Neritus, where leaves are shaken.

And Thoas, a son of Andræmon, commanded the ÆTOLIANS—those who inhabited Pleuro, and Olenos, and Pylène, and Chalcis, on the sea coast, and rocky Calydon. For 640 the sons of brave Æneus no longer survived, nor was he himself alive, and the handsome<sup>1</sup> Meleager was dead. To him (Thoas), therefore, full powers were given<sup>2</sup> to command the Ætolians; and with him came forty black ships.

And the famous<sup>3</sup> Idomeneus led the CRETANS—those 645 who possessed Cnossus, and Gortys, girt with walls, Lyctus, and Miletus, and white<sup>4</sup> Lycastus, and Phæstus, and Rhytius, well-peopled cities; and others who dwelt in Crete, an island of an hundred cities. These then the famous Ido- 650 meneus commanded, and Meriones, equal to man-slaying Mars. And with them came eighty black ships.

And Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules, handsome and tall<sup>5</sup>, led from RHODES nine ships with bold Rhodians—those who inhabited Rhodes, settled in three districts, at Lindus, 655 Ialysus, and white Cameirus. Their leader was the famous Tlepolemus, the son of mighty Hercules<sup>6</sup> by Astyocheia, whom he brought from Ephyre, from the river Selleeis, after having laid waste many towns of noble chiefs. But 660 Tlepolemus, after he had grown up in the well-built house, very soon<sup>7</sup> killed the loved uncle of his mother, the aged Licymnius, a branch of Mars. In haste he built ships, and having collected a large force, fled<sup>8</sup> across the sea; 665 for the other sons and grandsons of the mighty Hercules threatened him. And he came to Rhodes, after roaming long and suffering hardships. And they (*i. e.* Tlepolemus and his people) were placed in three divisions<sup>9</sup>, and were

<sup>1</sup> Yellow; *i. e.* as to his hair—unless a sun-burnt complexion is indicated.

<sup>2</sup> To him, therefore, was it in all things entrusted.

<sup>3</sup> Distinguished in the use of the spear—an epithet applied to the most eminent men of the army.

<sup>4</sup> From the chalk—built on chalk-hills.

<sup>5</sup> ἦνός τε μέγας τε.

<sup>6</sup> To Herculean might—Hercules himself.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* in his first manhood—killed by accident.

<sup>8</sup> He went fleeing over the sea.

<sup>9</sup> Triply—in tribes, or castes.

670 beloved by Jove, who governs gods and men; and the son of Saturn bestowed much wealth upon them<sup>1</sup>.

And next Nireus led from ΣΥΜΑ three good<sup>2</sup> ships—Nireus, the son of Aglaia, and king Charops—Nireus, who, next to the noble Achilles, was the handsomest man  
675 of all the Danaans who came to Ilium. But he was feeble<sup>3</sup>, and a small force followed him.

And then were those who possessed ΝΙΣΥΡΟΣ, and Crapathus, and Casus, and Cos, a town belonging to Eurypylus, and the Calydrnean Isles. These next Phidippus and Antiphus commanded, two sons of king Thessalus, the son of  
680 Hercules; and thirty hollow ships of theirs went with the fleet<sup>4</sup>.

Now, as to all<sup>5</sup> who dwelt in PELASGIC ARGOS, and those who inhabited Alus, and Alope, and Trechis, and those who occupied Phthia and Hellas, famed for beautiful women, and who were called Myrmidons, and Hellenes, and  
685 Achæans; of these, in fifty ships, Achilles was the commander. But these took no heed of dire-sounding war; for there was no one to lead them to the ranks; for swift-footed Achilles lay at his ships, indignant on account of the young fair-haired Briseis, whom he had chosen out of  
690 Lyrnessus<sup>6</sup>, after having endured many toils, and laid waste Lyrnessus, and the walls of Thebe. Then likewise he smote Mynes and Epistrophus, the warriors, sons of king Euenus, the son of king Selepias. For her sake he lay sighing<sup>7</sup>, but was soon to rise again.

695 And those who possessed PHYLACE, and flowery Pyrrhasus, a region sacred to Ceres<sup>8</sup>, and Iton, mother<sup>9</sup> of flocks, and Antron, on the sea coast, and grassy Pteleus;

<sup>1</sup> Poured divine wealth upon them.

<sup>2</sup> εἶσας—on both quarters—symmetrically, or well built.

<sup>3</sup> ἀλαπαδνός—referring rather to political than personal deficiency.

<sup>4</sup> Went in order, or in the line.

<sup>5</sup> Νυν αὐτοὺς, ὅσοι, &c.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. whom he had received as his share of the spoils of Lyrnessus.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. sullen and brooding revenge.

<sup>8</sup> Δημητρος τεμενος. Compare 506.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. with good pastures.



these the warlike Protesilaus commanded while he lived; 700 but now the dark earth contained him<sup>1</sup>. For his afflicted<sup>2</sup> spouse had been left at Phylace, and his mansion half-finished; and a Dardan slew him, as, first of the Achæans, he was leaping from his ship<sup>3</sup>. But though they mourned for their chief, they were not without a commander; for Podarces, a branch of Mars, commanded them, the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus, rich in flocks, own brother of 705 brave Protesilaus, *but* younger in age. The warlike hero Protesilaus was both older and more valiant; yet the people were in no want of a leader, though they regretted the loss of him who was brave. With him came forty 710 black ships.

And those who dwelt at PHERÆ, by the Boëbæan lake, at Boëbe, and Glaphyræ, and well-built Ialochus—these, in eleven ships, Eumelus, the loved son of Admetus, commanded, whom Alcestis, loveliest of women<sup>4</sup>, fairest<sup>5</sup> 715 of the daughters of Pelias, bore to Admetus.

Next were those who inhabited METHONE and Thaumacia, and possessed Melibœa, and rugged Olizon—these, in seven ships, Philoctetes, skilful<sup>6</sup> in archery, commanded; and fifty rowers embarked in each, men trained to fight bravely 720 with arrows<sup>7</sup>. But he lay, in great pain<sup>8</sup>, in the beautiful island of Lemnos, where the sons of the Achæans left him, afflicted with a bad ulcer, *from the bite* of a deadly snake. There he lay in pain, but the Argives, at the ships of king Philoctetes, were soon to remember him; neither were his 725 people without a leader, although they regretted<sup>9</sup> *the absence* of their chief; for Medon, a bastard son of Oileus,

<sup>1</sup> Had him under.

<sup>2</sup> Her cheeks both torn—through grief.

<sup>3</sup> A Dardan man slew him, leaping from his ship, by far the first of the Greeks.

<sup>4</sup> *δια γυναικων.*

<sup>5</sup> *ειδος αριστη.*

<sup>6</sup> Well acquainted with bows.

<sup>7</sup> Well skilled in the bow—so as to fight bravely, or with effect.

<sup>8</sup> Suffering severe pains.

<sup>9</sup> *ποθειοντες.*

commanded them—he whom Rhene bore to Oïleus, destroyer of cities.

And those who possessed TRICCA, and mountainous  
730 Ithōme, and those who held Œchalia, the city of Eurytus, the Œchalian<sup>1</sup>—these, next, two sons of Æsculapius, skilful surgeons, Podaleirius and Machaon commanded; and with them went thirty hollow ships in the fleet<sup>2</sup>.

And those who occupied ORMENIUM, and the fountain  
735 Hypereia, and those who possessed Asterium and the white summits of Titānos—these Eurypylus, the noble son of Evæmon, commanded; and with him came forty black ships.

And those who held ARGISSA, and inhabited Gyrtōne, Orthe, and Elōne, and the white town of Oloösson—  
740 these, next, the brave<sup>3</sup> Polypœtes led, the son of Pirithoüs, whose father was immortal Jove—he whom the illustrious Hippodameia bore to Pirithoüs on that day in which he took revenge on the shaggy Centaurs; for he<sup>4</sup> expelled them from Pelion, and drove them to Æthiææ. He (Polypœtes)  
745 was not the sole *commander*, for with him was Leonteus, a branch of Mars, the son of the noble Corōnus, son of Cæneus; and with them came forty black ships.

And Guneus led two-and-twenty ships from CYPHUS; and with him came the Enienes, and the brave<sup>3</sup> Peræbi;  
750 those who had fixed their abodes around cold Dodone, and those who cultivated the fields by the agreeable Titaresius, which pours its fair-flowing waters into the Peneius. Yet it mixes not with the silver waves of Peneius, but flows over  
755 it, like oil; for it is a branch of the Stygean water, the awful oath.

And Prothoos, son of Tenthredon, commanded the MAGNETES,—those who dwelt by the banks of Peneius,

<sup>1</sup> Or, a son of Œchalieus, line 596.

<sup>2</sup> In lines—or in the line.

<sup>3</sup> *μενεπτολεμος*—stout or stalwart, capable of sustaining the heat of battle.

<sup>4</sup> *ὁς* supplying the place of *γὰρ*—as often.



and the forests<sup>1</sup> of Pelion. These the swift Prothoüs led, and with him came forty black ships.

These then were the leaders and chiefs of the Danaans. 760 But tell me, O Muse, which of these was the best, both of warriors<sup>2</sup> and of horses, who accompanied the sons of Atreus? By far the best steeds were the mares of Phere-tiades, which Eumelus drove, fleet—like birds—of the same 765 colour, the same age, and the same height<sup>3</sup>. Apollo, of the silver bow, bred them in Pieria, both mares, and fit for the battle-field<sup>4</sup>. But of the warriors, Telamonian Ajax was by far the mightiest, as long as Achilles was in anger; for he (*Achilles*) was the most valiant, and the horses which bore 770 the glorious son of Peleus *were the best*. But he lay in his curved sea-crossing ships, enraged against the son of Atreus, Agamemnon, shepherd of the people; and his men, by the shore of the sea, amused themselves with hurling quoits, and javelins, and arrows; and the horses stood each 775 beside their cars, feeding upon lotus, and fen-parsley<sup>5</sup>; and the cars, carefully covered, stood in the tents of their masters. And the men wandered about the army every where, regretting<sup>6</sup> *the inactivity* of their warlike chief, and joined not in the fight<sup>7</sup>.

And then the *troops* advanced, as if the whole earth 780 was devoured with fire<sup>8</sup>, and the earth groaned beneath them, as when the thunderer Jove, enraged, struck<sup>9</sup> the ground close to Typhoeus, at Arima, where, they say, is the bed of Typhoeus. Thus, then, did the vast earth groan

<sup>1</sup> *μυροειφύλλον*—whose leaves, or forests, wave.

<sup>2</sup> Of themselves.

<sup>3</sup> And equal at the back by the plumb-line.

<sup>4</sup> Bearing the terror of Mars—*i. e.* so as to make the enemy fly.

<sup>5</sup> What grows in fens.

<sup>6</sup> Longing for their chief—*i. e.* to lead them to battle.

<sup>7</sup> And did not fight.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* like a spreading fire—as rapid as fire spreads over fields of dry herbage or corn.

<sup>9</sup> And the earth groaned as under Jove, who delights in lightning, enraged, when he struck the earth, &c.



785 beneath their feet as they marched<sup>1</sup>; and they crossed, with great speed, the plain.

But to the Trojans came Iris, swift as the wind<sup>2</sup>, a messenger from ægis-bearing Jove, with the sad intelligence. And they were, young and old, all assembled, talking together, at the gates of Priam. Standing near them, the  
790 swift-footed Iris spoke; and made her voice like that of Polites, the son of Priam, who, trusting to his speed, sat upon the highest point of aged Æsyêtes' tomb, as a sentinel for the Trojans, on the look-out<sup>3</sup>, when the Achæans  
795 should advance from their ships. Taking his likeness upon her, swift-footed Iris said:

“Endless words are ever agreeable to thee, old man, as if it were a time of peace; and an inevitable battle is at hand<sup>4</sup>. Many a battle, before<sup>5</sup>, have I witnessed; but such and so great an army I have never seen; for, in  
800 numbers<sup>6</sup> like leaves or the sands, they advance across the plain, to fight round the city. Therefore, Hector, I enjoin thee earnestly, and do thou thus act—for at Priam's great city there are many allies, and their languages differ<sup>7</sup>—let  
805 each man give orders to his own people, and let him lead them—taking the command<sup>8</sup> of his own townsmen.

Thus she spake, and Hector did not disregard<sup>9</sup> the advice of the goddess, but forthwith broke up the assembly; and they ran to arms. Then all the gates were thrown  
810 open, and the people, horse and foot, rushed out, and a mighty tumult arose.

In front of the city, and apart from the plain, there is a rising mound, accessible on all sides<sup>10</sup>, which men call Ba-

<sup>1</sup> Of them marching.

<sup>2</sup> The swift Iris, equal in her feet to wind.

<sup>3</sup> *θεγμενος*—observing.

<sup>4</sup> And a battle arises—is at hand.

<sup>5</sup> Certainly before, very often, battles of men have I gone into.

<sup>6</sup> *λίην*.

<sup>7</sup> Other is the language of other men—of many seeds—i. e. the language of one differs from that of another—of men of different nations.

<sup>8</sup> Arranging.

<sup>9</sup> Was not ignorant of.

<sup>10</sup> That may be walked round on this side and on that.

tieia, but the immortals, the tomb of the fleet Myrinna<sup>1</sup>.  
There the Trojans and allies were marshalled<sup>2</sup>. 815

The mighty<sup>3</sup> and impetuous<sup>4</sup> Hector, son of Priam, commanded the TROJANS—with him marched<sup>5</sup> the most numerous and bravest troops, skilful with the spear.

The DARDANS next, Æneas, the handsome son of Anchises, commanded—he whom divine Venus bore to 820 Anchises on the heights of Ida—a goddess, who slept with a mortal. He was not the sole commander, for with him were two sons of Antenor, Archilochus and Acamas, both skilful in every fight<sup>6</sup>.

And the Trojans who inhabit ZELEIA, at the foot of Ida<sup>7</sup>, opulent men, who drink the dark water of the Æse- 825 pus—these, next, Pandarus, the noble son of Lycaon, led, to whom Apollo himself had given a bow.

And those who possessed ADRASTA, and the district of Apæsus, and held Pityeia, and the lofty mountain of Tercia—them Adrastus commanded, and Amphius, whose 830 corslet was of linen, the two sons of Percosian Merops, who was skilled above all<sup>8</sup> in the prophetic art, and had refused<sup>9</sup> his consent to his sons to go to deadly war. But they would not be persuaded; for their fate<sup>10</sup> led them on.

Next those who inhabited PERCOTE and Practium, 835 and possessed Sestus, and Abydos, and beautiful Arisba—these Asius Hyrtacides, their chief, commanded—Asius Hyrtacides, whom fiery<sup>11</sup> and mighty steeds brought from Arisba, from the river Sellêeis.

And Hippothoos led the bands of those Pelasgians, 840 skilled in the use of the spear, who inhabited fertile

<sup>1</sup> An Amazon—allusive of her own speed or that of her horses.

<sup>2</sup> Divided.

<sup>3</sup> *μεγας*—as to stature.

<sup>4</sup> *κορυθαίολος*—etymologically—a man whose helmet, *i. e.* the crest of it, is shaken, or in rapid motion; and indicates the activity and energy of the wearer. The epithet is applied, among mortals, only to Hector—Mars, among the gods, has the same distinction.

<sup>5</sup> Were armed.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* in every mode of fighting.

<sup>7</sup> Beneath the lowest foot of Ida.

<sup>8</sup> He knew above all.

<sup>9</sup> Did not suffer.

<sup>10</sup> The fate of black death.

<sup>11</sup> Unless the word indicates the colour or appearance.



LARISSA. These Hippothoos commanded, and Pylæus, a branch of Mars, the two sons of Lethus, the Pelasgian, son of Teutamis.

Next Acamas, and the hero Peiroos, led all the THRA-  
845 CIANS<sup>1</sup>, whom the rapid<sup>2</sup> Hellespont encloses.

And Euphemus, a son of Trœzenus, son of Jove-supported Ceas, was commander of the CICONIAN warriors.

Next Pyræchmes led the PÆONIANS, armed with bent bows, from Amydon, far off, from the wide-flowing Axius  
850 —Axius, whose beautiful waters spread<sup>3</sup> the fairest upon the earth.

But bold<sup>4</sup> Pylæmenes commanded the PAPHLAGONIANS, who were of the Eneti, (from whose country comes a breed of forest<sup>5</sup> mules)—those who possessed Cytōrus, and dwelt at Sesamus, and inhabited noble man-  
855 sions by the river Parthenius, and Cromna, and Ægialus, and the Erythine hills.

Next Odius and Epistrophus led the HALIZONIANS from Alybe, far off, where is a silver mine<sup>6</sup>.

And Chromis commanded the MYSIANS, and Ennomus the augur. Yet he did not by his auguries escape  
860 black death, but was drowned by the hands of the swift-footed Æacides in the river, where indeed he (*Achilles*) slew also other Trojans.

Next Phorceys led the PHRYGIANS, along with the god-like Ascanius, from Ascania, far off; and they burned for the combat<sup>7</sup>.

Next Mesthles and Antiphus, sons of Talæmenes, to  
865 whom the Gygæan lake gave birth<sup>8</sup>, commanded the MŒONIANS. These also led the Mœonians, who were natives<sup>9</sup> of Tmolus.

<sup>1</sup> Meaning those of the Thracian Chersonesus, of which the Hellespont forms the southern boundary.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* with a strong current.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* apparently long and broad.

<sup>4</sup> Of a stout or robust heart.

<sup>5</sup> Or wild.

<sup>6</sup> Whence is the beginning or birth of silver.

<sup>7</sup> And they were eager to fight in battle.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* who were born and brought up on the shores of the Gygæan lake, near Sardis.

<sup>9</sup> Born at the foot of Tmolus.



Next Nastes commanded the CARIANS, of barbarous tongue—those who possessed Miletus, and the wooded hill of Phthirœ, and the streams of Mæander, and the lofty summits of Mycale. These, then, Amphimachus and Nastes led—Nastes and Amphimachus, the noble sons of Nomion, 870 who foolishly went to war, covered with gold<sup>1</sup> like a girl. But it did not save him from cruel fate, for he was drowned in the river by the hands of the swift-footed Achilles; and Achilles, skilled in war, plundered the gold. 875

And Sarpedon and the good Glaucus led the LYCIANS from Lycia, far off, from the deep<sup>2</sup> Xanthus.

<sup>1</sup> Having gold—i. e. with gold chains and ornaments about him.

<sup>2</sup> With waves, implying a large body of water.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK III.

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ARGUMENT.

The armies meet. Paris challenges the Grecian princes. Menelaus accepts the challenge. The terms of the combat are adjusted by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on that of Troy. The combat. Paris vanquished, but rescued by Venus. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the contract.

Now when *the armies* were marshalled, each under their respective leaders<sup>1</sup>, the Trojans advanced, with a clamour and a shout, like birds—as is the scream of cranes up through the sky—those which, when they fly from the  
5 winter and excessive rains, wing their way, with a scream, over the floods of Oceanus, carrying death and destruction to the pigmies<sup>2</sup>: and these, in the air, bear dire strife<sup>3</sup>. But the Achæans went on in silence, breathing forth valour, and resolute<sup>4</sup> to support each other.

- 10 As the south wind spreads<sup>5</sup> a mist upon the brow of a mountain, by no means agreeable to the shepherd, but to the thief better than night—in *which* a man sees as far *only* as he can cast a stone; so rose the troubled dust under their feet, as they advanced; and they crossed the plain with great rapidity.

<sup>1</sup> Each along with their leaders.

<sup>2</sup> Pygmæan men.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Upon the pigmies—while the Trojans do so upon the Achæans, on land.

<sup>4</sup> εν θυμῳ μεμῶτες.

<sup>5</sup> Poured down.

And when now they were coming close upon one another, 15  
the godlike Alexander<sup>1</sup> advanced in front<sup>2</sup> of the Trojans,  
with the skin of a panther on his shoulders, and with a bent  
bow, and a sword. And, shaking two brazen-pointed<sup>3</sup>  
spears, he challenged all the bravest of the Argives to fight  
him<sup>4</sup> front to front in deadly combat. 20

But when Menelaus, beloved of Mars, perceived him  
advancing with long strides<sup>5</sup> before the army, he rejoiced  
like a lion, who lights<sup>6</sup>, when hungry, upon a huge car-  
case, finding either a horned stag or a wild goat; for he 25  
would greedily devour it, although swift dogs and vigorous  
youths pursue him—thus rejoiced Menelaus when he be-  
held the godlike Alexander<sup>7</sup>, for he thought he should  
now have his revenge on the offender; and immediately  
he leaped with his armour from his car to the ground.

And when the godlike Alexander observed him appear 30  
ing in the van, he was dismayed<sup>8</sup>, and retired back into  
the lines<sup>9</sup> of his companions to avoid death<sup>10</sup>. And as  
when one seeing a serpent in the forests of a mountain,  
recoiling, starts back; and a trembling seizes his limbs,  
and he retreats, and paleness overspreads his countenance<sup>11</sup>; 35  
thus godlike Alexander retired into the ranks of the bold  
Trojans, fearing the son of Atreus.

And Hector, seeing this, reproved him with rough<sup>12</sup>  
words: "Miserable<sup>13</sup> Paris, most fair in form<sup>14</sup>, women-  
mad, women-seducer<sup>15</sup>, would that thou hadst never been 40  
born, or had died unmarried. I should have preferred it,  
and it would have been much more advantageous, than  
that thou shouldst thus be a disgrace and scandal to others.

<sup>1</sup> Paris.<sup>2</sup> προμαχίζεν, was fighting in the van.<sup>3</sup> Pointed with brass.<sup>4</sup> ἀντιβιον.<sup>5</sup> Striding along.<sup>6</sup> Having lighted upon.<sup>7</sup> When he saw with his eyes Alexander of the godlike form.<sup>8</sup> He was dismayed in his loved, *i. e.* his own heart.<sup>9</sup> εἰθνος ἐταίρων.<sup>10</sup> Avoiding death.<sup>11</sup> Paleness has taken him on the cheeks.<sup>12</sup> αἰσχροῖς—words calculated to shame him.<sup>13</sup> δεισπαρις.<sup>14</sup> *i. e.* in form only.<sup>15</sup> A deceiver.



Well may the long-haired Achæans laugh, who expected<sup>1</sup> thee to be a champion, because thy person was handsome—  
 45 but there is no strength nor vigour in thy heart. What, wert thou such a coward, when after traversing the deep in sea-crossing<sup>2</sup> ships, with thy loved comrades<sup>3</sup>, and mingling with foreigners, thou carriedst off the fair woman from the Apian land, the relative<sup>4</sup> of warlike men—to be  
 50 a great calamity to thy father, and the city, and the whole people,—a glory to the enemy, and a disgrace to thyself? Darest thou not await the warlike Menelaus, and learn how brave is the man, whose blooming spouse thou hast<sup>5</sup>? The lyre would not avail thee, nor the gifts of Venus, thy  
 55 hair, nor thy beauty, when thou wert mingled in the dust. The Trojans are indeed poor-spirited, or thou wouldst before this have worn a coat of stones<sup>6</sup>, on account of the evils thou hast wrought.”

Then the godlike Alexander in reply said: “Hector, *I will not defend myself*, for thou reprovest me as I deserve, and not unjustly<sup>7</sup>. *But judge not of me by thyself*. Thy  
 60 heart is ever indomitable<sup>8</sup>, like an axe, which penetrates wood by the guidance of a man—by him who skilfully cuts down ship-timber<sup>9</sup>—and it aids the man’s strength. Such an invincible spirit hast thou in thy breast. Upbraid  
 65 me not for the loved gifts of golden Venus. For by no means are the glorious gifts of the gods to be rejected, which themselves bestow, and which none can assume at pleasure<sup>10</sup>. But now if thou desirest that I should fight<sup>11</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Expecting.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning *large* vessels, capable of sustaining distant voyages.

<sup>3</sup> Collecting, or taking with thee, thy loved comrades.

<sup>4</sup> *ννον*—strictly, a son’s wife; but more loosely, any female connected by marriage; or, as here, probably one who had been sought in marriage by many.

<sup>5</sup> Of what man thou hast the blooming spouse.

<sup>6</sup> Have already worn a stony coat—been stoned to death.

<sup>7</sup> Since thou hast reprovéd me according to right, and not beyond right.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* thy heart is one of iron.

<sup>9</sup> Who by art cleaves naval timber—or shapes what is already cut down for ship-building.

<sup>10</sup> *ἔκρων*.

<sup>11</sup> Fight and contend.

make all the rest of the Trojans and the Achæans sit down, and bring together myself and warlike Menelaus between<sup>1</sup> the armies, that we may combat for Helen and 70 all her wealth; and whoever may conquer and be victorious, let him by all means<sup>2</sup> take the riches and the lady, and carry them home. And do you, the rest of you, make peace with the Achæans<sup>3</sup>, and dwell in fertile Troy, and let them return to equestrian<sup>4</sup> Argos, and Achæis, the land of beautiful women." Thus he spake, 75 and Hector was greatly delighted with the proposal<sup>5</sup>. And advancing therefore between the armies, he checked the ranks of the Trojans, holding his spear by the middle; and they all stood quiet. But the long-haired Achæans were bending their bows at him, and taking aim, were 80 hurling their arrows and stones; and the king of men, Agamemnon, shouted aloud:

"Stop, ye Argives, hurl not, Achæan youth; for brave Hector looks as if he wished to parley<sup>6</sup>."

Thus he spake, and they abstained from the fight, and immediately were silent; and Hector addressed both the 85 armies:

"Hear from me, Trojans, and well-armed Achæans, the proposal of Alexander, on account of whom the war first began. He proposes, that all the other Trojans and Achæans lay down their bright arms upon the fruitful earth, and that himself and warlike Menelaus, between 90 the armies, should fight in single combat for Helen and all her wealth. And whichever conquers, and is victorious, let him by all means take the riches and the lady, and

<sup>1</sup> In the middle.

<sup>2</sup> Let him taking well all the riches—*εὖ*—well and good, as we say.

<sup>3</sup> Striking an alliance, and faithful victims—*ἄρκια*, *scil. ἱεῖστα*—*i. e.* victims which were *struck*, or sacrificed on such occasions, to secure the sanction, or at least the evidence of the gods. The words here plainly express the covenants thus sanctioned.

<sup>4</sup> Fit for feeding horses.

<sup>5</sup> Hearing the word.

<sup>6</sup> Is preparing, or proposing to speak a word.



carry them home; and let the rest of us make a faithful peace."

95 Thus he spake, and all kept silence<sup>1</sup>, but the gallant Menelaus thus addressed them:

"Now hear me also. Very painful is it to my feelings<sup>2</sup>,—but I trust that all will now be settled between the  
100 Achæans and Trojans—that you have suffered many evils on account of my quarrel, and the treachery of Alexander. But for whichever of us death and fate be prepared, let him die; and the rest of you settle your quarrel forthwith<sup>3</sup>. But now shall you, Trojans, bring two lambs, one a white male, and the other a black female, for the Earth and the  
105 Sun—and we will bring a male for Jove—and you shall conduct hither Priam's self<sup>4</sup>, that he may himself make the compact<sup>5</sup>, (for his sons are perjurers<sup>6</sup> and faithless,) that none may violate the compact of Jove<sup>7</sup>. For the minds of young men are ever fickle; but where an old  
110 man is present, he looks at once to the past and the future<sup>8</sup>, that the matter may be best for both parties<sup>9</sup>."

Thus he spake; and the Achæans and Trojans were rejoiced, hoping they should cease from toilsome war. And they drew back their cars to the ranks, and themselves alighted, and threw off their armour, and laid it  
115 near each other on the ground; and there was a small space between them.

And Hector sent two heralds to the city with all haste to bring the lambs and to summon Priam; and king Agamemnon despatched Talthybius to the hollow ships<sup>10</sup>, and

<sup>1</sup> And all were mutely in silence.

<sup>2</sup> Very greatly comes pain to my feelings.

<sup>3</sup> Separate—*i. e.* make peace and go home.

<sup>4</sup> *βῆν Πριάμου*—the force of Priam—*i. e.* Priam himself.

<sup>5</sup> Strike the victims, or take the oaths.

<sup>6</sup> Violators of oaths sworn over a libation.

<sup>7</sup> Violate by transgression.

<sup>8</sup> Descriptive of a *prudent* man, or one who has had much experience.

<sup>9</sup> For, on what affairs an old man is present, he looks before and behind, that they (the affairs) may be best for both parties—*i. e.* it is best for both when an old man presides.

<sup>10</sup> To go to the hollow ships.



ordered him to fetch a lamb; and he did not disobey the 120 noble Agamemnon.

In the mean time came Iris, with a message, to the white-armed Helen, in the likeness<sup>1</sup> of her sister-in-law, the wife of Antenor's son, Laodice, fairest<sup>2</sup> of the daughters of Priam, whom king<sup>3</sup> Helicaon, son of Antenor, possessed. And her she found in the house; and she was weaving a 125 web, a double<sup>4</sup> and splendid one, and was working<sup>5</sup> upon it the many toils of the Trojan chiefs and brazen mailed Achæans, which for her sake they had suffered at the hands of Mars. And standing near her, the swift-footed Iris said:

"Come hither, dear lady, that thou mayst behold the 130 strange deeds of the Trojan chiefs and brazen mailed Achæans—they who just now were bearing fearful war against each other on the plain, eager for destructive battle, now sit in silence, (for the war has ceased,) leaning 135 upon their shields, and their long spears are stuck *in the ground* beside them. And Alexander and the warlike Menelaus are going to fight for thee with long spears, and thou art to be called the dear spouse of the conqueror<sup>6</sup>."

Thus having spoken, the goddess infused into her soul a soft desire for her former husband, her city, and her 140 parents; and immediately wrapping herself in a white veil, she hastened from the chamber, shedding the tender tear; not alone, for with her went two attendants, Æthre, the daughter of Pittheus, and large eyed<sup>7</sup> Clymène. And soon they came to the Scæan gates<sup>8</sup>. And the elders of 145 the people, Priam, and Panthoüs, and Thymcetes, and Lampus, and Clytius, and Hicetaon, a branch of Mars, and Ucalegon and Antenor, both prudent men, were sitting

<sup>1</sup> Making herself like to.

<sup>2</sup> Best in appearance.

<sup>3</sup> *κρηων*—as if it was an honorary title—not implying sovereign authority.

<sup>4</sup> *διπλακα*—as if, perhaps, large enough to fold twice round the person.

<sup>5</sup> Interspersion—working in with a needle, probably.

<sup>6</sup> To the man who conquers.

<sup>7</sup> *βωωπις*.

<sup>8</sup> And immediately after they came where were the Scæan gates.

at the Scæan gate—now on account of their age abstain-  
 150 ing from war<sup>1</sup>. But they were still good talkers<sup>2</sup>, like  
 grasshoppers, which, sitting upon a tree in a forest, send  
 forth a sweet sound. Such *were* the chiefs of the Trojans  
*who* sat on the tower<sup>3</sup>. But as soon as they beheld Helen  
 155 approaching the tower, they thus whispered winged words  
 one to another:

“No wonder<sup>4</sup> that the Trojans and well-armed Achæans,  
 for a long period, endure toils for such a woman. Her  
 countenance very much resembles the immortal goddesses<sup>5</sup>.  
 160 But even thus, such though she be, let her return in the  
 ships, and not remain<sup>6</sup> a trouble to us and our sons<sup>7</sup>.”

Thus they spake; but Priam called to Helen<sup>8</sup>: “Come  
 hither, my dear child, and sit by me, that thou mayst  
 behold thy former husband, and relations, and friends; for  
 thou art not in fault—it is the gods who are to blame, who  
 165 have sent upon me the lamentable war of the Achæans.  
 So tell me the name of that fine looking man,—who is  
 that handsome and noble Achæan? There are, to be sure,  
 others of greater height<sup>9</sup>, but never with *these* eyes have  
 170 I seen so handsome and so majestic a man; he looks like  
 a king.”

And him Helen, loveliest of women, answered: “Thou  
 art ever, my dear father-in-law, an object of respect and  
 reverence to me<sup>10</sup>. Would that dire death had been my  
 choice<sup>11</sup>, when I accompanied thy son hither, leaving my  
 175 bridal chamber, and my relations, and my only child<sup>12</sup>, and

<sup>1</sup> Having done with war.      <sup>2</sup> Employed in consulting on public affairs.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* over the Scæan gates.

<sup>4</sup> Or rather, ground for censure—meaning, one cannot blame them.

<sup>5</sup> She is very like in the countenance to the immortal goddesses.

<sup>6</sup> Nor be left.

<sup>7</sup> And our children after us.

<sup>8</sup> Called Helen with his voice.

<sup>9</sup> Of a truth there are others greater by the head.

<sup>10</sup> Thou art ever to be respected.

<sup>11</sup> Dire death ought to have been pleasant to me.

<sup>12</sup> Hermione—loved, or only,—*i. e.* judging by the application of the word, for its derivation is scarcely discoverable.



the sweet society of my friends<sup>1</sup>. But such was not my conduct, and therefore I weep and pine<sup>2</sup>. But that which thou askest and requirest of me I will tell. That is the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, a good king, and a gallant warrior, both. He was besides my brother-in-law, —shameless woman, that I am—if, indeed, he ever was<sup>3</sup>." 180

Thus she spake; and the old man admired him, and said: "O blessed son of Atreus, of happy birth, and noble destiny, numerous indeed are the Achæan youth under thy command. I once went to vine-bearing Phrygia, where I beheld numerous Phrygians, car-warriors, the armies of Otreus, and godlike Mygdon, which were 185 then encamped upon the banks of the Sangarius; and I was with them, one of their allies<sup>4</sup>, on that day, when the masculine<sup>5</sup> Amazons came against them. But even they were not so numerous as the noble Achæans<sup>6</sup>." 190

Next, observing Ulysses, the old man asked: "And that one, too, my dear child; come, tell me who is he? He is less, by the head, than Agamemnon, son of Atreus; but is broader in the chest and shoulders<sup>7</sup>. His arms lie on the bountiful earth; but he himself, like a ram, ranges 195 among the ranks of men. I compare him to a full-fleeced<sup>8</sup> ram, which roams through a large flock of white sheep."

Then Helen, sprung from Jove, replied: "That, again, is the wise Ulysses, the son of Laertes, who was brought up in a district of Ithaca, a rocky isle,—a man ready at 200 every stratagem, and every wise expedient."

<sup>1</sup> Those of my own age.

<sup>2</sup> But these things were not done, and therefore I am consumed weeping.

<sup>3</sup> *εἰ ποτ' ἐν γέ*—as if now she modestly doubted whether that could ever have been a fact.

<sup>4</sup> Drawn up, or arrayed with them.

<sup>5</sup> *αντιανιρται*—equal to men, in vigour or courage—capable of sustaining men in battle.

<sup>6</sup> *ἐλκεωπες*. The word is applied by Homer only to the Achæans and the daughter of Chryses. Pindar couples it with Venus. *ωψ* is probably the source of it, and handsome or noble, the sense. A Scholiast suggests the word may be derived from *κοπη*, and so *ἐλκεωπες* might mean *naval*—the Achæans who came by sea.

<sup>7</sup> But is broader to be seen.

<sup>8</sup> Thick-woolled.



And to her the prudent Antenor replied: "Lady, thou art quite right<sup>1</sup>; for here, also, once the noble Ulysses came on an embassy, on thy account, along with the brave Menelaus. I received and entertained them in my house, and marked the persons of both and their wise counsels. When they were mixed up with the assembled Trojans, Menelaus, as they stood<sup>2</sup>, overtopped him by the broad shoulders; but when both were sitting, Ulysses was more majestic. When they addressed the people, and explained their views<sup>3</sup>, Menelaus indeed spoke concisely—a few words, but very agreeably, since he was neither loquacious<sup>4</sup> nor rambling<sup>5</sup>, although the younger man. But when the wise Ulysses rose, he at first stood *still*, and looked down, fixing his eyes upon the ground; and his sceptre he waved neither backwards nor forwards, but, like a stupid man, kept it motionless—you might have said he was thus at once sullen, and a fool. But when at last the mighty voice burst from his breast, and words which resembled the snow showers of winter<sup>6</sup>, no other mortal would have then contended with Ulysses. Then indeed were we not so charmed at the form of Ulysses<sup>7</sup>."

225 Seeing Ajax, the old man, a third time, asked: "And who is that other Achæan warrior, large and tall, who overtops the Argives, by the head and broad shoulders?"

And long-robed Helen, loveliest of women, replied: "That is the mighty Ajax, the bulwark of the Achæans; 230 and Idomeneus stands on the other side among the Cretans, like a god; and round him are gathered the leaders of the Cretans. Often has the warlike Menelaus hos-

<sup>1</sup> Certainly that is a true word you have said.

<sup>2</sup> They standing.

<sup>3</sup> But when they wove words and plans to all.

<sup>4</sup> Not of many words.

<sup>5</sup> Not one who does not hit the mark, or not stick to his subject. Menelaus in his speeches was short, but to the purpose.

<sup>6</sup> But when he poured the mighty voice from his breast, and words like wintry snow-showers.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* not so much as at his eloquence,—we no longer thought of his appearance, noble as that was.

pitably received him in our house, when he came from Crete. And now do I behold all the other noble<sup>1</sup> Achæans, whom I could readily recognise, and could tell the names; 235 but two leaders of the people I cannot see, Castor, the driver of horses, and Pollux, the skilful boxer,—my own twin brothers, whom, with myself, the same mother bore. Did they not come from lovely Lacedæmon? Or hither 240 came in sea-crossing barks, but now no longer will enter the battle of men, ashamed of the many scandals and reproaches which attach to their sister<sup>2</sup>."

Thus she spake; but their mother<sup>3</sup> earth already contained them there in Lacedæmon, in their loved native land.

And now the heralds were bringing through the city the 245 requisites for sanctioning the compact<sup>4</sup>, two lambs, with gladdening wine, (produce of the soil,) in a goat's skin; and Idæus, the herald, bore a splendid goblet and golden cups; and standing near the old man, he thus excited him with his words:

"Rise, son of Laomedon, the chiefs of the noble Trojan 250 and brazen mailed Achæans summon thee to descend into the plain, that thou mayst strike a solemn compact<sup>5</sup>. For Alexander and brave Menelaus are going to fight with long spears for the lady; and the lady and her riches 255 will be the reward of the conqueror<sup>6</sup>. But the rest of us, under the sanction of a peace<sup>7</sup>, shall cultivate fruitful Troy; and they will return to fertile Argos, and Achæis, land of beautiful women."

Thus he spake; and the old man shuddered, but he ordered his people to put the horses to the car<sup>8</sup>, and they 260 obeyed with alacrity. And then Priam mounted, and took<sup>9</sup> the reins, and Antenor ascended the beautiful car

<sup>1</sup> ἰλακοπις. A. 98. Γ. 190.

<sup>2</sup> Which are to me.

<sup>3</sup> φροσύνη—that generates the necessities of life.

<sup>4</sup> ἄρκια πιστά—*scil.* the lambs, wine, &c.

<sup>5</sup> ἄρκια πιστά—the compact; as three lines below, the phrase stands for the final peace.

<sup>6</sup> Will follow him who conquers.

<sup>7</sup> Friendship and sure victims, *i. e.* victims of faith, having struck.

<sup>8</sup> To yoke his horses.

<sup>9</sup> Drew back.



beside him; and they drove the swift horses through the Scaean gates towards the plain.

But when now they reached the Trojans and Achæans,  
 265 alighting from the car<sup>1</sup> on the fruitful earth, they walked  
 into the *open space* between the Trojans and Achæans.  
 And then forthwith Agamemnon, king of men, rose up,  
 and the wise Ulysses; and the worthy heralds brought the  
 270 victims<sup>2</sup> and mingled<sup>3</sup> wine in a goblet, and poured water  
 upon the hands of the kings. And Atrides, drawing out  
 with his hands the knife which always hung beside the great  
 scabbard of his sword, cut off the wool from the heads of  
 the lambs; and then the heralds distributed it among the  
 275 chiefs of the Trojans and Achæans. And Atrides prayed  
 among<sup>4</sup> them with a loud voice, lifting up his hands:

“ Father Jove, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most  
 mighty; and thou Sun, who seest all things and hearest  
 all things; and ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye who  
 280 below<sup>5</sup> punish dead men, who break their oaths<sup>6</sup>, be  
 ye witnesses and guardians of<sup>7</sup> this compact. If Alex-  
 ander shall slay Menelaus, then let him keep Helen and all  
 her wealth, and we return in our sea-crossing ships; but if  
 the yellow-haired Menelaus shall kill Alexander, then let  
 285 the Trojans restore Helen and all her wealth, and pay  
 to the Argives a fine *such* as is just—one which shall be  
 memorable, even among future generations<sup>8</sup>. But if—  
 should Alexander fall<sup>9</sup>—Priam and the sons of Priam  
 290 will not pay the fine, then will I fight again for that fine,  
 remaining here, till I finish the war<sup>10</sup>.”

<sup>1</sup> ἵππους.

<sup>2</sup> ὄρκια πιστά may here mean, not only the victims, but the apparatus for the sacrifice generally.

<sup>3</sup> Not diluted with water—the wine brought by the Trojans was *mixed* with some produced by the Achæans.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps *with* them.

<sup>5</sup> τινυσθον—a dual; and therefore Pluto and Proserpine must be meant.

<sup>6</sup> May have sworn a perjury.

<sup>7</sup> And guard.

<sup>8</sup> Among men which are to be. The *τιμή* is an indemnity for the charges of the war, sufficient to protect future generations from like aggressions—  
 or, possibly, an annual tribute for ever may be meant.

<sup>9</sup> Alexander having fallen.

<sup>10</sup> Till I find an end for the war.



He said, and with his pitiless knife cut the throats of the lambs, and he laid them, palpitating, upon the ground, deprived of life; for the knife had taken away their strength. Then pouring wine from the flagon into 295 their goblets, they libated, and prayed to the immortal gods; and thus each of the Achæans and Trojans said:

"Jove, most glorious, most mighty, and ye other immortal gods! whoever first shall violate<sup>1</sup> this compact, thus may the brains both of them and of their children flow, as 300 this wine, upon the ground; and may their wives be united with others<sup>2</sup>."

Thus they spake, but the son of Saturn did not at all accomplish *their desire*. And Priam, son of Dardanus, thus addressed them<sup>3</sup>:

"Hear me, ye Trojans and well-armed Achæans. I 305 must now go back to windy Ilium, since I could by no means bear to see my loved son combating with brave Menelaus. Jove well knows this, and the rest of the immortal gods, to which of the two death is decreed<sup>4</sup>."

The godlike<sup>5</sup> man thus spake, and placed the lambs<sup>6</sup> in 310 the car. And then he mounted himself, and took the reins; and Antenor ascended the beautiful car beside him, and back then they returned to Troy.

And Hector, son of Priam, and the noble Ulysses, measured first the ground; and then taking lots, they shook 315 them in a brazen helmet, *to determine* which should first throw his brazen spear. Meanwhile the people prayed, and lifted up their hands to the gods, and thus each of the Achæans and Trojans said:

"O father Jove, who rulest<sup>7</sup> from Ida, most glorious, 320

<sup>1</sup> Do wrong contrary to the compact.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* as captives, be at the disposal of others.

<sup>3</sup> Spoke to them a word.

<sup>4</sup> But Jove and the other immortal gods know this, to which the end of death is fated—implying *he* did not.

<sup>5</sup> The man equal to a god.

<sup>6</sup> In cases of this kind, the victims were not eaten, but buried in the ground, or thrown into the sea.

<sup>7</sup> Ruling.

most mighty, whichever was the author of this war<sup>1</sup>, grant that he may descend, slain, to the mansion of Pluto; and that friendship and peace may again exist between us."

- Thus they spake; and the great and active<sup>2</sup> Hector  
 325 shook *the helmet*, looking backwards, and immediately the  
 lot of Paris leaped out. Then the troops<sup>3</sup> sat down in their  
 ranks, where each man's fleet horses and beautiful<sup>4</sup> armour  
 were<sup>5</sup>. And the noble Alexander, the husband of fair-  
 haired Helen, put his bright armour on his shoulders.  
 330 First he put round his legs handsome greaves fastened with  
 silver clasps; next he braced upon his breast the corselet  
 of his brother Lycaon, for it fitted him; and then round his  
 shoulders<sup>6</sup> he hung his brazen sword, with a silver hilt,  
 335 and then his shield, large and massive; and upon his gal-  
 lant head he placed a well-formed helmet, crested with  
 horse-hair, and the crest nodded awfully from above; and  
 he selected a strong spear, which fitted his hand. And so  
 in the same manner the warrior Menelaus also braced on  
 his armour.  
 340 And when therefore they were armed on both sides<sup>7</sup>,  
 they advanced to the mid-space<sup>8</sup> between the Trojans and  
 Achæans, looking fiercely; and amazement seized the gaz-  
 ing Trojan chiefs and well-armed Achæans. And now they  
 stood near each other, within the measured ground, shaking  
 345 their spears, and mutually enraged<sup>9</sup>. And first Alexander  
 hurled his long spear, and struck against the round<sup>10</sup> shield  
 of the son of Atreus. But it pierced not the brass, for its

<sup>1</sup> Whoever placed these deeds among both.

<sup>2</sup> κορυθαίολος. See B. 816.

<sup>3</sup> They.

<sup>4</sup> ποικίλα—expressive of the ornaments or workmanship of the armour.

<sup>5</sup> Where lay to each his, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Suspended from a belt which went round the shoulder—*i. e.* the left shoulder. The shield, in like manner, was suspended by another—a cross belt—which went round the right shoulder.

<sup>7</sup> In each army.

<sup>8</sup> To the middle of.

<sup>9</sup> Enraged or inflamed against one another.

<sup>10</sup> On all sides equal—*i. e.* round, or smooth, according as the word be supposed to refer to the shape or surface of the shield.



point was bent upon the strong shield. And, in his turn, Menelaus, son of Atreus, got ready with his spear<sup>1</sup>, praying first to father Jove:

“Jove, O king, grant that I may take my revenge on the divine Alexander for the wrong which he has done me unprovoked<sup>2</sup>; and subdue him by my hands, that even among posterity each may shrink from wronging an host who has shown him hospitality<sup>3</sup>.”

He spake, and brandishing his long spear, he hurled it, 355 and struck against the round shield of the son of Priam. Through the glittering shield pierced the impetuous spear, and forced its way through the corselet of curious workmanship; and cut right through the tunic, at his flank; but he swerved aside, and escaped black death. Then the son 360 of Atreus, drawing his silver-hilted sword, and raising it, smote the cone of his helmet; but it fell from his hand, broken into three or four pieces, upon it. And the son of Atreus, looking up to the wide heaven, groaned:

“Jove, father, no other of the gods is more spiteful than 365 thou. I quite expected to have had my revenge on Alexander for his wrongs; and now my sword is broken in my hand, and my spear was thrown<sup>4</sup> without effect, nor have I wounded him.”

He said, and springing upon him, seized him by the helmet crested with horse-hair, and turning round, dragged him towards the well-armed Achæans. But the embroidered band at his tender throat choked him—the strap of the helmet which went<sup>5</sup> under his chin. And now would he have dragged him off, and obtained immense glory, had not Venus, daughter of Jove, quickly perceived it, and snapt the leathern<sup>6</sup> band; and the empty helmet followed 375 his powerful hand. Then the hero whirling it round, tossed

<sup>1</sup> *ὑπὲρ χαλκῷ*—rose with his brass:—equivalent to the *altior insurgens* of Virgil XII. 902.

<sup>2</sup> Who first did evil deeds to me.

<sup>3</sup> Each of men born hereafter may shudder to do evil to the host, who has shown him friendship.

<sup>4</sup> Was cast from my hands.

<sup>5</sup> Was stretched.

<sup>6</sup> Thong made of an ox killed by violence.



it among the well-armed Achæans, and his dear comrades picked it up. And back he rushed with a brazen  
 380 spear, eager to kill *his enemy*; but Venus, with the greatest ease, as a goddess, carried him off; and then covered him with a thick cloud, and placed him in his fragrant-scented chamber. Then she went herself to call Helen, and her she found upon a lofty tower, with many<sup>1</sup> Trojan  
 385 ladies round her; and taking hold of her beautiful robe with her hand, she pulled it; but she spoke to her in the likeness of an old woman, an aged dresser of wool, who beautifully dressed the white fleeces for her while she dwelt at Lacedæmon, and greatly loved her. Taking her form, the goddess Venus addressed her:

390 “Come hither; Alexander invites thee to return home; for he is in the bridal<sup>2</sup> chamber, radiant in beauty and dress. You would not say that he had returned from combat<sup>3</sup>, but rather that he was going to a dance, or was sitting down, having just left off dancing.”

395 Thus she spake, and stirred her passions in her breast. But when she perceived the beautiful neck of the goddess, her lovely bosom, and sparkling eyes, she was filled with amazement, and addressed her, and said<sup>4</sup>:

“Goddess, why desirest thou to deceive me thus<sup>5</sup>?  
 400 Somewhere farther among the populous cities<sup>6</sup> of Phrygia, or pleasant Mæonia, art thou going to take me—if there be there too any favourite of thine<sup>7</sup>? Is it because Menelaus, having now conquered the noble Alexander, is willing to take me, hateful as I am, home again?—is it for this  
 405 thou now comest here to entrap me<sup>8</sup>? Go thyself and sit beside him, and renounce the regions of the gods<sup>9</sup>. No

<sup>1</sup> Ladies in great number.

<sup>2</sup> Chamber and bed—bed turned—made by turners' instruments.

<sup>3</sup> That he came, having fought with a man.

<sup>4</sup> And spake a word, &c.—*i. e.* addressed her, and said in particular.

<sup>5</sup> *ταυτα*.

<sup>6</sup> The genitive depends on *την*.

<sup>7</sup> If there also be some one of articulate-speaking men dear to thee.

<sup>8</sup> Art thou now present laying snares for me?

<sup>9</sup> The ways of the gods—*i. e.* all intercourse with the gods—not the condition of divinity.

longer bend thy steps towards Olympus<sup>1</sup>, but ever whimper round him and tend him, until he make thee his wife or his slave. I, at least, will not go there—it would now be 410 disgraceful—to share his bed; all the Trojan women would hereafter cry shame upon me; and I have *already* sorrows enough upon my mind.”

But the goddess Venus, indignant, replied: “Provoke me not, perverse one, lest in anger I desert thee, and hate thee as much as now I have greatly loved thee; and lest I 415 stir up deadly enmities in both Trojans and Achæans, against thee, and thou die a miserable death.”

Thus she spake; and Helen, sprung from Jove, was frightened, and, enveloped in her white splendid veil, she went in silence, and was unobserved by all the Trojan wo- 420 men<sup>2</sup>, and the goddess led the way. But when they arrived at the beautiful abode of Alexander, her attendants<sup>3</sup> turned with all haste to their duties; and the loveliest of women ascended to the lofty bridal chamber. Then the smiling<sup>4</sup> Venus, taking a seat for her, placed it opposite Alexander, 425 the goddess herself carrying it; and there Helen, daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove, sat with averted eyes, and thus upbraided her husband<sup>5</sup>.

“Thou art come then from battle! Would that thou hadst there perished, slain by the brave man who was my former husband. Thou used of old to boast that thou wert 430 superior to brave Menelaus in strength, in dexterity<sup>6</sup>, and in the use of the spear—go, then, and challenge again brave Menelaus to fight thee. But I advise thee to desist, and not unwisely enter the lists<sup>7</sup> with the yellow-haired Mene- 435 laus, and fight him, lest thou be quickly subdued by his spear.”

But Paris, in reply, said: “Lady, vex not my soul<sup>8</sup> with

<sup>1</sup> No more return to Olympus with thy feet.

<sup>2</sup> She eluded the observation of all the Trojan women.

<sup>3</sup> Helen's two attendants.

<sup>4</sup> Smile-loving.

<sup>5</sup> Bending her eyes backwards, and upbraided her husband with a word.

<sup>6</sup> In hands.

<sup>7</sup> And not to fight an opposing battle with Menelaus.

<sup>8</sup> Do not upbraid me in my mind.

bitter reproaches. For Menelaus is victorious now, by the  
 440 aid of Minerva; but I, in my turn, shall vanquish him, for  
 I also have gods on my side<sup>1</sup>. But come, let us turn to  
 the dreams of love<sup>2</sup>; for never did desire so envelope my  
 soul—no, not when first snatching thee from lovely Lacedæmon,  
 455 I sailed in my sea-crossing ships, and enjoyed thy  
 person in the isle of Cranaë, as now I love thee, and the  
 fond desire possesses me.”

He said, and moved towards<sup>3</sup> the bed, and his wife  
 followed him; and they slept in the beautiful<sup>4</sup> couch.

Meanwhile the son of Atreus roamed through the army  
 450 like a savage beast, in pursuit of the godlike Alexander<sup>5</sup>.  
 But none of the Trojans or their noble allies was able  
 then to point out Alexander to the warlike Menelaus;  
 for they would not have concealed him through friendship,  
 had any seen him, since he was hated by all of them as  
 455 much as black death. And the king of men, Agamemnon,  
 addressed them:

“Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies. The  
 victory of brave Menelaus is manifest; therefore restore  
 ye Argive Helen, and her riches along with her, and pay  
 460 such a fine as is just—one which shall be memorable even  
 among future generations<sup>6</sup>.” Thus spake Atrides, and  
 the other Achæans approved.

<sup>1</sup> For to us also there are gods by us.

<sup>2</sup> But come, let us, lying down, turn to love.

<sup>3</sup> And began going.

<sup>4</sup> Pierced, or perforated—described *δινωτοισι λεχεεσσι* in 391 of this book.  
 State-beds—bedsteads, perhaps, as distinguished from mattresses on the floor.

<sup>5</sup> If he could any where perceive.

<sup>6</sup> See lines 286, 7.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK IV.

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ARGUMENT.

In a council of the gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to despatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for this purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon, having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

MEANWHILE the gods, sitting on the golden pavement, by the side of Jove, were engaged in conversation<sup>1</sup>; and, among them, the charming Hebe was pouring out nectar; and in succession they each took the golden cups, as they gazed upon the city of the Trojans. Then the son of Saturn endeavoured to irritate Juno, with sarcastic words, addressing her obliquely: 5

“ Menelaus has two patrons among the goddesses, Argive Juno, and the protecting Minerva; but there truly they are, sitting apart<sup>2</sup>, amusing themselves with looking on; whilst with Paris, on the contrary, smiling Venus is 10

<sup>1</sup> Not in consultation—as in B. 788, οἱ ἀγορᾶς ἀγορευόντες does not express a formal meeting on business.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* as if without any regard for him—making no attempt to aid him.

ever present, and defending him from fate<sup>1</sup>, and has even now just rescued him, when expecting to die. But certainly the victory belongs to the brave Menelaus; and we must now consult how these matters shall be, whether,  
 15 that is, we shall again excite evil war and direful battle, or make<sup>2</sup> peace between both parties. And if this be thus agreeable and pleasant to all, then truly may the city of king Priam be *still* inhabited<sup>3</sup>, and Menelaus take Argive Helen home again."

20 Thus he spake; and Minerva and Juno, who were sitting together, and plotting evils against the Trojans, growled. Minerva indeed was silent, and spake not, *though* irritated with father Jove, and *though* wild rage possessed her; but Juno could not restrain her indignation within her breast, but said:

25 "Imperious son of Saturn, what words are these thou speakest? Why wouldst thou make my labour vain, and that sweat unfruitful, which I in the toil have sweated? Even my horses were fatigued, whilst I assembled the army, to bring evils upon Priam and his sons. Do as thou wilt<sup>4</sup>, but none of the rest of us shall approve."

30 Then the cloud-collecting Jove, in great anger replied: "Goddess, what wrongs so great have Priam, and the sons of Priam done thee, that thou shouldst, without ceasing<sup>5</sup>, desire to overthrow the well-built town of Ilium? For if thou couldst enter the gates and lofty walls, and eat  
 35 up Priam raw, and the sons of Priam, and the rest of the Trojans, then mightst thou satiate thine anger. Do, however, as thou wilt, and let not this dispute, for the future be matter of great contention between thee and me<sup>6</sup>. But I will tell thee something else, and do thou  
 40 fix it in thy heart. If ever I have a great<sup>7</sup> desire to destroy a city, where men, dear to thee, are born,

<sup>1</sup> And puts away from him the fates.

<sup>2</sup> Throw, or put.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. not be captured, but preserved.

<sup>4</sup> Do—ὅπως εἴθελεις must be understood—the words occur in line 37 below.

<sup>5</sup> Or thus passionately.

<sup>6</sup> To thee and me between both of us.

<sup>7</sup> μεμῶως εἴθελω—earnestly wish.

arrest not thou my fury, but give way to me; for though I have voluntarily given up *this city* to thee, I do it with unwilling mind. For *of* the cities of terrestrial 45 men, which are inhabited beneath the sun and starry heavens, beyond all others sacred Ilium<sup>1</sup> was honoured in my heart, and Priam, and the people of Priam, who is famed for his ashen spear<sup>2</sup>. For never was my altar without abundant offerings, both of wine and fat<sup>3</sup>—the honour allotted us<sup>4</sup> by fate."

And majestic and imperial Juno then answered: "Well, 50 there are three cities very dear to me, Argos, and Sparta, and wide-streeted Mycenæ; them destroy when they are hateful to thy soul<sup>5</sup>. I will neither defend them<sup>6</sup> nor trouble myself about them<sup>7</sup>. For if I should interpose to 55 prevent<sup>8</sup> their destruction, I should effect nothing by interposing; since thou art by much the more powerful. But it becomes thee not to render my labour fruitless; for I likewise am a divinity, and of the same origin<sup>9</sup> with thyself, and I am wily Saturn's daughter, entitled to respect<sup>10</sup>, 60 on two accounts—by birth, and because I am<sup>11</sup> thy wife; but thou art king of all the immortals. But we will, however, give way to each other in these matters, I to thee, and thou to me; and the other immortal gods will follow; and do thou quickly command Minerva to repair to the 65 dire battle-field of the Trojans and Achæans, and endeavour to make the Trojans be the first, contrary to the compact, to do some injury to the exulting Achæans."

Thus she spake, nor did the father of gods and men

<sup>1</sup> *ἰση*—as usual—for any thing great or illustrious.

<sup>2</sup> With a good ashen spear.

<sup>3</sup> *κνισση*—fat—or the odour of it—roasted or burnt.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the gods—for that is the honour which we have obtained by allotment. <sup>5</sup> Whenever they are hateful above others in thy heart.

<sup>6</sup> I neither stand before them.

<sup>7</sup> *μυγαίρω* and *φθονέω* seem in the older usage of the Greeks to have meant—forbidding, or interposing to prevent. <sup>8</sup> And not suffer.

<sup>9</sup> And whence the birth is to me, thence it is to thee.

<sup>10</sup> *πρεσβυτατην*—employed generally for *eldest-born*, but, in the present case, obviously as here rendered. <sup>11</sup> Called—or styled.



refuse, but immediately addressed Minerva with winged words:

70 “ Away, with speed, to the Trojans and Achæans, and endeavour to make the Trojans be the first to commit, contrary to the compact, some injury on the exulting Achæans.”

Thus speaking, he despatched Minerva, ready enough before *to go*, and she descended in haste<sup>1</sup> from the summits of Olympus. As a star which wily Saturn's son sends forth, to be an omen either to sailors, or to some wide army of nations, brilliant, and one from which many sparks shoot forth—like that did Minerva rush towards the earth, and leaped into the midst of them: and amazement seized 80 the Trojan chiefs and well-armed Achæans, on beholding her. And thus, each looking at his neighbour, said—

“ Either there will be evil war and dire contest again<sup>2</sup>, or Jove, who is<sup>3</sup> the arbiter of war among men, will make 85 peace between both *nations*.” Thus each of the Achæans and Trojans said. But she (*Minerva*) entered into the army of the Trojans in likeness of a man<sup>4</sup>, of Laodocus, son of Antenor, a gallant warrior, seeking for the godlike Pandarus, if she could any where find him. And she 90 found the brave and noble Pandarus standing, and round him powerful ranks of shielded men, who accompanied him from the streams of Æsepis. And standing near him, she spake these winged words:

“ Wilt thou be persuaded by me, warlike son of Lycaon? Wilt thou venture to shoot a fleet arrow at Menelaus? Thou 95 wouldst gain thanks and glory with all the Trojans, and above all, with king Alexander. From him thou wouldst surely, in particular, receive some splendid gifts, should he see warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, subdued by thy weapon, placed upon the sad funeral pile. Come now, 100 shoot an arrow at Menelaus, elevated with glory, and vow

<sup>1</sup> Hastening.

<sup>2</sup> The first *η* may be affirmative, and *μαλλον* be understood with the second—which will afford a more consistent sense—Surely there will rather be war again than peace.

<sup>3</sup> Is made.

<sup>4</sup> Like to a man.

to Apollo<sup>1</sup>, famed for his bow, to sacrifice a noble hecatomb of first-born lambs, upon thy return<sup>2</sup> home to the city of sacred Zeleia."

Thus spake Minerva, and persuaded the mind of the fool<sup>3</sup>. Immediately he drew forth<sup>4</sup> his smooth bow, made 105 from a wanton wild goat, one which, as it came out of a cave, he himself, watching for it in ambuscade, hitting it on the chest, struck to the heart; and it fell prone into the cave. Its horns grew from its head of the length of sixteen palms; and the artist, the polisher of horns, had with 110 labour<sup>5</sup> prepared<sup>6</sup> them; and after smoothing every part beautifully, put upon them golden tips. And when he (*Pandarus*) had bent it<sup>7</sup> well, he laid it on the ground, stooping; and his gallant comrades held their shields before him, lest the brave sons of the Achæans should rise<sup>8</sup>, before Mene- 115 laus, the brave leader of the Achæans, was struck. Then he took off the cover of his quiver, and from it selected an arrow new<sup>9</sup> and feathered, the source of dark pains. And immediately he fitted the dire arrow to the string, and vowed to offer to Apollo<sup>1</sup>, famed for his bow, a noble hecatomb of first-born lambs, upon his return home to the city of sacred 120 Zeleia. Then seizing the notch of the arrow, and the bow-string<sup>10</sup> together, he drew them; the string he brought close to his breast, and the point<sup>11</sup> of the arrow to the bow. And when he had bent the large bow into a circle, the bow twanged, and the string sounded loud, and the sharp-pointed 125 arrow sprang forth, eager to rush among the crowd.

Nor were the blessed immortal gods forgetful of thee,

<sup>1</sup> Λυκηγενής. The Lycian, according to the usual interpretation, which, however, would require Λυκηγενής. The son of light, or of the morn, suits alike the etymology of the word, and the attributes of Apollo.

<sup>2</sup> Having returned.

<sup>3</sup> And persuaded the mind to him foolish.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. from its case.

<sup>5</sup> Labouring.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. by fastening together the roots of the two horns, which formed the centre of the bow.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. when he had strung the bow, he laid it down, whilst he selected an arrow from his quiver—*stooping* to escape observation.

<sup>8</sup> For they were sitting down.

<sup>9</sup> Unshot—never shot before; and, of course, with its point unblunted.

<sup>10</sup> Ox-sinewa.

<sup>11</sup> Iron.



Menelaus, and first the despoiler<sup>1</sup>, the daughter of Jove,  
 130 who, standing before thee, averted the deadly arrow. And  
 she repelled it from his body as much as when a mother  
 drives away a fly from her child, when he reclines in sweet  
 sleep; and then she directed it where the golden clasps of  
 his belt met<sup>2</sup>, and the double corselet interposed; and the  
 135 dire arrow struck upon the tightened belt; through the  
 belt of curious workmanship it drove, and pierced the beautiful  
 corselet, and the girdle<sup>3</sup> which he wore, the protection  
 of his person, a defence against darts, and which very much  
 protected him—even through it did it make its way; and  
 140 then the arrow grazed the skin of the man on the surface<sup>4</sup>,  
 and immediately the dark blood flowed from the wound.

And as when some Mæonian or Carian maid stains a  
 141 *piece of ivory with purple for the cheek-piece<sup>5</sup> of horses,*  
 and it lies in her chamber, and many horsemen are desirous  
 145 to have it; but the 'favour' lies for a king, both an ornament  
 for his horse, and a glory to the driver; so, Menelaus,  
 were thy handsome thighs and legs, and fair ancles beneath,  
 stained with blood.

Then the king of men, Agamemnon, shuddered when he  
 saw the black blood flowing from the wound; and the  
 150 brave Menelaus himself also shuddered. But when he  
 perceived the string<sup>6</sup>, and the barbs of the arrow outside<sup>7</sup>,  
 his courage was again collected within his breast. And  
 king Agamemnon, groaning deeply among them, addressed  
 him, holding Menelaus by the hand; and their companions  
 also groaned:

155 "My beloved brother, thy death this compact have I  
 struck, by opposing thee thus alone to fight for the  
 Achæans against the Trojans: so have the Trojans wounded  
 thee, and trampled on the sacred compact. Not in  
 vain, however, can be the oath of compact, and the blood

<sup>1</sup> Ἀγέλειη—*i. e.* apparently, ληϊτίς, as she is expressly styled in Κ. 460.

<sup>2</sup> Fastened the belt.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the inner girdle—next his person.

<sup>4</sup> ἀκροτατον χροα—on the very outside—a scratch comparatively.

<sup>5</sup> A blinker?

<sup>6</sup> That with which the iron point was fastened to the shaft.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* had not penetrated.



of lambs, and the unmixed libations, and the right hands in which we trusted; for although the Olympian has 160 not at first enforced them, he will at last enforce; and they will dearly<sup>1</sup> pay for it with their own heads, their wives, and their children. For this I know well in my soul<sup>2</sup>, that the day will come when sacred Ilium shall perish, and Priam, and the people of Priam, skilled 165 in the ashen spear; and Jove, the son of Saturn, the ruler on high, who dwells in the air, will himself shake over all of them his stormy ægis, in anger at this treachery; and these things will not be unaccomplished. But deep grief will be upon me on thy account, O Menelaus, if thou 170 shouldst die, and complete the destiny of life. And I shall return to long desired Argos, covered with infamy<sup>3</sup>; for the Achæans will immediately recall to mind their native land<sup>4</sup>, and we shall leave Argive Helen, a boast to Priam and the Trojans. And the earth will rot thy bones, as thou 175 liest<sup>5</sup> in Troy, after fruitless toil; and thus will insolent Trojans say, trampling on the tomb of glorious Menelaus: 'Even thus may Agamemnon wreak his anger upon all, as now he hath led hither an army of Achæans to no purpose; and has at last gone home to his own native land with 180 empty<sup>6</sup> ships, leaving brave Menelaus behind him.' So will they speak; and then may the wide earth yawn for me."

But the yellow-haired Menelaus, cheering him, said: "Do not be alarmed<sup>7</sup>, nor by any means alarm the people of the Achæans. The sharp weapon has not 185 pierced to a mortal place, for the ornamented belt first resisted it, and beneath that the corselet<sup>8</sup> and the girdle<sup>9</sup> which armourers made<sup>10</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> With much, *i. e.* evil.

<sup>2</sup> For this I well know in my mind and soul—as if there were two mediums, the head and the heart.

<sup>3</sup> Most infamous.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* will think of returning home.

<sup>5</sup> The bones of thee lying, &c.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* without the spoils of Troy.

<sup>7</sup> Take courage.

<sup>8</sup> Ζωμα—*i. e.* the lower part of the corselet. The whole corselet (ζωρηξ) is in line 133 called διπλοος (double).

<sup>9</sup> μίτρον—which seems to have been a brass plate—or a kind of quilting, covered with brass.

<sup>10</sup> Men who work in brass.

And king Agamemnon answering him, said: "Oh that  
190 it may be so, loved Menelaus; but a surgeon shall probe  
the wound, and apply medicaments, to allay the severe  
pain<sup>1</sup>."

He said, and addressed Talthybius, the noble herald:  
"Talthybius, call hither as fast as possible, Machaon, son<sup>2</sup>  
195 of the famous surgeon, Æsculapius, that he may see Mene-  
laus, the brave leader of the Achæans, whom one of the  
Trojans or Lycians, well skilled in archery<sup>3</sup>, by shooting  
an arrow at him, has wounded—for him a glory, but for  
us a grief."

Thus he spake, and the herald heard and obeyed<sup>4</sup>; and  
200 he went<sup>5</sup> down the army of the brazen-mailed Achæans,  
looking round for the hero Machaon; and he marked him  
standing, and round him were gallant ranks of shielded  
warriors, who accompanied him from Tricca, feeder of  
horses. And standing near, he addressed him in winged  
words:

"Up, son of Æsculapius; king Agamemnon calls thee,  
205 that thou mayst look at the warlike Menelaus, son of  
Atreus, whom one of the Trojans or Lycians, well skilled  
in archery, by shooting an arrow at him, has wounded—for  
him a glory, but for us a grief."

Thus he spake, and stirred his heart within his breast;  
and they proceeded through the ranks, along the wide  
210 army of Achæans. And when now they came where the  
yellow-haired Menelaus had been wounded, and where all  
the chiefs were<sup>6</sup> gathered round him in a circle, he pre-  
sented himself in the midst, a man equal to a god; and he  
immediately plucked the arrow from the fastened belt; but  
215 in plucking it out, the sharp barbs bent back. Then he loosed  
his decorated belt, and beneath it the corselet<sup>7</sup> and girdle  
which armourers made. And when he saw the wound

<sup>1</sup> Black pains.

<sup>2</sup> In bows.

<sup>3</sup> He went to go—set out.

<sup>7</sup> See line 177.

<sup>2</sup> A man, the son.

<sup>4</sup> Having heard, did not disobey.

<sup>6</sup> As many chiefs as were.



where the dire arrow entered, he squeezed out the blood, and skilfully sprinkled upon the wound soothing medicaments<sup>1</sup>, which Chiron once kindly<sup>2</sup> gave to his father.

Whilst these were occupied around the brave Mene-<sup>220</sup>laus, the ranks of the shielded Trojans were advancing; and on the other hand, the (Achæans) again put on their armour, and prepared<sup>3</sup> for battle. Then would you not see the noble Agamemnon sleeping, nor trembling, nor unwilling to fight, but very prompt for glorious combat; for<sup>225</sup> he left his horses, and his car adorned with brass; and his attendant Eurymedon, the son of Ptolemæus, the son of Peirais, held them snorting at a little distance; to whom he gave many charges to keep them near him, *to receive him* whenever weariness should seize his limbs, in giving<sup>230</sup> orders to many. And, on foot, he went along the ranks of heroes, and whomsoever of the Danaans, with fleet horses<sup>4</sup>, he perceived stirring—standing beside them, he greatly encouraged them with words:

“Argives, spare none of your bold valour; for Jove, the father, will never be the protector of perjurers<sup>5</sup>; but these<sup>235</sup> who were the first to do injury, contrary to our compact—of these same men shall vultures surely devour the limbs<sup>6</sup>; and we, on the other hand, will carry off in our ships their loved wives and young children, when we have taken the town.”

But those, again, whom he saw shrinking from hateful<sup>240</sup> combat, he sharply censured with angry words:

“Miserable<sup>7</sup> Argives, cowards, are ye not ashamed? Why stand ye thus paralysed<sup>8</sup> like fawns?—they who, when they are weary with running over a vast plain, stand still, nor is there any strength in their breasts;—thus stand ye, para-<sup>245</sup>lysed, and do not fight. Or wait ye till the Trojans come

<sup>1</sup> Dried herbs or roots pounded to a powder—which experience had shown to have styptic powers.

<sup>2</sup> Chiron thinking friendly things.

<sup>3</sup> Were mindful of.

<sup>4</sup> The warriors in cars.

<sup>5</sup> Upon falsehoods.

<sup>6</sup> Soft skin.

<sup>7</sup> *ισχυροποι*—food for arrows—may possibly meet the sense, if not square with the etymology, of which there is much doubt.

<sup>8</sup> Or rather—as if already spent with exertion.



nearer—where your fair-sterned vessels are laid up<sup>1</sup> upon the shore of the hoary ocean—that ye may see whether the son of Saturn will protect you with his hand?"

250 Thus giving orders, he went along the ranks of heroes, and moving along the ranks of men, he came to the Cretans. And Idomeneus and his troops<sup>2</sup> were arming; Idomeneus was in the van, like a boar in strength, and Meriones was rousing the columns in the rear. And the king of men, Agamemnon, seeing them, was delighted, and immediately addressed Idomeneus with pleasant words:

"Idomeneus, I respect thee above other Danaans with fleet horses, both in battle<sup>3</sup> and in every sort of labour, 260 and in the feast too, when the chiefs of the Argives mix in goblets the generous purple wine; for though other long-haired Achæans drink by measure<sup>4</sup>, thy cup stands always full<sup>5</sup>, like my own, to drink when the desire prompts thee. But away to battle, and be such as thou of old dost boast to be."

265 And Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, addressed him in return: "Son of Atreus, certainly I shall be thy steady friend, as I at first promised and vowed. But stir up the rest of the long-haired Achæans, that we may engage as soon as possible, as the Trojans have broken the compact; 270 and death and destruction will in return overtake them<sup>6</sup>, for being the first to commence hostilities<sup>7</sup>, contrary to the compact."

Thus he spake; and the son of Atreus passed on, delighted in his heart; and moving on along the ranks of men, he came to the two Ajaxes. And they were both

<sup>1</sup> Are dragged ashore.

<sup>2</sup> *οἱ δ' ἀπὸ Ἰδομευ.*

<sup>3</sup> In battle I honour thee, &c.—*i. e.* by rewards—in council by consulting thee, &c. But the meaning probably is—I have the highest respect for your universal superiority—you are every where most conspicuous—in battle, in foray, in council, at table, &c.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* portion which is served up to them—while others helped themselves at pleasure—perhaps as a privilege, or mark of distinction.

<sup>5</sup> For thee the cup stands always full, as for me, to drink.

<sup>6</sup> Will be to them after.

<sup>7</sup> Have done injuries.

arming, and with them followed a cloud of infantry. And as when a goatherd from a hill sees a cloud coming along 275 the sea, *impelled* by the blast of the south-west wind; and to him, being at a distance, it appears black as pitch, while advancing along the deep, and it brings a mighty whirlwind—and seeing it he shudders, and drives his flocks into a cave; so, with the Ajaxes, dense dark columns of gallant 280 youth, bristling with shields and spears, moved into hostile fight. And king Agamemnon, beholding them<sup>1</sup>, was delighted, and addressing them, he said *these* winged words:

“Ye Ajaxes, leaders of brazen-mailed Argives, I do not 285—for it would be unseemly—bid you stimulate *your troops*; for of your own accord you<sup>2</sup> strongly urge your people to fight bravely. Jove, the father, Minerva, and Apollo! O that such courage was in every breast; then would the city of king Priam quickly fall, taken and destroyed by our hands.” 290

Thus saying, he left them there, and went towards others. There he found Nestor, the eloquent orator of the Pylians, arranging his comrades, and exhorting them to fight, *namely*, Pelagon<sup>3</sup>, Alastor, Chromius, king Hæ- 295 mon, and Bias, shepherd of men<sup>4</sup>. The cavalry he posted, with their horses and cars, in front, and the numerous and strong infantry in the rear, to be the main support of the battle; but the cowards he drove in the middle of them, that though unwilling<sup>5</sup> they might fight from necessity. To the 300 cavalry he first gave his orders; and he charged them to rein in their horses, and not get into disorder; neither let any one, *said he*, trusting to his driving skill and bravery, seek, alone, in advance of others, to fight with the Trojans, nor let him fall back, for *if you do*, you will only be the 305 feeble. And whatever warrior comes up to another car, from his own car, let him bend forward with his spear<sup>6</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> τοὺς—σφῆας, the Ajaxes; as in 311, 2. τὸν—μιν, both refer to Nestor.

<sup>2</sup> Yourselves.

<sup>3</sup> οὓς ἀμφὶ Πελαγοντα, &c. *i. e.* these chiefs and their troops.

<sup>4</sup> Shepherd of peoples—*i. e.* commander of men.

<sup>5</sup> That each though unwilling.

<sup>6</sup> Expressive of the action of hurling a spear. Apparently—when he



since thus it is much better. In this manner also the ancients laid waste cities and forts, keeping this purpose and resolution in their breasts."

310 Thus did the old man of long experience in war<sup>1</sup> stimulate them; and king Agamemnon, seeing him, was delighted, and saying winged words, addressed him:

"Would, old man, that as is the spirit in thy bosom, so thy knees could follow, and thy strength were firm; but age, which comes with his calamities on *all*, afflicts thee.  
315 Would that some other of men had *it*, and that thou wert among the younger."

Then Nestor, the Gerenean chief, replied: "Son of Atreus, surely I myself too wish that I were the same as  
320 when I slew the noble Ereuthalion; but never do the gods give all things to men at once; if I was then a youth, now age in turn comes upon me. But even so will I mix with the car-warriors, and direct them by my counsel and by words, for that is the office of old men; and the younger  
325 men, who were born later than I, and who trust in their vigour, will brandish the spears."

Thus he spake; and the son of Atreus passed on, delighted in his heart. Next he found the son of Peteus, Menesthes, skilled in horsemanship, standing<sup>2</sup>; and around him were the Athenians, skilful in battle; and next him  
330 stood the wise Ulysses, and beside him stood the no-feeble ranks of the Cephallenians; for not yet had their men heard the shout, since the columns of Trojan chiefs and Achæans, now excited, were but just in motion. But they stood waiting until another division<sup>3</sup> of the Achæans ad-  
335 vancing should charge the Trojans, and commence the battle. Then the king of men, Agamemnon, seeing them, upbraided them, and speaking in winged words, said:

"O son of Peteus, the heaven-supported king; and thou,

encounters an enemy's car, he is not to alight; but to remain in his car, and from thence hurl his spear. The *fighter* did not drive.

<sup>1</sup> Of old well acquainted with arms.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* not preparing for battle—he had yet no intimation of what was going forward.

<sup>3</sup> Tower.



full of evil wiles, and crafty, why, trembling, keep ye aloof, 340  
and wait for others? You, however, it became to be among  
the foremost, and to go and meet the glowing battle. You  
are the first invited by me to the feast, when we Achæans  
prepare a feast for the chiefs, where you are wont<sup>1</sup> to eat  
roast meat, and drink goblets of sweet wine as long as 345  
you choose; but now ye would look on with satisfaction if  
even ten divisions of Achæans were to fight in advance of  
you with direful arms."—But wise Ulysses, looking sternly  
at him, replied: "Son of Atreus, what speech is this that 350  
has escaped the barrier of thy teeth? how, pray, canst  
thou say we shrink from fight? When we Achæans  
rouse up sharp Mars against the Trojans, tamers of horses,  
then shalt thou behold, if thou wilt, and if thou carest  
about the matter, the fond father of Telemachus, mingled  
with the foremost warriors of the Trojans, tamers of horses. 355  
But these are idle words thou utterest."

And king Agamemnon, when he perceived that he was  
irritated, addressed him, smiling, and resumed his speech:  
"Most noble<sup>2</sup> son of Laertes, allwise Ulysses, by no means  
will I chide thee, or give thee orders; for I know that the 360  
spirit within thy breast knows kind counsels<sup>3</sup>, and what  
thou thinkest I think<sup>4</sup>. But come, these matters we will  
settle afterwards, if any thing have been improperly said;  
and may the gods render it all air."

Thus speaking, he left them there, and went to others.  
And he found the son of Tydeus, the brave Diomedes, 365  
standing among his horses and strong<sup>5</sup> cars; and beside  
him stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus. Then the  
king, Agamemnon, beholding him, reproved him, and  
speaking winged words, addressed him:

"Alas, son of Tydeus, the brave tamer of horses, why 370  
tremblest thou, and why gazest thou upon the battle-

<sup>1</sup> Where it is dear—the phrase expresses a habit, repeatedly.

<sup>2</sup> Heaven-born.

<sup>3</sup> Has kind thoughts—is well disposed towards me.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. we have no disagreements—our views are the same.

<sup>5</sup> Compact—strongly made.

field<sup>1</sup>? Tydeus was not thus wont<sup>2</sup> to tremble, but rather, far in front of his dear comrades, to combat with the foe. So say they who have seen him toiling, for I never  
 375 met with nor saw him; but they say he was superior to others. Once, without hostility, he came to Mycenæ, a guest, along with the godlike Polyneices, to raise<sup>3</sup> forces; for they were then marching an army against the sacred walls of Thebes, and entreated them (*the Myceneans*) much to  
 380 give some brave auxiliaries. And they (*the Myceneans*) were willing to give them, and assented as they requested; but Jupiter forbade it, by showing unpropitious omens. And they (*Tydeus and Polyneices*) when they had departed, and were on their way to Thebes, arrived at the Asopus, full of reeds and flags; from whence the  
 385 Achæans dispatched Tydeus to Thebes, on an embassy<sup>4</sup>. And he went *thither* and found many Cadmeans feasting in the mansion of the mighty Eteocles<sup>5</sup>. There neither, stranger as was the equestrian Tydeus, was he troubled, though but one among many Cadmeans; but he challenged them all to the contests, and easily overcame them in all—  
 390 so great an assistant was Minerva to him. Then the Cadmeans prickers of horses<sup>6</sup>, indignant, taking fifty youth, placed them in close ambuscade against him as he returned; and the two leaders were Mæon, the son of  
 395 Hæmon, like to the immortals, and the son of Autophonus, the hardy Lycophontes. Even upon these did Tydeus inflict a disgraceful death—he slew them all, and let<sup>7</sup> only one return home. Mæon he dismissed, in obedience to the portents of the gods. Such was Tydeus, the Ætolian;  
 400 but he begat a son inferior to himself in combat, though superior in talking<sup>8</sup>."

Thus he spake, and the brave Diomedes answered not,

<sup>1</sup> Bridges of war—the space between the hostile armies. Compare Θ. 378, 549, A. 160, Y. 427.

<sup>2</sup> It was not thus dear to him. See 345.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* were preparing to do so.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* to demand satisfaction for Polyneices.

<sup>5</sup> Eteoclean might.

<sup>6</sup> Drivers of horses with goads.

<sup>7</sup> Sent.

<sup>8</sup> *αγογγ*.



through respect <sup>1</sup> for the reprimand of the venerable <sup>2</sup> king.

But the son of the illustrious Capaneus answered: "Son of Atreus, utter not falsehoods, when thou knowest how to speak truth<sup>3</sup>. We indeed boast to be much superior to our fathers. We also took the city of seven-gated Thebes, conducting<sup>4</sup> a smaller force against the wall of Mars, trusting to the omens of the gods, and the aid of Jove; but they, by their own folly, perished. Therefore place not our fathers in equal honour with us<sup>5</sup>."

But the gallant Diomedes, looking sternly, addressed him: "Hush, sit in silence, and be advised by me; for I will not blame Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, while exciting the well-armed Achæans to fight, because upon him will the glory attend, if the Achæans overthrow the Trojans, and capture sacred Ilium; and, on the other hand, great sorrow, should the Achæans be defeated. But come, now let both attend to actual battle."

He said, and leaped with his arms from his car to the ground, and the brass upon the breast of the king rang fearfully as he strode. Terror might have seized even the brave<sup>6</sup>.

And as when the waves of the sea are impelled, one after another, towards the far-sounding shore, by the driving south-west wind; at first they rise in the deep water, and afterwards, being dashed against the land, they roar loudly, and swell curving around the promontories, and scatter<sup>7</sup> the foam of the sea; so then, one after the other, incessantly moved the columns of the Danaans to battle, and each

<sup>1</sup> Respecting.

<sup>2</sup> αἰετοῖς—here, a person entitled to respect for his *authority*, not his age or personal appearance—potent.

<sup>3</sup> Lie not, understanding to speak truly—*i. e.* when it is not your disposition to lie, or when you know better—that what you say is not true.

<sup>4</sup> αἰγῶν—*a dual*—meaning Tydides and himself.

<sup>5</sup> The *μοι* does not seem to depend on *ἐμῶν*. The force of it may perhaps be thus expressed. Do not *in my presence* put our fathers in equal honour with us.

<sup>6</sup> One whose mind would bear every thing.

<sup>7</sup> Spits out.



commander gave order to his *forces*, but the rest<sup>1</sup> advanced  
 430 mute—nor could you have said that so vast an army fol-  
 lowed having voice within their breasts—reverencing their  
 chiefs by their silence; and around all shone their variegated  
 armour, arrayed in which they marched in order. But the  
 435 Trojans, as the sheep of a wealthy man, in myriads, stand  
 in the fold whilst being milked<sup>2</sup>, constantly bleating, having  
 heard the voice of their lambs; so the clamour of the Trojans  
 rose throughout the wide army; for the cry of all was not  
 the same, nor the voice one, but the language was mixed,  
 and they were men from many parts. These Mars urged  
 440 on; and those the blue-eyed Minerva, and Terror, and  
 Fear, and Discord, insatiably raging, the sister and compa-  
 nion of Mars, slayer of men—small at first, she magnifies,  
 but soon her head approaches heaven, and she treads upon  
 445 the earth. At that time also, going through the crowd,  
 and increasing<sup>3</sup> the groans of men, she flung in the midst  
 of them contention, destructive alike to all.  
 But now, when advancing on both sides, they come  
 to one spot, they bring together shields and spears,  
 450 and the might of warriors, armed with brazen corselets;  
 and now their bossed shields came in contact with each  
 other, and the great tumult arose. Then was there at once  
 the shriek and the shout of men, of the slaughtering and  
 the perishing; and the earth flowed with blood. And as  
 when wintry torrents, rolling down the mountains from  
 455 their vast sources, pour together<sup>4</sup> their rapid waters into a  
 lake within the hollow glen; and the shepherd among the  
 mountains afar off hears their roar: so was the shout and  
 the terror of them mingling together.  
 And Antilochus was the first who slew a warrior<sup>5</sup> of the  
 Trojans, gallant in the van<sup>6</sup>, Echeplolus, the son of Thaly-  
 sias—him<sup>7</sup> he first struck upon the cone of the helmet,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the troops, as distinguished from their commanders.

<sup>2</sup> Milked of their white milk.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by inflicting wounds.

<sup>4</sup> *συμβαλλετον*—a dual—to correspond with the *two* armies.

<sup>5</sup> A man bearing arms.

<sup>6</sup> Among the foremost fighters.

<sup>7</sup> *τον ῥα*—as resuming—him, I say.

crested with horse-hair; and the brazen spear fixed in his forehead and then pierced the bone within, and darkness 460 covered his eyes<sup>1</sup>: and he fell like a tower<sup>2</sup>, in violent battle. And king Elephēnor, son of Chalhōdontes, the leader of the brave Abantes, seized him by the feet, as he fell, and dragged him from among the weapons with eager- 465 ness, that he might at once plunder him of his armour; but the effort was short, for the brave Agēnor, seeing him dragging the body, wounded him with his brazen spear in the ribs—which were uncovered by his shield<sup>3</sup>, as he stooped<sup>4</sup>—and killed him<sup>5</sup>. Thus life quitted him, and 470 over him an obstinate combat<sup>6</sup> of Trojans and Achæans arose, and they rushed upon one another like wolves, and man struck down man. There the Telamonian Ajax slew Simoeisius, the son of Anthemion, a vigorous youth, whom his mother once, descending from Ida, bore at the banks 475 of the Simoïs, when she accompanied her parents to see their flocks. For that reason they called him Simoeisius; but he returned not their care<sup>7</sup> to his beloved parents, for short was the life of him, killed by the spear of the brave Ajax. Him first, as he advanced<sup>8</sup>, he struck upon the 480 breast, near the right pap, and the brazen spear went to the opposite side through the shoulder; and he fell among the dust on the ground, like a poplar tree, which grew in the waters<sup>9</sup> of a large marsh, (smooth, and branches grew upon its top,) and a maker of cars cut it down with a bright hatchet<sup>10</sup>, that he might bend it into the 485 felloe of a wheel for a splendid car; and it lies drying by the bank of the river; thus<sup>11</sup> did the noble Ajax slay Simoeisius, the son of Anthemion. But at him (*Ajax*) did Antiphus, a son of Priam, in an ornamented corslet, in

<sup>1</sup> And darkness covered him as to the eyes.

<sup>2</sup> As when a tower falls.

<sup>3</sup> Became visible outside of the shield—were exposed.

<sup>4</sup> To him stooping. <sup>5</sup> And loosed his limbs.

<sup>6</sup> An arduous work.

<sup>7</sup> The support—the care they had bestowed in bringing him up.

<sup>8</sup> Coming.

<sup>9</sup> Moist place.

<sup>10</sup> Iron.

<sup>11</sup> Such an one—like this—similar to this.



490 the ranks hurl his sharp javelin; missed him indeed, but wounded, upon the groin, Leucus, the brave comrade of Ulysses, as he was dragging the body to the other side; and he fell upon it, and the body dropped from his hand. Then Ulysses was much enraged in his mind on account of  
 495 the slain<sup>1</sup>, and advanced among the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass, and coming very near he stopped, and, looking all around him, threw his shining spear; and the Trojans fell back as the hero was hurling his spear<sup>2</sup>. And he sent not the weapon in vain, but struck Democoon,  
 500 a bastard son of Priam, who came to him from Abydus, from *keeping* the fleet mares. Him Ulysses, enraged on account of his comrade, struck with the spear upon the temple; and the brazen point passed through the other temple, and darkness covered his eyes; and falling he gave  
 505 a crash, and his arms rang upon him. Then the foremost fighters and the illustrious Hector gave way; and the  
 510 Argives loudly shouted, and dragged away the dead, and pushed on much farther. But Apollo, looking down from the citadel<sup>3</sup> of Troy, was indignant, and shouting, exhorted the Trojans:

“Rush on, Trojans, tamers of horses, nor yield the  
 510 battle to the Argives, for their bodies are not stone nor iron to resist the flesh-cutting brass when they are struck<sup>4</sup>; and besides, Achilles, son of the fair-haired Thetis, is not fighting, but nursing his bitter resentment at the ships.”

Thus spake the terrible god from the city; but Minerva,  
 515 daughter of Jove, the glorious Tritogeneia<sup>5</sup>, going through the army, stimulated the Achæans, wherever she perceived them relaxing *their efforts*.

Then fate crippled Dioces, the son of Amarynceus, for he was struck upon the right leg near the ankle by a large  
 520 rugged stone; and Peiros, the son of Imbrasus, leader of

<sup>1</sup> Him being slain.

<sup>2</sup> The man casting his spear.

<sup>3</sup> Pergamus.

<sup>4</sup> Since the flesh of (to) them struck is not stone or iron to resist the brass which cuts the body.

<sup>5</sup> As if sprung from the head of Jove. *τρίτων* is said, traditionally, to have been the old Cretan word for *head*.



the Thracians, who had come from Ænos, threw it. The two tendons and the bones the destructive<sup>1</sup> stone quite crushed; and he fell supine in the dust, stretching out both hands to his loved comrades, as he breathed out his life. But Peiros, who had struck him, rushed upon him, and wounded him with his spear by the navel; and then all the entrails gushed out upon the ground, and darkness covered his eyes.

But him (*Peiros*) Thoas, the Ætolian, rushing at him<sup>2</sup>, struck in the breast, above the pap, with his spear, and it<sup>3</sup> stuck in his lungs. Then Thoas came close to him, and plucked the strong spear from his breast; and drew his sharp sword, with which he struck him in the middle of his belly, and deprived him of life. But he did not strip him (*Peiros*) of his armour; for his comrades stood round him, the Thracians with hair on the crown of their heads<sup>4</sup>, holding long spears in their hands, and drove him (*Thoas*), mighty, brave, and distinguished though he was, from them; and he, retiring, was repulsed. Thus these two leaders, the one of the Thracians, and the other of the brazen-mailed Epeans, were stretched beside each other in the dust; and many others also were slain round them.

There would not *any* man coming in have found fault with the battle<sup>5</sup>, who was present<sup>6</sup> in the midst of it, still unhurt and unwounded with the sharp spear<sup>7</sup>, and Pallas Minerva, taking him by the hand, conducted him, and averted the aim of the weapons; for many Trojans and Achæans were that day stretched prone beside each other in the dust.

<sup>1</sup> Shameless—Virgil has *mons improbus*, Æn. xii. 687.

<sup>2</sup> Rushing on.

<sup>3</sup> χαλκος.

<sup>4</sup> ακροκομοι. They wore a *lock* of hair only on their head. Compare them with the Abantes, B. 542; and the Achæans, every where.

<sup>5</sup> Work.

<sup>6</sup> Move about.

<sup>7</sup> Brass.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK V.

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ARGUMENT.

Diomedes is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars.

THERE, in his turn, Pallas Minerva gave strength and courage to Diomedes, son of Tydeus, that he might become conspicuous above all the Argives, and obtain a good renown. She made unwearied fire blaze from his helmet  
5 and his shield, like to an autumnal star, which shines with greatest splendour when washed by the ocean<sup>1</sup>. Such fire she caused to blaze from his head<sup>2</sup> and shoulders<sup>3</sup>; and she impelled him into the midst where the tumult was greatest<sup>4</sup>.

And among the Trojans, there was one Dares, wealthy, worthy, a priest of Vulcan; and he had two sons, Phe-  
10 geus and Idæus, well skilled in every *kind* of combat. These, separated from their friends<sup>5</sup>, rushed forward against *Diomedes*, the two in a car, whilst he on foot fought upon the ground. And when advancing upon one another, they

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* at its rising.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* the helmet.

<sup>3</sup> Shield and corselet.

<sup>4</sup> Where most—the greatest number—were in conflict.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* having outstripped them—advanced beyond the lines.

were now near, Phegeus first discharged his long<sup>1</sup> spear, and 15  
the point of the spear went over the left shoulder of the son  
of Tydeus, and wounded him not. And next the son of Ty-  
deus launched his spear<sup>2</sup>, and the weapon flew not from his  
hand in vain, but struck him upon the breast, between the  
paps, and hurled him from his car<sup>3</sup>. And then Idæus leaped 20  
down, quitting the splendid car, nor ventured he to protect  
his slaughtered brother<sup>4</sup>. Nor would he himself have escaped  
black fate, had not Vulcan snatched him away, and cover-  
ing him in cloud<sup>5</sup>, saved him, that his aged *father*<sup>6</sup> might  
not be altogether desolate. And the son of brave Tydeus, 25  
leading off the horses, gave them to his comrades, to take  
down to the hollow ships. But the brave Trojans, when  
they beheld the two sons of Dares, the one flying, and the  
other slain beside his car, the minds of all were shaken.  
And blue-eyed Minerva taking impetuous Mars by the 30  
hand, addressed him in words:

“ Mars, man-plaguing, blood-stained, wall-storming  
Mars, shall we not now leave the Trojans and Achæans to  
fight it out—to whichever father Jove may give glory—  
and we withdraw and avoid the anger of Jove?”

Thus having spoken, she led impetuous Mars from 35  
the battle. Then she placed him beside the high-banked  
Scamander; and the Danaans forced the Trojans to give  
ground, and each of the leaders slew his man. For first  
Agamemnon, king of men, struck from his car the mighty  
Hodius, chief of the Halizonians; for into his back, first, 40  
between the shoulders, when turning<sup>7</sup> to flight, he thrust  
the spear, and drove it through his breast. And falling,  
he made a crash, and his armour rattled upon him.

And Idomeneus, next, slew Phæstus, the son of Borus,  
the Mæonian, who had come from fruitful Tarne. Him 45

<sup>1</sup> The two from horses, and he from the ground, excited the battle on foot.

<sup>2</sup> Attacked with brass.

<sup>3</sup> The horses.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* his dead body.

<sup>5</sup> Night.

<sup>6</sup> οἱ γέροντες—the old to him.

<sup>7</sup> For to him first turning.



noble <sup>1</sup> Idomeneus wounded in the right shoulder with his long spear, as he was just mounting his car; and he fell from the car, and horrible darkness seized him. Him then the attendants of Idomeneus plundered.

And Scamandrius, son of Strophius, skilful in hunting, 50 Menelaus, son of Atreus, slew with his sharp spear—a good hunter, for Diana herself taught him to shoot all animals which the forest on the mountains feeds <sup>2</sup>. But Diana, delighting in arrows, then helped him not, nor his skill <sup>3</sup> in shooting, for which he had been before so distinguished; 55 for the son of Atreus, Menelaus, skilled in the spear, wounded him, as he fled before him, in the back, between the shoulders, with his spear, and drove it through his breast. And he fell prone, and his armour rattled upon him.

And Meriones slew Phereclus, the son of the artist Har- 60 monides, who understood how to make with his hands all works of art, for Pallas Minerva especially loved him. He had also built for Alexander the equal ships, the commencements of evil, which were a mischief to all the Trojans, as well as to himself; for he did not understand the 65 oracles <sup>4</sup> of the gods. Him, Meriones, when, at last, pursuing, he overtook him, wounded upon the right buttock; and the spear went right through by the bladder, under the bone; and shrieking, he sunk upon his knees, and death covered him round.

And next Meges slew Pedæus, a son of Antenor, whom, 70 though he was a bastard, the noble Theano, to oblige <sup>5</sup> her husband, carefully nourished, the same as her own beloved children. Him the son of Phyleus <sup>6</sup>, skilful in the spear, coming near, struck upon the back of the head with his

<sup>1</sup> Distinguished for the spear.

<sup>2</sup> All wild animals—*τα τε*, those which the forest on the mountains feeds.

<sup>3</sup> The far-dartings—the long-shots.

<sup>4</sup> Those by which the Trojans were said to have been commanded to abstain from maritime concerns.

<sup>5</sup> Obliging.

<sup>6</sup> Meges.

sharp spear; and the spear cut quite through the teeth, below the tongue. And he fell in the dust, and seized the cold brass with his teeth. 75

And Eurypylus, son of Evæmon, *slew* the noble Hypenor, son of brave Dolopion—he who was a priest of Scamander, and who was honoured by the people like a god. Him then, as he was flying before him, Eurypylus, the illustrious son of Evæmon, striking at him with <sup>1</sup> his sword, wounded upon the shoulder, while he was running; and cut off his heavy hand. And the hand fell bloody upon the plain, whilst purple death and powerful fate seized his eyes. Thus did they toil in vigorous battle. 80

But as for the son of Tydeus, you would not have known to which party he belonged, whether he was connected with the Trojans or with the Achæans; for he rushed along the plain like a swollen winter torrent, which, flowing rapidly, overturns bridges; and neither do strong bridges restrain it, nor again the embankments of flourishing fields check it, coming suddenly, when the rain of Jove has fallen with violence; but many fair works <sup>2</sup> of stout <sup>3</sup> labourers are overthrown by it. So were the dense phalanxes of the Trojans thrown into confusion by Tydides, nor did they await his onset, numerous though they were <sup>4</sup>. 90

But when the illustrious son of Lycaon marked him rushing along the plain, and routing the phalanxes before him; forthwith he directed his bent bow against the son of Tydeus, and hit him whilst rushing on, striking the cavity of the corselet at the right shoulder; and the dire arrow flew through, and came forth at the other side, and his corselet was stained with blood. At this the illustrious son of Lycaon shouted loud: “Push on, brave Trojans, prickers of horses <sup>5</sup>, for the bravest of the Achæans is stricken; nor do I think he will long 100

<sup>1</sup> Making an attack with.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* cultivated fields—crops.

<sup>3</sup> αἰζηών—young, sturdy.

<sup>4</sup> Being numerous.

<sup>5</sup> Goaders of horses—κεντροεῖς ἵππων—equivalent to πλεῖστοι.



endure the forceful arrow, if the king, the son of Jove<sup>1</sup>,  
105 indeed incited me, when I set out from Lycia."

Thus he spake, boasting; but the *other* (*Diomedes*) the swift arrow did not kill; for retreating, he stood before his horses and car, and addressed Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus:

"Make haste, good son of Capaneus, alight from the car,  
110 that thou mayst draw *this* bitter arrow from my shoulder."

Thus he spake; and Sthenelus leaped down from the car to the ground, and standing beside him, drew from his shoulder the swift arrow completely, and the blood spouted forth through the twisted tunic<sup>2</sup>. Then brave Diomedes prayed:

115 "Hear me, offspring of ægis-bearing Jove, invincible. If ever with kind intent<sup>3</sup> thou stoodest by me and my father in glowing battle, now again befriend me, O Minerva. And give me to overtake that man, and to come within spear's cast<sup>4</sup> of him, who, being beforehand with  
120 me, has hit me, and boasts, and says that I shall not long behold the splendid light of the sun."

Thus he spake praying; and Pallas Minerva heard him, and she made his limbs light, his feet, and his hands above<sup>5</sup>; and standing near him, she uttered *these* winged words:

"Fight boldly<sup>6</sup> now, Diomedes, against the Trojans; for  
125 I have put into thy breast paternal vigour, intrepid, such as Tydeus, the shield-shaking chief, possessed. And I have likewise removed from thine eyes the mist which before was upon them, that thou mayst well know both a god and  
130 a man. Therefore now, if a god come hither to attack<sup>7</sup> thee, fight not thou against the other immortal gods, but if Venus, the daughter of Jove, come into the battle, her, at least, strike with thy sharp lance."

<sup>1</sup> Apollo.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* of chain-mail, perhaps.

<sup>3</sup> Thinking friendly *thoughts*.

<sup>4</sup> The casting of a spear—the violence of a spear.

<sup>5</sup> Above—as *below* is understood with "feet."

<sup>6</sup> Taking courage, fight, &c.

<sup>7</sup> Trying—*i. e.* attacking.



The blue-eyed Minerva then, having thus spoken, departed. But Tydides, again advancing, was mixed with the foremost combatants. And, although before eager in his mind to fight with the Trojans, then indeed three times as much valour seized him, like a lion—like one<sup>1</sup> which a shepherd in the field with his fleecy flocks has wounded, while leaping over the fold, and not killed, but roused its fury; and then no longer resists it, but escapes into the huts, and the sheep, deserted, are frightened; crowding one upon another, they huddle together; and he (*the lion*) springs fiercely out of the deep fold<sup>2</sup>. Thus fiercely did the gallant Diomedes mix with the Trojans.

There he slew Astynoius and Hypeinor, shepherd of the people, wounding the one above the pap with his brazen spear, but the other he struck with his huge sword upon the shoulder, near the collar-bone, and cut off the shoulder from the neck and from the back. These he quitted, and went after Abas and Polyeidus, sons of Eurydamas, an aged interpreter of dreams. For them, when they departed *for the war*, the old man did not consult his dreams<sup>3</sup>; and the brave Diomedes stript them of their armour<sup>4</sup>. Then he pursued Xanthus and Thoön, the two sons of Phænops, his only ones<sup>5</sup>; and he was worn out with miserable age, and had no other son to leave his possessions to<sup>6</sup>. These then he (*Diomedes*) slew, and took away their life from both; and left to their father weeping and lamentable cares, because he received them not returning alive from the battle; and strangers<sup>7</sup> divided his wealth.

<sup>1</sup> ὄν ῥα.<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* of course with a lamb or a sheep in his mouth.<sup>3</sup> ἐκρινάτο—middle—the dreams were his *own* apparently—*i. e.* he was one who had the faculty of foreseeing or divining events by dreams; and on this occasion neglected to make use of it.<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* of course, after killing them.<sup>5</sup> τηλυγεῖτω. See F. 175.<sup>6</sup> He was the father of no other son, over his possessions to be left.<sup>7</sup> χηρωσται, those who filled up the *vacuum* left by the death of children, and who might or might not be connected by blood or affinity: not *heirs at law* in the modern sense, but whoever succeeded to the property were the χηρωσται.

Then *Diomedes* seized two sons of Priam, son of Dardanus, being both in one car, Echēmon and Chromius; and as a lion, springing among cattle, breaks the neck of a heifer or an ox, while grazing in the woods; so did the son of Tydeus hurl both of them, grievously against their will, from their car, and then stript them of their armour; and the car he gave to his comrades, to drive to the ships.

But *Æneas* beheld him thinning the ranks of men, and he hastened through the battle, and through the clash of spears, seeking the godlike Pandarus, if he could any where find him. He found the good and brave son of Lycaon, and stood in front of him, and addressed these words to him:

“Pandarus, where are<sup>1</sup> thy bow, thy feathered arrows, and thy glory, in which (*the bow*) no man here contends with thee, nor boasts any one in Lycia to be superior to thee? But come, lift up thy hands to Jove, and send<sup>2</sup> an arrow at that man—whoever *he may be*, who is thus master of the field, and has already done so much mischief to the Trojans; for he has relaxed the limbs of many and brave warriors—unless he is some god, displeased with the Trojans, offended at some neglect of sacrifices; and the anger of a god is terrible.”

And to him, in reply, the illustrious son of Lycaon said: “*Æneas*, counsellor of the brazen-mailed Trojans, I think him in every respect like the brave Tydides, judging by the shield and crested helmet, and looking at his horses; and I certainly do not know that he is a god<sup>3</sup>. But if that man be whom I think him to be, the warlike son of Tydeus, he rages not thus without a god, but some one of the immortals stands near him, who, with his shoulders<sup>4</sup> wrapt in cloud, turns away from him, in another direction, the swift-flying arrow; for already have I discharged an arrow at him, and struck him

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* what has become of?

<sup>2</sup> Lifting up—send, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* I think it is *Diomedes*, and not a god; but if he be not a god, he has certainly a god with him, &c.

<sup>4</sup> As to his shoulders—about his shoulders.



upon the right shoulder, through the hollow of his corselet; and I thought<sup>1</sup> I had dismissed him to Hades, but after 190 all I did not kill him—some god is angry. And I have no horses with me, nor car, which I might mount; though in the halls of Lycaon I have eleven beautiful cars, in a perfect state<sup>2</sup>, and newly made, and coverings hung round them; and beside each of them stand a pair of horses<sup>3</sup>, 195 eating white barley and rye. Certainly the aged warrior Lycaon, in his well-built mansion, gave me many injunctions when setting out: he bade me lead the Trojans<sup>4</sup> into hard battles, mounted upon my horses and car; but 200 I obeyed not—certainly it would have been better *if I had*—fearing for my horses, lest, being accustomed to feed liberally, they might be in want of food, *among men shut up in a town*. So I left them; and came on foot to Ilium, trusting to my bow, which however was not to be of service 205 to me. For already have I shot at two chiefs, the son of Tydeus, and the son of Atreus, and from both have I, striking them, drawn blood manifestly; but I have only the more inflamed them. With bad luck therefore did I take the bent bow from the peg, on that day when I led 210 the Trojans to lovely Ilium, to oblige the noble Hector. But if ever I shall return, and behold with my eyes my native land, and my wife, and my large and lofty mansion; then may forthwith some foreigner<sup>5</sup> cut off my head<sup>6</sup> if I put not this bow into the bright fire, first breaking it with 215 my hands; for I have brought it with me to no purpose<sup>7</sup>."

And Æneas, leader of the Trojans, again addressed him: "Talk not so—it will not be otherwise<sup>8</sup>, till thou and I, with horses and car, going in arms against this 220 man, attack him. Come, then, ascend my car, that thou

<sup>1</sup> I said I should send, &c.

<sup>2</sup> First-made—*i. e.* just as they were first built.

<sup>3</sup> *δεζυγοὶ ἱπποὶ*—horses trained to go in pairs.

<sup>4</sup> He was a Trojan. Zeleia was at the foot of Ida, and under the dominion of the Trojans.

<sup>5</sup> A foreign man.

<sup>6</sup> Cut from me my head.

<sup>7</sup> It accompanied me in vain.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* the fortune of the battle will not change.



mayst see what Trojan horses are—*how* well along the plain they can rapidly pursue, or retreat, in any direction. They will carry us, too, in safety to the city, if Jove yet  
 225 again bestow glory upon Diomedes, the son of Tydeus. Then come, receive the whip and the beautiful reins, and I will alight from the car to fight; or do thou encounter him, and the horses shall be my care."

And to him, in reply, the illustrious son of Lycaon said:  
 230 "Æneas, do thou thyself keep the reins, and thine own horses; they will bear the curved car better under their wonted<sup>1</sup> driver, if again we must fly from the son of Tydeus—lest, should they be frightened, they grow restive, and not choose to bear us out of the battle, requiring thy voice; and the  
 235 son of brave Tydeus, pressing hard upon us, kill ourselves, and drive away the solid-hoofed horses. Drive thou therefore thine own car and thine own horses, and I will encounter him, advancing, with the sharp spear."

Thus then having spoken, and mounting the variegated  
 240 car, they drove the swift horses at full speed towards Tydides. And Sthenelus, the noble son of Capaneus, saw them, and immediately addressed *these* winged words to Tydides:

"Diomedes, son of Tydeus, my dear friend<sup>2</sup>, I see  
 245 two gallant men, of immense strength, coming in haste to fight with thee; the one is Pandarus, well skilled in archery, and claims<sup>3</sup> to be the son of Lycaon; and *the other*, Æneas, claims to have been born the son of the noble Anchises, and his mother is Venus. But come, let us now retire<sup>4</sup> in the car; and do not thou thus rage among  
 250 the foremost combatants, lest thou lose thy life."

But stout Diomedes, looking sternly at him, said:  
 "Talk not of flight<sup>5</sup>, for I think thou wilt not persuade me; for it would not become my birth<sup>6</sup> to shrink from

<sup>1</sup> Accustomed to drive them.

<sup>2</sup> Dear to my soul, or feelings.

<sup>3</sup> *εὐχεται*—not *boasts*, but asserts of himself, or claims justly. *He has the honour to be*—will apparently express the full meaning of the term.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* to the lines.

<sup>5</sup> To flight—*i. e.* to turn me to flight.

<sup>6</sup> *γενναίον*.

fighting, or to be afraid; my strength is still entire. I am not disposed to mount my car, but even in this way<sup>1</sup> 255 will I go against them, for Pallas Minerva allows me not to tremble. But both these their swift horses shall not carry back again from us, if even one escapes. But I tell thee another thing, and do thou fix it in thy mind: if the 260 all-wise Minerva grant me the glory to kill both, then do thou fasten here these fleet horses, tying the reins to the car<sup>2</sup>; and mindful of the horses of Æneas, rush upon them, and drive them away from the Trojans to the well-armed Achæans; for they are of that breed which Jove the 265 Thunderer gave to Tros, as the price of his son Gany-mede; wherefore they are the best of horses, as many as are under the morning and the sun. Anchises, king of men, stole the breed, getting mares covered by them<sup>3</sup> without the knowledge of Laomedon; from them were 270 born six foals of that stock. Four he keeps himself, and takes great care of them in the stables, and these two, trained for war<sup>4</sup>, he gave to Æneas; if we can take them, we shall gain great glory."

Such things thus they spake to each other; and the two *Trojans* speedily came near, driving their swift horses. 275 The illustrious son of Lycaon first addressed him:

"Well, bold, brave son of noble Tydeus, the swift weapon did not subdue thee—the bitter arrow; but now I will try with my spear, if I can succeed."

He said, and shaking his long spear, hurled it, and 280 struck the shield of Tydides; and the brazen point flying through it, reached<sup>5</sup> the corselet. At him the noble son of Lycaon shouted aloud:

"Thou art wounded quite through the body<sup>6</sup>, nor do I think that thou wilt long endure it; but thou hast given 285 great glory to me."

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* on foot.

<sup>2</sup> *ἀντιπύλον*—the front of the car, to which the reins were fastened for the purpose of keeping the horses from moving.

<sup>3</sup> Putting female horses under.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* to make the enemy fly.

<sup>5</sup> Was brought close to.

<sup>6</sup> Belly.



But the brave Diomedes, unalarmed, replied: "Thou hast missed thy *mark*, and not hit it; and I suppose ye two will not be quiet, till one at least, falling, shall with his blood satiate Mars, the indomitable warrior."

290 Thus saying, he threw, and Minerva guided the weapon to the nose, near the eye, and it went through the white teeth; and the cold spear cut away the extremity of the tongue<sup>1</sup>, and the point came out at the lowest part of the  
295 chin<sup>2</sup>. And he fell from the car, and his variegated, glittering armour rang over him; and the swift-footed horses were startled; and his life and strength were there destroyed<sup>3</sup>. Then Æneas sprang from *his car* with his shield and long spear, fearing lest the Achæans should drag away the body; and around it then he strode like a  
300 lion, trusting in his might; and he held before him his spear and his round shield, eager to kill the *man* who should come against him, horribly shouting. But Tydides seized in his hand a stone, a mighty mass<sup>4</sup>, which not even two men could bear, such as men now are; but he,  
305 even alone, brandished it easily. With this he struck the hip of Æneas, where the thigh turns in the hip—and they call it also the cotule (*the socket*)—and crushed the socket, and burst both the tendons. The rough stone tore off the skin; and the hero stood, falling upon his  
310 knees, and leant with his strong hand upon the ground; and dark night covered his eyes.

And now Æneas, king of men, would have perished there, had not Venus, the daughter of Jove, speedily perceived it, his mother who bore him to Anchises, feeder of cattle; and she threw her white arms round her own  
315 loved son, and she covered<sup>5</sup> him with a fold<sup>6</sup> of her shining veil, to be a defence against weapons, lest any of the fleet Danaans, throwing a spear in his breast, should take away his life. She bore away her beloved son from the

<sup>1</sup> The extreme tongue—*i. e.* at the root of it.

<sup>2</sup> At the last chin.

<sup>3</sup> Loosened.

<sup>4</sup> A mighty thing.

<sup>5</sup> Made a fold of her veil to cover him in front—she interposed her veil.

<sup>6</sup> *πτυγμα*—what at other times *folded* round herself.



battle. Nor was the son of Capaneus forgetful of the injunctions which the gallant Diomedes had given; for he 320 confined his own solid-hoofed horses, apart from the tumult, fastening the reins to the car, and rushing upon the beautiful horses of Æneas, he drove them from the Trojans towards the well-armed Achæans; and gave them 325 to Deïpylus, his loved comrade, whom he honoured above all of his own age, because he was of the same sentiments with himself<sup>1</sup>, to drive to the hollow ships; but the hero himself, mounting his own car, seized the beautiful reins, and instantly drove the strong-hoofed horses with eagerness towards Tydides. And he (*Dio- 330 medes*) chased after Venus with his cruel spear, knowing that she was an unwarlike goddess, and not one of those deities who rule the battle of heroes, neither, that is, Minerva, nor Bellona, destroyer of cities. And when at length he came up with her, through the crowded ranks, then the son of brave Tydeus, stretching forward *his spear*, 335 and springing upon her, struck her soft<sup>2</sup> hand<sup>3</sup> with the sharp brass; and the spear at once pierced the skin, through the ambrosial veil, which the Graces themselves had made, above the extremity of the palm, and the immortal blood of the goddess flowed—ichor, such as flows from the 340 blessed gods; for they eat no food, nor drink purple wine, and on that account are bloodless, and are called immortal. But she, shrieking aloud, cast from her her son, and Phœbus Apollo snatched him away in his hands in a dark cloud, 345 lest any of the fleet Danaans, throwing a spear into his bosom, should take away his life. And the brave Diomedes loudly shouted after her:

“Retire, daughter of Jove, from the war and the battle; is it not enough that thou deludest feeble women? But if ever thou shalt go into battle again, I surely think 350

<sup>1</sup> Knew things congruous or congenial with him (Sthenelus).

<sup>2</sup> Feeble.

<sup>3</sup> Wounded her extreme hand—*i. e.* χεὶρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ, as in line 458,—the wrist.

thou wilt shudder at battle, if thou but hearest of it elsewhere<sup>1</sup>."

Thus he spake, and she departed in distress, for she was in great torture. But the swift Iris<sup>2</sup>, laying hold of her, led her from the throng, oppressed with pain; and  
355 her fair skin grew black. Then she found the impetuous Mars sitting on the left of the battle, and his spear reclined on a cloud, and his fleet horses; and falling upon her knees, she requested, with many entreaties<sup>3</sup>, the golden-harnessed horses of her beloved brother:

"Save<sup>4</sup> me, my dear brother, and give me thy horses, 360 that I may repair to Olympus, where is the seat of the immortals. Much am I in pain with a wound which a mortal man has given me<sup>5</sup>—the son of Tydeus, who now would fight even with father Jove."

Thus she spake, and Mars gave her the golden-harnessed horses. And she ascended into the car, grieved in her  
365 heart, and Iris mounted beside her, and took the reins in her hands; and she flogged the horses to proceed, and they not unwilling flew: and speedily then they reached the seat of the gods, the lofty Olympus. There Iris, wind-footed, stopped the horses, loosing them from the car, and threw  
370 before them ambrosial food. But the lovely Venus sank upon the knees of Dione, her mother; and she embraced her daughter in her arms, caressed her with her hand, and spake and said<sup>6</sup>:

"Which of the celestials, dear child, has done such things to you, wantonly, as if thou wert one that ever did aught wrong in public?"

375 Her then the laughter-loving Venus answered: "The son of Tydeus, the insolent Diomedes has wounded me, because I bore my loved son from the battle, Æneas, who

<sup>1</sup> Diomedes seems to threaten a severer blow, if he ever catches her in battle again—such as shall make her dread the very name of battle.

<sup>2</sup> With feet of wind.

<sup>3</sup> Entreating many things.

<sup>4</sup> Take me—or take care of me.

<sup>5</sup> Has wounded me.

<sup>6</sup> See I. 398.

<sup>7</sup> *εἰς ὄψιν*—in the sight or presence of others.



is far the dearest of all to me. For it is no longer a dire contest of Trojans and Achæans, but now the Danaans fight at last even with the immortals." 380

Then Dione, distinguished among goddesses, replied: "Bear *it patiently*, my child, and endure, grieved although thou be, for many of us who occupy the mansions of Olympus bear much from men, and bring<sup>1</sup> many severe distresses upon each other. Mars bore it, when Otus 385 and powerful Ephialtes, son of Aloëus, bound him with a strong chain, and in a brazen prison he lay bound for thirteen months. And perhaps there would Mars, insatiable of war<sup>2</sup>, have perished, had not their mother-in-law, the beautiful Eriboëa<sup>3</sup>, told it to Mercury; and he stole away 390 Mars, now exhausted, for the hard chain had broken him down. And Juno likewise bore it, when the powerful son of Amphytrion wounded her upon the right breast, with a triple-pointed arrow—then even her intolerable pain seized. Among these<sup>4</sup> also the mighty Pluto endured a swift arrow, when the same man<sup>5</sup>, the son of the ægis- 395 bearing Jove, put him to pain, by wounding him at the gate, among the shades<sup>6</sup>. And he went to the mansion of Jove and the lofty Olympus, grieving in his heart, and pierced through with pain, for the arrow had been driven into his brawny shoulder, and afflicted his soul. And Pæon, 400 sprinkling upon him some soothing medicines, cured him, for he was not in any respect mortal. Audacious, violent wretch is Diomedes, who minds not the perpetration<sup>7</sup> of impious deeds, who pains with his arrows the gods who possess Olympus. But the blue-eyed goddess Minerva in- 405 cited him against thee. Foolish is the son of Tydeus, nor knows this in his mind, that not very long-lived<sup>8</sup> is he who fights with the immortals, nor do his children upon his

<sup>1</sup> Bringing.<sup>2</sup> Fighting eternally—never weary.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the wife of Aloëus—instigated by hatred for her husband's children, Otus and Ephialtes, by Iphimedia. Apollod. I. 7. 4.<sup>4</sup> Gods who had suffered from mortals.<sup>5</sup> Hercules.<sup>6</sup> Dead bodies.<sup>7</sup> Who cared not perpetrating.<sup>8</sup> That he is not long-lived.



knees ever call him father, returning from war and direful  
 410 battle. Let the son of Tydeus therefore, very brave  
 although he be, now reflect, lest a mightier than thou  
 fight with him; lest Ægialeia, the virtuous daughter of  
 Adrastus, the noble spouse of Diomedes, tamer of horses,  
 soon rouse her domestics from their sleep, with her lamenta-  
 415 tions<sup>1</sup>, grieving for her first<sup>2</sup> husband, the bravest of the  
 Achæans."

She said, and from her hand with both her own, wiped  
 away the ichor. The hand was healed, and the severe  
 pains assuaged. But Minerva and Juno, meanwhile,  
 looking on, provoked Jove, the son of Saturn, with sar-  
 420 castic words; and among them<sup>3</sup> the blue-eyed goddess  
 Minerva, began *these* words:

"Wilt thou be angry with me, father Jove, at what I  
 may say? Surely now Venus, whilst stimulating some  
 one of the Achæan ladies to follow the Trojans, whom at  
 present she violently loves—caressing some one of these  
 425 fair-veiled Achæan ladies, has scratched her soft hand  
 with a golden clasp."

Thus she spake; and the father of gods and men smiled,  
 and calling golden Venus to him addressed her:

"Not to thee, dear child, are given the works of war—  
 430 but do thou attend to the fond works of wedlock. These  
 things will all be the care of swift Mars and of Minerva."

Such things thus they talked with one another. Mean-  
 while the gallant Diomedes pressed after Æneas, though  
 knowing that Apollo himself covered him with his hands;  
 435 but now neither the mighty god did he respect, and ever  
 desired to slay Æneas, and to strip off his bright armour.  
 Three times then he rushed on, eager to kill him, and  
 three times Apollo repulsed his shining shield; and when  
 he attacked even the fourth time, like a god, the far-  
 darting Apollo, sharply reproving<sup>4</sup> him, said:

440 "Think, son of Tydeus, and retire, nor desire to

<sup>1</sup> Lamenting.

<sup>2</sup> *τοῖσι*—the gods.

<sup>3</sup> *κουριδίως*.

<sup>4</sup> Reproving terrible things.

equal thyself with gods<sup>1</sup>, for the race of immortal gods, and of men, who walk upon the earth, is not the same."

Thus he spake, and Tydides shrank back a little, avoiding the wrath of the far-darting Apollo. And Apollo 445 placed Æneas apart from the throng, in sacred Pergamus, where was his own temple<sup>2</sup>. Then, in the large shrine<sup>3</sup>, Latona and the arrow-loving Diana cured him, and did him honour; and Apollo, of the silver bow, made an image resembling Æneas himself, and the same as to 450 arms; and then round the image the Trojans and noble Achæans hacked the well-circled bull's-hide shields and light targes upon each other's breasts. Then Phœbus Apollo addressed impetuous Mars:

"Mars, blood-stained, man-plaguing, wall-storming 455 Mars, wilt thou not, interfering, drive this man, Tydides, from the battle, who would now fight even with father Jove? For first he wounded Venus, close to her, upon the hand, near the wrist, and next, like a god, he assaulted me."

Thus saying he himself sat down upon the top of Pergamus; but destructive Mars urged on the ranks of Trojans, going among them in the likeness of Acamas, the swift leader of the Thracians, and he encouraged the heaven-protected sons of Priam:

"O sons of Priam, heaven-protected king, how long will ye permit the people to be slaughtered by the 465 Achæans? Until they fight at the well-made gates? A hero<sup>4</sup> is fallen, whom we honour equal to the noble Hector, Æneas, the son of noble Anchises. But come, let us rescue our brave comrade from the tumult."

Thus saying, he excited the strength and courage of 470 each. Then, again, Sarpedon sharply reprovèd the noble Hector:

<sup>1</sup> Nor desire to meditate equal things with the gods.

<sup>2</sup> Where a temple was to him.

<sup>3</sup> αὐτῶν.

<sup>4</sup> Lies.



“Hector, where is gone the might which thou didst formerly possess? Once thou saidst, that with thy relations and thy brothers thou, without troops or allies, 475 wouldst defend the city. But not one of them can I now see, nor remark; but they slink away like dogs before a lion, whilst we, on the contrary, who are here as your allies, are fighting. For I also, being an auxiliary, come from a very great distance; for Lycia is far off, by the deep 480 Xanthus, where I left my loved wife and infant son, and many possessions, which he, who has not, longs for. But even thus<sup>1</sup> do I exhort the Lycians, and am myself ready to fight with a warrior, although I have nothing here for the 485 Achæans to take or carry off. Thou meanwhile standest *unconcerned*, nor biddest thy other forces be firm and defend their wives. *Beware* lest ye, caught<sup>2</sup> as in the meshes of a drag-net, become a capture and a prize to hostile men, and they soon destroy your well-inhabited city. But these are all 490 matters which it becomes thee to attend to night and day, supplicating the chiefs of the far-summoned allies, perseveringly to resist *the foe*, and abstaining from bullying threats<sup>3</sup>.”

Thus spake Sarpedon, and the speech stung the soul of Hector; and instantly he leaped with his arms from his 495 car to the ground, and brandishing long spears, he went through the army on all sides, exhorting them to fight, and awoke the dire battle. And they were turned *from flight*, and again faced<sup>4</sup> the Achæans; and the Argives, in a body, sustained them, and were not afraid.

And as the wind sweeps off the chaff in the sacred<sup>5</sup> are- 500 nas<sup>6</sup>, when men are winnowing, what time yellow Ceres separates the chaff from the corn, *by means* of the winds coming

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* under these circumstances.

<sup>2</sup> ἀλοντε—dual—Hector and his troops.

<sup>3</sup> And to renounce bullying threats—the construction thus directs the censure against the allies, while Hector is plainly the object. The sense contrasts with λισσομενῳ—similar changes of construction are not unfrequent.

<sup>4</sup> Stand in front.

<sup>5</sup> As sacred to Ceres.

<sup>6</sup> Cleared spots in corn-fields—not barns.



upon it; and the neighbourhood whitens around; so were the Achæans then white above <sup>1</sup> with dust—that <sup>2</sup> which among them (*Achæans*) the feet of horses (*of the Trojans*), when they renewed the combat, threw up to the brazen <sup>3</sup> heaven; for the drivers wheeled round, and they bore right on the 505 strength of hands <sup>4</sup>. And impetuous Mars, ranging on every side, bringing aid to the Trojans, shed darkness round the battle; and fulfilled the injunctions of Phœbus of the golden sword, who bade him stimulate the courage of the 510 Trojans, when he saw Pallas Minerva set out. For she was an auxiliary of the Danaans <sup>5</sup>. And he himself sent Æneas from his very rich shrine, and put vigour into the breast of the shepherd of the people.

And Æneas stood among his comrades, and they were delighted when they saw him alive, and advancing unhurt, 515 and possessing his strength entire; but they asked no question at all, for other toil suffered not, which he of the silver bow excited, and Mars, destroyer of men, and Discord insatiably raging.

But the two Ajaxes, and Ulysses, and Diomedes, urged the Danaans to fight; nor did they themselves dread the 520 strength of the Trojans nor their shouts, but stood firm like clouds, which the son of Saturn, in calm weather, places on the tops of mountains, at rest, when sleeps the force of the north, and of other impetuous winds, which, *when* blowing, 525 disperse the dusky clouds with *their* loud blasts. Thus the Danaans firmly awaited the Trojans, and feared not. And Atrides ranged through the army, encouraging them much:

“My friends, be men, and take stout heart, and respect each other <sup>6</sup> in hard battles. More of *those* who thus re- 530

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* on the surface.

<sup>2</sup> ὄν ῥα.

<sup>3</sup> With much brass.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the Trojans towards the Achæans.

<sup>5</sup> For she was to the Danaans a helper.

<sup>6</sup> Be ashamed of each other—*i. e.* be ashamed of incurring the contempt of your comrades—vie with each other—emulate—fight.

spect each other are saved than are slain; but where men fly, there neither rises glory, nor any service<sup>1</sup>."

He said, and impetuously hurled his spear, and struck a  
535 chief warrior, a comrade of the brave Æneas, Deïcoon, son of Pergasus, whom the Trojans honoured equally with the sons of Priam, for he was active in fighting among the foremost. His shield then king Agamemnon struck with his spear; and it resisted not the spear, but the spear passed quite through it, and drove into the lower part of  
540 the belly, through the belt; and falling he made a crash, and his armour rattled upon him.

Then, again, Æneas slew the two sons of Diocles, Crethon and Orsilochus, bravest men of the Danaans<sup>2</sup>. Their father dwelt in well-built Phera, rich in possessions, and  
545 was of the family<sup>3</sup> of the river Alpheius, which flows in a broad stream through the land of the Pyliaus. He begat Orsilochus, the king of many men; and Orsilochus again begat the brave Diocles; and from Diocles sprang twin  
550 sons, Crethon and Orsilochus, well skilled in every *kind of* combat. These, then, in the vigour of youth, accompanied the Argives in black ships to Ilium, famed for good horses, to take<sup>4</sup> revenge for the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, and there they died<sup>5</sup>. As two lions which grew  
555 up under their dam upon the summit of a mountain, in the recesses of a deep wood; and then carrying off oxen and fat sheep, lay waste the enclosures of men, until they are themselves slain with sharp spears by the hands of men—  
560 such fell these two, subdued by the hands of Æneas, like lofty pines.

And the gallant Menelaus pitied the fallen; and,  
armed in glittering brass, he advanced among the foremost fighters, brandishing his spear: and Mars excited his cou-

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* they neither gain glory for themselves, nor furnish help to others.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* two of the bravest.

<sup>3</sup> And his origin, or birth, was from, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Taking.

<sup>5</sup> And there the end of death covered them.



rage, thinking this, that he would be killed by the hands of Æneas.

But him Antilochus, the son of noble Nestor, perceived, 565  
and he went among the foremost combatants, for he feared  
for the shepherd of the people, lest he should suffer aught,  
and thus quite<sup>1</sup> frustrate their toil<sup>2</sup>. The two (*Mene-  
laus and Æneas*) were now holding out their hands and  
long spears against each other, eager to fight; and Antilo- 570  
chus came close up to the shepherd of the people. And  
Æneas did not abide, though an active warrior, when he  
saw two men standing beside each other. When, there-  
fore, they had dragged the bodies (*of Crethon and Orsilo-  
chus*) to the army of the Achæans, they placed them, un-  
happy, in the hands of their comrades; but turning round 575  
themselves, they fought among the foremost.

Then they slew Pylæmenes, equal to Mars, the leader  
of the bold, shielded Paphlagonians. Him standing, the  
son of Atreus, the gallant Menelaus, wounded with his  
spear, striking him in the collar-bone; and Antilochus 580  
wounded the driver Mydon, his brave attendant, the son  
of Atymnias—and he was turning his solid-hoofed horses  
—hitting him with a stone on the middle of the elbow, and  
the reins, white with ivory<sup>3</sup>, dropped from his hands in the  
dust upon the ground; and then Antilochus, rushing upon  
him, struck him with his sword upon the temple, and pant-  
ing, he fell from the beautiful<sup>4</sup> car headlong in the dust, 585  
upon his forehead and shoulders. Long there he stuck,  
for he fell in deep sand, till the horses, plunging, struck  
him flat upon the ground, in the dust. And Antilochus  
flogged them, and drove them to the army of the Achæans.

And them Hector observed in the ranks, and rushed to- 590  
wards them shouting; and with him followed firm phalanxes

<sup>1</sup> *μὲγα*.

<sup>2</sup> As the army would refuse to go on with the war, if Menelaus, for whose sake it was undertaken, should die.

<sup>3</sup> Studded—or ornamented with pieces of ivory.

<sup>4</sup> Of good workmanship.



of Trojans; and Mars led them on, and awful Bellona—  
she, bringing with her the insolent Tumult of Battle<sup>1</sup>; and  
595 Mars brandished a huge spear in his hands, and raged  
sometimes in front of Hector, and sometimes behind him.

And Diomedes, brave in battle, seeing him, shuddered.  
And as a man perplexed about his road, crossing a vast plain,  
stops at a rapid river, flowing towards the sea, seeing it  
600 roaring with foam, and runs back again; thus Tydides then  
retreated, and addressed his troops:

“My friends, how much do we admire the noble Hector  
for being a bold spear-man and a daring warrior! But one  
of the gods is always beside him, to repel<sup>2</sup> destruction;  
and that is Mars now beside him, in the shape of a mortal  
605 man. Fall back, therefore, always turning upon the Tro-  
jans, nor desire to fight stoutly with the gods.”

Thus then he spake, and the Trojans came very near  
them. There Hector slew two men, skilful in battle,  
Menesthes and Anchialus, being in one car. But the  
610 mighty Telamonian Ajax pitied them fallen, and, ad-  
vancing, stood very near, and threw his shining spear, and  
struck Amphius, son of Selagus, who, rich in lands and  
crops<sup>3</sup>, dwelt in Pæsus, but fate led him to assist Priam  
615 and his sons. Him then Telamonian Ajax struck upon  
the belt, and the long spear stuck in the lower part of his  
belly, and he gave a crash, falling. And the illustrious  
Ajax rushed upon him, to strip him<sup>4</sup> of his armour, but  
the Trojans poured their sharp shining spears upon him,  
and his shield received many. Then placing his heel upon  
620 it, he plucked his brazen spear from the body, but still  
was not able to take from his shoulders the rest of his  
handsome armour, for he was pressed upon with darts;  
and he feared a strong enclosure of the brave Trojans<sup>5</sup>, who,

<sup>1</sup> A personification—Bellona brings Battle with her. *αναυδεια*—as having no respect for any thing.

<sup>2</sup> Who puts away.

<sup>3</sup> Who very rich, and having much corn.

<sup>4</sup> Stripping him.

<sup>5</sup> *αμφιβασιν* for *αμφιβαινοντας*—i. e. the Trojans, who gathered round the body of Amphius.

numerous and stout, pressed upon him, holding spears, and who, tall, strong, and gallant as he was, repelled him from 625 them; and retiring, he was driven back.

Thus they toiled in obstinate battle. But powerful fate impelled Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules, handsome and tall, against the godlike Sarpedon. And when, advancing against each other, they were close, the son and the grand- 630 son of cloud-collecting Jove, Tlepolemus first addressed the *other* in *these* words:

“Sarpedon, counsellor of Lycians, what necessity is there for thee, being a man unskilled in war, to be trembling here? Falsely men declare<sup>1</sup> thee to be a son of ægis- 635 bearing Jove; since thou art much inferior to those men, who, among former generations<sup>2</sup>, sprung from Jove. But what an indomitable and lion-hearted man do they say was my father, the mighty<sup>3</sup> Hercules! who once coming here 640 on account of the horses of Laomedon, with only six ships, and very few<sup>4</sup> men, laid waste the city of Troy, and desolated its streets. For thy spirit is cowardly, and thy people perish<sup>5</sup>; nor do I think that thou, coming from Lycia, wilt 645 be of service to the Trojans, not even if thou wert ever so brave, but, subdued by my spear, wilt descend to the gates of Hades.”

And to him, in reply, Sarpedon, leader of Lycians, answered: “Tlepolemus, truly he laid waste sacred Ilium, from the folly of the noble hero Laomedon—he who 650 reviled him that had done him service, with opprobrious language<sup>6</sup>, and gave him not the horses, for the sake of which he had come from afar. But I also think that death and dark fate will here overtake thee from me, and that, subdued by my spear, thou wilt give glory to me, and thy soul to Pluto, famous for his horses.”

Thus spake Sarpedon; and Tlepolemus raised his ashen 655 spear, and their long javelins flew from their hands at the

<sup>1</sup> Lying they, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Men.

<sup>3</sup> The Herculean might.

<sup>4</sup> Fewer—i. e. than the people of Troy.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. through thy cowardice.

<sup>6</sup> Having done well with an evil word.



same moment. Sarpedon struck the middle of his *enemy's* neck, and the cruel point went through, and dark night<sup>1</sup> covered his eyes. And Tlepolemus too wounded *Sarpedon's* left thigh with his long spear, and the impetuous point pierced through, driven upon the bone; but his father still averted death.

Then did his noble comrades carry the godlike Sarpedon from the battle; but the long spear, dragged *after* him, pained him; for no one of them, busy in getting him into his car<sup>2</sup>, observed it, or thought to draw the ashen spear from his thigh—such anxiety<sup>3</sup> had they who were occupied with him. On the other side, the well-armed Achæans bore Tlepolemus from the battle; and the noble Ulysses, possessing a daring spirit, perceived it, and his heart throbbed. And he debated within his mind and soul whether he should pursue farther the son of the loud-sounding Jove, or take away life from others<sup>4</sup> of the Lycians. Not, however, was it destined to the brave Ulysses to slay the gallant son of Jove with his sharp spear; therefore Minerva turned his rage upon the mass of Lycians. There he slew Cœræus, and Alastor, and Chromius, and Alcander, and Halius, and Noëmon, and Prytanis; and more of the Lycians would noble Ulysses have slain, had not the mighty and stirring<sup>5</sup> Hector quickly observed him. And he went through the foremost combatants, armed in shining brass, bringing terror upon the Danaans. But Sarpedon, son of Jove, was glad at his approach, and uttered *this* pitiable speech:

“Son of Priam, suffer me not to lie a prey to the Danaans, but defend me; and then let life quit me in your city; for I shall return home to my dear native land no more, to cheer my beloved wife and infant son.”

Thus he spake; and the stirring<sup>5</sup> Hector answered him not, but flew past, glowing with ardour, that he might

<sup>1</sup> Night of Erebus.    <sup>2</sup> Busy that he might get into his car.    <sup>3</sup> Labour.

<sup>4</sup> τῶν πλεονων—the body of Lycians—equivalent to πλεθύν three lines below.

<sup>5</sup> κορυθαίολος.



speedily repulse the Argives, and take away the life of many. Then his noble companions laid the godlike Sarpedon beneath the beautiful beech of the ægis-bearing Jove, and the gallant Pelagon, who was his loved com- 695rade, drew out the ashen spear from his thigh. And his soul left him, and a mist spread over his eyes; but he breathed again, and the breeze of the north wind blowing around him, refreshed his spirit that scarcely breathed.

But the Argives neither fled in confusion to the black ships before Mars and Hector, armed in brass, nor bore 700up against them in battle, but always they kept falling back, when they understood<sup>1</sup> that Mars was with the Trojans.

Then whom first, and whom last, did Hector, son of Priam, and brazen Mars slay? The godlike Teuthras, 705and next the equestrian<sup>2</sup> Orestes, and the Ætolian Trechus, a spear-man<sup>3</sup>, and Enomaus, and Helenus, the son of Enops, and Oresbius, with a variegated belt—he who dwelt at Hyla, close upon the lake Cephissus, very much intent upon wealth; and beside him dwelt other Boeotians, 710who had very rich land. But when the white-armed goddess Juno observed these *her* Argives perishing in the hard battle, *she* immediately addressed *these* winged words to Minerva:

“Alas, child of the ægis-bearing Jove, invincible, surely a vain promise<sup>3</sup> we plighted to Menelaus—to return home 715after destroying well-built Ilium, if we suffer destructive Mars thus to rage. Come, let thou and I likewise think of active battle.”

Thus she spake, nor did the blue-eyed Minerva refuse. Then Juno, venerable goddess, the daughter of mighty 720Saturn, departing, harnessed her golden-reined horses. And Hebe quickly put the curved wheels, brazen and of eight spokes, to the car, at each end of the iron axle-tree; of these, however, the imperishable fellows were of 725gold, but on the outside were brazen tires attached, won-

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* from Diomedes. 603.

<sup>2</sup> πλεῖστος—meaning here, probably, Orestes was in his car, and Trechus, αὐχμητός, on foot.

<sup>3</sup> We stood under a vain word.

derful to be seen; the circular naves on both sides were of silver; and the body <sup>1</sup> was stretched <sup>2</sup> with gold and silver straps, and the two *αυρυγες* were circular. The pole of it  
 730 was of silver; and at the extremity of it (*the pole*) she fastened the handsome golden yoke, and put in it the beautiful golden collars; and eager for the battle and the shout, Juno led under the yoke her swift-footed horses.

And Minerva, the daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, flung off upon the floor of her father the beautiful embroidered  
 735 veil, that <sup>3</sup> which she had herself made and worked with her hands; and putting on the tunic of cloud-collecting Jove, she arrayed herself in armour for the tearful battle. Upon her shoulders she threw the terrible, fringed ægis,  
 740 which Fear begirt all round. On *it* were Contention, and Force, and chilling Pursuit; and the Gorgon head of the fearful monster *was* upon *it*, terrible and horrible, a portent of ægis-bearing Jove. Upon her head she placed her golden, double-coned, four-studded helmet, fit for the  
 745 infantry of a hundred cities <sup>4</sup>. And she stept <sup>5</sup> into the flaming car, and took her spear, heavy, huge, and strong, with which she overthrows the ranks of heroes, with whom she, descended from a powerful father, is enraged. But Juno quickly urged on the horses with the lash, and the gates of heaven grated <sup>6</sup> of their own accord, which  
 750 the Hours kept, to whom are entrusted the vast heaven and Olympus, both to remove the thick cloud, and to replace it. Then, through them, they drove the horses on, obedient to the lash, and they found the son of Saturn sitting, apart from the other gods, upon the highest summit of the many-topped Olympus. There the white-armed goddess Juno, stopping her horses, interrogated the son of Saturn, the supreme Jove, and addressed him:

<sup>1</sup> *δαρρος* is strictly the *body* of the car, or standing space—for there was no seat—and the *αυρυγες* are the *sides*, or *pannels*, in this case two circular pieces, meeting probably in front, but open behind for mounting.

<sup>2</sup> *Fastened* rather to the axle—not suspended, nor hung on springs. The construction is of the rudest kind, however splendid the materials.

<sup>3</sup> *ὅν πο*.

<sup>4</sup> Either extravagant, or wholly unintelligible.

<sup>5</sup> Mounted with feet. <sup>6</sup> *i. e.* which creaked as they spontaneously opened.



“Father Jove, art thou not offended with Mars, for these atrocious deeds? How many and what people of the Achæans has he destroyed without cause, and contrary to good order! To me a grief; but Venus and the silver-bowed Apollo at their ease are delighted, setting on this madman, who knows no laws. Wilt thou then, father Jove, be angry, if I flog<sup>1</sup> Mars severely, and drive him from the battle?”

And the cloud-collecting Jove, answering her, said: “Well, dispatch after him Minerva, the despoiler, who is most accustomed to put him to torturing pains<sup>2</sup>. 765

Thus he spake, nor was the white-armed goddess Juno disobedient, but lashed on her steeds, and they, not unwilling, flew midway between earth and the starry heaven. And as far as a man can see through the air with his eyes, sitting upon a rock, and looking over the dark sea, so far did the neighing horses clear at a bound. But when now they came to Troy and the flowing rivers, where Simoïs and Scamander unite their streams, there the white-armed goddess Juno stopped her horses, loosening them from the car, and threw round them a thick cloud; and the Simoïs shot up ambrosia for them to feed on. 770 775

But they went like frightened doves in their pace<sup>3</sup>, eager to assist the Argive warriors. And when now they came where the most and bravest stood collected round Diomedes, tamer of horses, like flesh-devouring lions, or wild boars, whose strength is not feeble—there the white-armed goddess Juno, standing, called aloud in the likeness of the stout-hearted brazen-voiced Stentor, who shouted as loud as fifty other *men could do*. 780 785

“Shame, Argives, foul disgraces, though gallant in form. As long as the noble Achilles took part<sup>4</sup> in the war, never did the Trojans advance beyond the Dardan gates, for they feared his powerful spear; but now they fight, far from their city, close at the hollow ships.” 790

<sup>1</sup> If flogging, I drive, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* to punish him—alluding to some remoter mythics.

<sup>3</sup> As to their steps. <sup>4</sup> Was present.



Thus having spoken, she roused the strength and courage of each. And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva flew after Tydides, and found that king beside his horses  
795 and car, cooling the wound which Pandarus had inflicted upon him with an arrow; for the sweat beneath the broad belt of his good round shield distressed him—with it he was distressed, and his hand was weary; and holding up the belt, he was wiping away the black blood. And the goddess touched the yoke of his horses<sup>1</sup>, and said:

800 “Surely Tydeus begat a son little resembling himself; Tydeus indeed was small in body, but *he was* a warrior. For although I forbade<sup>2</sup> that he should fight, or rush on like a madman, and ordered him when he went, apart from the Achæans, as an ambassador to Thebes, in among  
805 many Cadmeans, to feast quiet in the halls—still he who had his own spirit as bold as before, challenged the chiefs of the Cadmeans, and overcame them in every contest easily—so great an assistant was I to him. And by thee  
810 too I indeed stand, and guard thee, and exhort thee to fight boldly against the Trojans; but either weariness, produced by much labour, has fallen upon thy limbs, or surely  
815 heartless fear restrains thee. Thou art, henceforth, no son of Tydeus, the brave son of CENEUS.”

And the brave Diomedes, answering her, said: “I  
815 know thee, daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove, therefore will I freely speak to thee<sup>3</sup>, nor conceal *any thing*. Neither does heartless fear restrain me, nor any slothfulness; but I am still mindful of the injunctions which thou gavest me. Thou didst not permit me to fight  
820 against the other blessed gods; but if Venus, the daughter of Jove, should come into the battle, her thou badest me wound with my sharp spear. For this reason I now keep aloof myself, and have ordered all the rest of the Argives to collect here, for I know that Mars controls the battle.”

825 And then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva replied: “Dio-

<sup>1</sup> The equestrian yoke.

<sup>2</sup> When I did not suffer, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Speak a word to thee.

medes, son of Tydeus, dear to my soul, fear thou neither that Mars, nor any other of the immortals, so great an auxiliary will I be to thee. But come, drive thy solid-hoofed horses against Mars first. Engage<sup>1</sup> him hand to hand, nor respect that fierce raging Mars, 830 malicious<sup>2</sup> and capricious miscreant, who yesterday conversing, promised to myself and Juno, that he would fight against the Trojans, and assist the Argives, but now he takes part with the Trojans, and forgets the *Argives*<sup>3</sup>."

Thus saying, she pulled Sthenelus from the car<sup>4</sup> towards 835 the ground, dragging him backwards by the hand, and he instantly sprang out. And into the car, beside the noble Diomedes, mounted the impassioned goddess; and the beechen axle groaned loud beneath the weight, for it carried a terrible goddess, and a very brave man. And 840 Pallas Minerva seized the whip and the reins, and forthwith urged the solid-hoofed horses against Mars first. He indeed had just slain the mighty Periphas, by far the bravest of the Ætolians, the illustrious son of Ochesius—him the blood-stained Mars slew. And Minerva put on the 845 helmet of Pluto, that impetuous Mars might not see her.

But when Mars, destroyer of men, beheld the noble Diomedes, then he suffered the mighty Periphas to lie there, where first, killing him, he took away his life; and he advanced straight against Diomedes, tamer of horses. And when advancing against each other, they were now 850 near, Mars first threw<sup>5</sup> at him his brazen spear, over the yoke and reins of the horses<sup>6</sup>, eager to deprive him of life; but the blue-eyed goddess Minerva, catching it in her hand, thrust it under the car, so that it was thrown in vain<sup>7</sup>. Next brave Diomedes hurled his brazen spear; 855 and Pallas Minerva forced it into the lower part of the

<sup>1</sup> Strike.      <sup>2</sup> A made evil—as if made for mischief and nothing else.

<sup>3</sup> Them.

<sup>4</sup> Horses.

<sup>5</sup> Stretched forward with the spear.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. those of Diomedes.

<sup>7</sup> To have been driven in vain.



belly, where he was girt with his inner belt<sup>1</sup>; striking him in this place, she wounded him, and tore his fair skin. But she drew out the spear again; and the brazen Mars 860 roared as loud as nine or ten thousand men shout in war, in the conflict of battle<sup>2</sup>. And fear in consequence seized upon the trembling Achæans and Trojans, so loud shouted Mars, insatiable of war. And as a dark cloud appears in the sky<sup>3</sup>, when a strong 865 wind rises, through the heat<sup>4</sup>, so appeared brazen Mars to Diomedes, son of Tydeus, ascending in the clouds to the wide heaven. And he went immediately to the seat of the gods, the lofty Olympus, and sat down beside Jove, the son of Saturn, in great pain, and showed the immortal 870 blood flowing from his wound, and lamenting, uttered these winged words:

“Father Jove, art thou not indignant, observing these 200 violent deeds? Ever are we gods enduring most horrible things, through the plans of each other, and to gratify<sup>5</sup> men. 875 Through thee do we all fight<sup>6</sup>, for thou hast begotten a mad and pernicious daughter, who is ever planning mischief<sup>7</sup>. All the rest of the gods, as many as are in Olympus, are obedient to thee, and each of us are subject to thee; but her thou never restrainest by word or deed, but encouragest 880 her, because thou didst thyself beget *this* destructive daughter. She has now incited the son of Tydeus, the insolent Diomedes, to vent his fury upon the immortal gods. First he wounded Venus upon the hand, at the wrist; and then, like a god, rushed upon me myself; but 885 my swift feet carried me off, otherwise I should have long endured tortures there, among horrible carcases, or would have been crushed<sup>8</sup> alive with the blows of his spear.”

But the cloud-collecting Jove, looking sternly at him, replied: “Do not sit and whimper by me, turncoat;

<sup>1</sup> *μυτρην*. Compare Δ. 137.

<sup>2</sup> Bringing together the contest of Mars.

<sup>3</sup> *ἐκ νεφελῶν*—i. e. from the region of clouds—the atmosphere.

<sup>4</sup> *καυματος*—depends on εἶ.

<sup>5</sup> Gratifying.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. you are the cause of our fighting.

<sup>7</sup> To whom ever nefarious deeds are a care.

<sup>8</sup> Disabled.



thou art the most hateful to me of the gods who possess 890  
Olympus, for contention is ever dear to thee, and wars  
and battles. There is in thee the intolerable unyielding  
fierceness of thy mother Juno, whom I can with difficulty  
govern by words; and in this case I suspect that thou  
sufferest these things from her counsels. However, I will 895  
not allow thee to suffer pain longer<sup>1</sup>, because thou art  
sprung<sup>2</sup> from me, and thy mother bore thee to me; but  
if, thus destructive, thou wert sprung from any other of  
the gods, even long ago thou shouldst have been lower  
than the sons of Uranus<sup>3</sup>."

Thus he spake, and ordered Pæon to heal him; and  
Pæon sprinkling anodyne medicines<sup>4</sup> upon him, cured 900  
him, for he was not liable at all to death<sup>5</sup>. And as when  
rennet<sup>6</sup> working<sup>7</sup>, fixes white milk, liquid as it is, whilst  
it is rapidly stirred by the mixer, so speedily did he heal  
the fierce Mars. And Hebe washed him, and put on his 905  
beautiful robes; and he sat beside Jove, the son of Saturn,  
exulting in glory.

But Argive Juno, and the protecting Minerva, returned  
again to the mansion of the mighty Jove, having with-  
drawn<sup>8</sup> Mars, the destroyer of men, from the slaughter  
of heroes.

<sup>1</sup> But I will not bear thee suffering pains yet long.

<sup>2</sup> A production—a son of me.

<sup>3</sup> That is, the Titans. Θ. 12.

<sup>4</sup> Δ. 218.

<sup>5</sup> For he was not made mortal.

<sup>6</sup> Supposed to be the juice of the fig.

<sup>7</sup> As if *ορεος* was personified.

<sup>8</sup> Having caused to cease.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK VI.

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ARGUMENT.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector, by the advice of Helenus, enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba, to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she, with the matrons, goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache; and Paris, having armed himself, in the mean time, comes up with Hector, at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

AND the dire battle of the Trojans and Achæans was deserted *by the gods*, and much in all directions did the battle rage, as at each other they hurled their brazen spears, between the floods of Simois and Xanthus.

5 And Telamonian Ajax, the bulwark of the Achæans, first broke a phalanx of Trojans, and brought relief to his comrades, wounding a man who was the bravest among the Thracians, Acamas the son of Eusorus, both handsome and tall. Him first he smote upon the cone of the helmet,  
10 crested with horse-hair, and the brazen spear fixed in his forehead, and penetrated into the bone; and darkness covered his eyes.

And, next, brave Diomedes slew Axylus, son of Teuthras, who dwelt in well-built Arisba, rich in possessions, and hospitable to men; for living in a house by the

road-side, he kindly entertained all. But none of them, then coming in before him, averted from him evil destruction; and Diomedes deprived both of life, him and his attendant Calesius, who was then the driver of his horses; and they both fell to the ground.

And Euryalus<sup>1</sup> slew Dresus and Opheltius; and then went in chase of Æsepus and Pedāsus, whom once Abarbarea, the Naiad-nymph, bore to good Bucolion. And Bucolion was the son of the illustrious Laomedon, his eldest by birth, but his mother gave birth to him clandestinely. And while he had the care of the flocks, he had intercourse with her (*the Nymph*); and she becoming pregnant, bore twin sons. But the son of Mecisteus slew them<sup>2</sup>, and stripped the armour from their shoulders. And, next, stout Polypætēs<sup>3</sup> killed Astyalus; and Ulysses slew Pidýtes, the Percosian<sup>4</sup>, with his brazen spear; and Teucer, the noble Aretaön; and Antilochus, son of Nestor, slew Ablêrus with his shining spear; and the king of men, Agamemnon, Elätus, who dwelt in lofty Pedāsus, by the banks of the fair-flowing Satnioeis. And the hero Leitus<sup>5</sup> arrested Phylacus, while flying; and Eurypylus<sup>6</sup> slew Melanthius. 20 25 30 35

And then brave Menelaus took Adrastus alive; for his horses, flying in terror along the plain, having got entangled by a myrtle bough, and broken the curved car, at the extremity of the pole, proceeded themselves towards the city, where the rest, fear-smitten, were flying. But he was thrown from his car, near the wheel, prone upon his face in the dust; and Menelaus, the son of Atreus, stood by him, with his long spear. Then Adrastus, embracing his knees, entreated: 40 45

“Take me alive, son of Atreus, and accept a worthy ransom; for at my wealthy father’s lie many precious stores, brass, and gold, and manufactured<sup>7</sup> iron—from

<sup>1</sup> B. 565, 6.

<sup>2</sup> Euryalus loosened their strength and fair limbs.

<sup>3</sup> B. 740.

<sup>4</sup> Of Perote. B. 835.

<sup>5</sup> B. 494.

<sup>6</sup> B. 736.

<sup>7</sup> Much-wrought—articles or implements of iron.



them will my father present thee with an infinite ransom, if he shall learn that I am alive at the ships of the Achæans."

Thus he spake, and persuaded him<sup>1</sup>; and Menelaus was on the point of giving<sup>2</sup> him to an attendant, to take him down to the ships of the Achæans, but Agamemnon came up to him, running, and upbraiding said<sup>3</sup>:

55 "O foolish Menelaus, why dost thou thus pity men? Truly thou wert at home well treated by *these* Trojans<sup>4</sup>. Let none of them escape entire destruction, and our hands; not the child, whom the mother bears in her womb, let 60 not even him escape; but let all of Ilium perish together, unburied and unseen<sup>5</sup>."

Thus saying, the hero turned the mind of his brother, advising what was right<sup>6</sup>; and he pushed the hero Adrastus from him with his hand; and king Agamemnon struck him in the flank, and he fell flat, and Atrides, placing his heel 65 upon his breast, plucked out the ashen spear.—Then Nestor exhorted the Argives, shouting loud:

"Friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars, let no one falling upon the spoils lag behind, to carry<sup>7</sup> many to the 70 ships. But let us slaughter the men, and then of them<sup>8</sup> also, at your leisure, ye can strip the bodies lying dead on the plain."

Thus speaking, he roused the might and courage of each. Then again, would the Trojans, defeated by their own cowardice, have been driven<sup>9</sup> into Ilium by the warlike Achæans, had not Helenus, the son of Priam, far the best 75 of augurs, addressed Hector and Æneas, standing beside them:

"Æneas and Hector—since upon you chiefly rests the

<sup>1</sup> *μυθον*—his mind—his feelings in his bosom.

<sup>2</sup> *δη ταχ' εμελλ'*—already—just going.

<sup>3</sup> Said a word.

<sup>4</sup> The best things were done to thee by, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Disappear—so that there might be no relics or remembrance of them.

<sup>6</sup> Advising right things.

<sup>7</sup> Go carrying.

<sup>8</sup> *τα* scil. *εναπα*.

<sup>9</sup> Would have gone in again—i. e. driven by force.

battle of the Trojans and Lycians, because ye are the best in every effort, both in fighting and in planning—stand here, 80 and in front of the gates stop the people, going among them in every direction, before they rush in again, flying to the arms of their wives<sup>1</sup>, and become a mockery to the enemy. And when ye have roused all the phalanxes<sup>2</sup>, we, remaining here, will fight with the Danaans, hard pressed 85 although we be<sup>3</sup>, for necessity enforces it; but do thou, Hector, repair to the city, and then speak to thy mother and mine. Let her take<sup>4</sup> with her the matrons to the temple of the blue-eyed Minerva, in the Acropolis, opening with a key the gates of the sacred mansion; and lay upon the knees<sup>5</sup> of the fair-haired Minerva the veil which ap- 90 pears to be the most elegant and the largest in her halls, and which is by far the most prized by her; and let her vow to sacrifice to Minerva in the temple twelve oxen, of a year old, never yoked, if she will have pity upon the city, the wives, and the children<sup>6</sup> of the Trojans; if she will but 95 avert from sacred Ilium the son of Tydeus, the fierce warrior, the direful master of rout, whom I think to be the mightiest of the Achæans.—Never thus did we fear Achilles, leader of men, who, they say, is *sprung* from a goddess; 100 for this man rages furiously, nor can any one equal his strength."

Thus he spake, and Hector disobeyed not his brother; but immediately leaped from his car with his arms to the ground, and brandishing sharp spears, went through the army in every direction, urging them to fight, and roused 105 the fierce battle. And they rallied<sup>7</sup>, and stood against the Achæans; and the Argives fell back, and desisted from slaughter<sup>8</sup>, for they supposed that some one of the immortals had descended from the starry heaven to succour the

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* for protection—like cowards.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* to fight again.

<sup>3</sup> Although very hard pressed.

<sup>4</sup> Taking—lay upon the knees, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Therefore the figure of the goddess was in a sitting position.

<sup>6</sup> *νηπία τέκνα*.

<sup>7</sup> They were turned.

<sup>8</sup> Blood.

110 Trojans—they so rallied. Then Hector encouraged the Trojans, shouting loud:

“Ye spirited Trojans, and allies, summoned from afar, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your vigorous courage, whilst I repair to Ilium, and charge the aged counsel-  
115 lers and our wives to supplicate the divinities, and to vow hecatombs.”

Thus having spoken, the active Hector departed, and the black hide, the rim which went last round his bossy shield, struck upon his heels and neck<sup>1</sup>.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, and the son of  
120 Tydeus, met between both *armies*, eager to fight; and when advancing against each other, they were now near, brave Diomedes first addressed him:

“Who, of mortal men, art thou, good sir? For I have never seen thee in glorious battle before; and here art  
125 thou now going far beyond all in thy confidence, when thou awaitest my long spear. For sons of the unhappy<sup>2</sup> are they who encounter my might. But if, one of the immortals, thou hast descended from heaven, I will not fight  
130 with the heavenly gods; for the son of Dryas, the brave Lycurgus, did not live long<sup>3</sup>—he ‘who contended with the heavenly gods. He once chased down the divine Nysseian *height* the nurses of maddening Bacchus; and they all together threw their Thyrsi upon the ground, beaten with an  
135 ox-goad, by Lycurgus, slayer of men. And Bacchus, alarmed, rushed into the wave of the sea, and Thetis received him, trembling, in her bosom; for violent terror seized him on account of the threatening of the man. With him then the gods, who live without care, were enraged, and the son of  
140 Saturn made him blind; nor did he long survive, for he was hated by all the immortal gods. Nor wish I to fight

<sup>1</sup> And about him the black skin struck his heels and neck, the rim which last went round his bossy shield—*i. e.* he threw it behind his back.

<sup>2</sup> Sons of unhappy—*i. e.* unhappy are they who, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Was not long.

<sup>4</sup> ὄς πα.



with the blessed gods. But if thou art one of mortals, who eat the fruit of the ground, draw nearer, that thou mayst the sooner reach final destruction<sup>1</sup>."

And him, in return, the illustrious son of Hippolochus addressed: "Great Tydides, why inquirest thou of my birth? 145 As is the race of leaves, such is that of men; some leaves<sup>2</sup> the wind scatters upon the ground, and others the budding wood produces, for they come again in the season of spring. So is the race of men, one springs up and another dies<sup>3</sup>. But if thou desirest to learn these matters—*hear*, that thou 150 mayst well know our family—and many men are acquainted with it<sup>4</sup>. In the bay of equestrian Argos is the town Ephyre, where lived Sisyphus, who was the cleverest of men, Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. Now he begat Glaucus, his son; and Glaucus begat the good Bellerophon; and on 155 him did the gods bestow beauty and attractive vigour. But Prætus plotted his destruction—he who exiled him from the city; for he (*Prætus*) was the most powerful of the Argives, for Jove had subjected them under his sceptre. And with him (*Bellerophon*) the wife of Prætus, the noble Anteia, 160 was maddening to have clandestine intercourse, but she could not persuade the just<sup>5</sup> and prudent Bellerophon. And she addressed king Prætus with a falsehood: "Die, O Prætus, or kill Bellerophon, who wished to lie with me against my will." Thus she spake, and indignation seized the king at 165 what he heard. He was unwilling indeed to kill him, for he had a religious dread of that in his mind; but he sent him to Lycia, and gave him fatal letters<sup>6</sup>, writing upon a folded tablet many deadly words, and bade him, in order that he might perish, show them to his father- 170 in-law<sup>7</sup>. And he departed for Lycia, under the kind guidance of the gods; and when he came to Lycia and

<sup>1</sup> The limits—the boundary of destruction.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* one set of leaves—the foliage of one year.

<sup>3</sup> Ceases.

<sup>4</sup> Or—if thou desirest to learn, or be informed of these things also, that thou mayst know our family well, *I will tell thee*—and many know it.

<sup>5</sup> Thinking good things.

<sup>6</sup> Signs.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* the father-in-law of Prætus—Jobates.

the flowing Xanthus, the king of broad Lycia hospitably entertained him—nine days he feasted him, and sacrificed  
 175 nine oxen. But when the tenth rosy-fingered morning appeared, then he interrogated him, and requested to see the letters which he brought from his son-in-law Proetus. And when he received the wicked letter of his son-in-law, first  
 180 he ordered him (*Bellerophon*) to kill the tremendous Chimæra. And she was of divine origin, not of men; in front, a lion; and behind, a dragon; and in the middle, a goat—breathing forth the terrible force of blazing fire. And her he slew, trusting to the signs of the gods. Next  
 185 he fought against the glorious Solymi; and he said that that was the hardest battle of heroes he had entered into. The third time, he slew the masculine Amazons. Then he (*Jobates*) planned another dark plot against him on his return—selecting the bravest men from broad  
 190 Lycia, he placed them in ambuscade; but they returned not home again, for the illustrious Bellerophon slew them all. But when at last he perceived him to be the mighty offspring of a god, he detained him there, and gave him his own daughter, and presented him with the  
 195 half of all his royal honour<sup>1</sup>; and moreover the Lycians cut out for him an estate<sup>2</sup> excelling the rest, suited<sup>3</sup> for the produce of vines, and for ploughing, that he might cultivate it. And she bore three children to the brave Bellerophon, Isandrus, and Hippolochus, and Laodameia—(with Laodameia wise Jupiter lay, and she bore  
 200 him the godlike, brazen-mailed Sarpedon). But, when at last even he was hated by all the gods, then he roamed alone through the Aleïan plain, consuming<sup>4</sup> his own soul, and avoiding the track of men. But Mars, insatiable of war, slew his son Isandrus, when fighting against the noble  
 205 Solymi; and the golden-reined Diana, enraged, slew his daughter (*Laodameia*). But Hippolochus begat me, and from him do I say that I am sprung. And he sent me to Troy, and gave me many charges to be ever brave, and to

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* divided the kingdom with him.<sup>2</sup> Beautiful, or good.<sup>3</sup> *τεμερος*.<sup>4</sup> Eating up.



be superior to others, nor to disgrace the family of my fathers, who were by far the bravest both in Ephyra and in broad Lycia. Of this family and blood do I boast that I am."

Thus he spake, and brave Diomedes was delighted. His spear he stuck in the bounteous earth, and addressed the shepherd of the people in words of peace<sup>1</sup>.

"Then thou art indeed my old paternal guest<sup>2</sup>, for the noble Ceneus once feasted in his halls the illustrious Bellerophon, and retained him for twenty days. And they gave each other handsome friendship-gifts; Ceneus gave a bright red belt, and Bellerophon a golden double cup, which, when I came away, I left in my house. But I do not remember Tydeus, for he left me yet a child, when he perished with the army of the Achæans at Thebes. Now therefore I am an host *and* friend to thee in the midst of Argos, and thou *to me* in Lycia, when I go to the nation of the *Lycians*; and let us also avoid each other with our spears in the field. There are many Trojans and noble allies for me to slay, whomsoever a god may present, or I overtake with my feet, and there are, again, many Achæans for thee to slaughter whomsoever thou art able. And we will exchange armour with each other, that these also may know that we boast ourselves to be paternal friends<sup>3</sup>."

Thus saying, *and* leaping from their cars, they seized each other's hands, and gave the pledge of faith. And then Jove, the son of Saturn, took away from Glaucus his senses<sup>4</sup>, who exchanged his armour with Diomedes, son of Tydeus, golden for brazen, what was worth one hundred oxen, for what was worth nine oxen.

Now when Hector came to the Scæan gates, and the beech tree, the wives and daughters of the Trojans ran round him, inquiring for children, and brothers, and friends, and husbands; and he then charged them to

<sup>1</sup> μελιχίους—words of honey—kind and friendly.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. hereditary friend.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. that our fathers were friends.

<sup>4</sup> φρενας.



supplicate the gods all in procession <sup>1</sup>, for evils hung over many.

But when at length he came to the splendid mansion of Priam, built with marble porticos—and in it were fifty chambers of polished stone, built close to one another.

245 There slept the sons of Priam beside their wedded wives. And within the court, on the other side, opposite, were his daughters' twelve ceiled chambers of polished stone, built close to each other, where the sons-in-law of Priam 250 slept beside their wedded wives—there his fond mother, while going <sup>2</sup> towards Laodice, the fairest of her daughters<sup>2</sup>, met him; and she clung to his hand, and addressed him, and said:

“ My son, why hast thou come, leaving the fierce battle? 255 Too surely now the accursed sons of the Achæans press you hard, fighting round the city; and thy soul has prompted thee to come <sup>4</sup> here, and lift up thy hands to Jove from the Acropolis. But stay, whilst I fetch thee sweet wine, that 260 thou mayst pour out a libation to father Jove and the other immortals first, and then refresh thyself, if thou wilt drink—for wine greatly increases the strength of a man weary, as thou art now weary with fighting for thy friends.”

And then the mighty helmed Hector replied: “ Bring not the sweet wine to me, my venerable mother, lest thou 265 unnerve me, and I lose <sup>5</sup> my strength and resolution. And I fear, with unwashed hands, to pour out the dark wine to Jove; nor is it *fit for me* to offer vows to the cloud-collecting son of Saturn, *thus* stained with blood and gore. But go thou to the temple of Minerva the despoiler<sup>6</sup> with 270 offerings<sup>7</sup>, assembling the matrons; and place upon the

<sup>1</sup> ἱξιας.

<sup>2</sup> εσαγοῦσα scil. ἑαυτην.

<sup>3</sup> The best of her daughters as to appearance—in person.

<sup>4</sup> Coming here to lift, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Forget—i. e. lose my vigour and resolution to exert. Just as *μνησασθα θουριδος αλκης* means to exert it.

<sup>6</sup> αγγελειας See Δ. 128.

<sup>7</sup> Incense, or libations, or both.

knees of the fair-haired Minerva the veil which is most elegant, and the largest in thy house, and far the most precious to thyself; and make a vow to sacrifice in her temple twelve oxen, of a year old, and never put to the yoke, if she will take pity upon the city, the wives, and children of the Trojans—if she will but repel from sacred Ilium the son of Tydeus, the fierce warrior, the terrible router of his foes. Go thou, then, to the temple of Minerva the despoiler; and I will go in quest of Paris, that I may call him, if he will choose to listen to my advice<sup>1</sup>. Oh that the earth would there gape for him; for the Olympian has bred him up a great mischief to the Trojans, and to noble Priam, and his sons. Could I but behold him descending to Hades, I might indeed think that my heart would forget its joyless misery.”

Thus he spake; and she, departing to her house, gave orders to the attendants; and they then assembled the matrons in the city. But she herself descended to the fragrant chamber, where were her robes of various embroidery, the works of the Sidonian women, whom the godlike Alexander himself brought from Sidon, sailing upon the wide sea, in that voyage in which he brought home Helen, descended from an illustrious father. One of these, which was the most beautiful for its decorations, and the largest, Hecuba taking up, carried as a gift to Minerva; and it shone like a star, and lay at the bottom of the rest. And she set out<sup>2</sup>, and many matrons followed.

But when they came to the temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis, the fair-cheeked Theano, daughter of Cisseus, and spouse of Antenor, tamer of horses, opened the gates for them; for the Trojans had made her priestess of Minerva. And they all, with a cry, raised their hands to Minerva; and then the beautiful Theano, taking the robe, placed it upon the knees of the fair-haired Minerva, and praying, supplicated the daughter of the mighty Jove:

<sup>1</sup> Hear me speaking—*i.e.* exhorting, or advising him to join the battle.

<sup>2</sup> She went to go.



305 “ Holy Minerva, guardian of the city, noblest of goddesses, break now the spear of Diomedes, and grant<sup>1</sup> that himself may fall headlong before the Scæan gates; that we may forthwith sacrifice to thee, in thy temple, twelve oxen, of a year old, and never put to the yoke, if thou  
310 wilt take pity upon the city, the wives, and the children of the Trojans<sup>2</sup>.”

Thus she spake, praying; but Pallas Minerva consented not. Thus then they prayed to the daughter of the mighty Jove; but Hector proceeded to the handsome mansion of Alexander, which he had himself built with  
315 men, who were at that time the best builders in fruitful Troy, who made for him a chamber<sup>3</sup>, a hall<sup>4</sup>, and a court<sup>5</sup>, near *those* of Priam and Hector, in the highest part of the city. There Hector, dear to Jove, entered; and in his hand he held a spear of eleven cubits' length. The brazen  
320 point of the spear shone before, and a golden ring went round it<sup>6</sup>. And he found him in the chamber, busy with his very beautiful armour, his shield, and corselet, and setting to rights his bent bow; and the Argive Helen sat among her female slaves, and was directing the noble  
325 works of her attendants. And Hector, on seeing him, reviled him with opprobrious words:

“ Ill-timed, Sir, dost thou foster this resentment of thy<sup>7</sup> soul. The people are perishing, fighting round the city and the lofty wall; and on thy account do the shout and the war rage round this city; and thou wouldst thyself quarrel<sup>8</sup> with

<sup>1</sup> And give himself to fall.

<sup>2</sup> In order that we at once now may sacrifice, &c.—if thou shouldst take pity, &c.

<sup>3</sup> The female apartment—where the wife spent her time, and the husband a part of his leisure.

<sup>4</sup> The hall—which served as a saloon, and eating room.

<sup>5</sup> αυλην—an open court, around which the apartments were built.

<sup>6</sup> It—i. e. the spear—the part where the point was joined to the shaft.

<sup>7</sup> Not well hast thou put this resentment in thy mind—a resentment excited by the readiness the Trojans had shown to abandon him.

<sup>8</sup> Fight—i. e. with words.



another if thou any where sawest him skulking from horrid 330  
battle. But up, lest the city soon blaze with hostile fire."

And him, in return, the godlike Alexander addressed:  
"Hector, as thou upbraidest me but as I deserve, and  
not unjustly<sup>1</sup>, therefore will I speak to thee; and do thou  
observe and hear me. Not so much through resentment 335  
or indignation against the Trojans sat I in my chamber,  
as that I wished to give way to my grief. And now my  
spouse, persuading me with gentle words, was urging me  
to war; and so to myself also it appears to be better;  
and victory comes to men by turns<sup>2</sup>. But come, now wait, 340  
I will put on my martial arms; or go, and I will follow;  
and I think I shall overtake thee."

Thus he spake, and the helmed Hector answered not.  
But Helen addressed him in soothing words:

"O brother-in-law of mine—mischievous woman<sup>3</sup>, and  
detestable that I am—would that on that day when my 345  
mother first bore me, some terrible storm of wind had borne  
me off to a mountain, or to the wave of the roaring sea,  
where the wave would have overwhelmed me, before these  
things had happened<sup>4</sup>. But as the gods thus doomed  
these evils, then would that I had been the spouse of a 350  
braver man—of one who regarded<sup>5</sup> the indignation and  
many opprobriums of men. But to this *man* there is<sup>6</sup>  
neither now, nor will there be hereafter a firm mind<sup>7</sup>;  
therefore I think he will reap the consequences. But  
come now, my brother, enter, and sit upon this seat, since 355  
on thy mind chiefly comes the toil<sup>8</sup> on account of grace-  
less<sup>9</sup> me, and Alexander's guilt, to whom Jove has

<sup>1</sup> According to justice, and not contrary, or beyond.

<sup>2</sup> Passes from one to another—*i. e.* though I have just been beaten, I may be the conqueror next time.

<sup>3</sup> Evil-planning dog.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* in modern phrase—and prevented these things.

<sup>5</sup> Knew—*i. e.* who could estimate the moral indignation of men, and had some feeling of shame.

<sup>6</sup> His mind, or senses are.

<sup>7</sup> Said with reference to the levity with which Paris had disregarded the censure of the Trojans.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* you have all the toil.

<sup>9</sup> Dog.

given an evil destiny, so that we shall be hereafter infamous in song among future generations<sup>1</sup>."

And then the mighty helmed Hector replied: "Do not  
360 bid me sit down, Helen, hospitable as thou art; nor shalt thou persuade me; for my soul urges me to succour the Trojans, who feel the want of me, in my absence. But urge thou this man, and let himself too make haste, that he  
365 may overtake me before I quit the town<sup>2</sup>; for I shall go to my house, that I may see my domestics, and my beloved wife, and my infant son; since I know not whether I shall any more come back to them, or whether the gods will now subdue me under the hands of the Achæans."

Thus having spoken, the helmed Hector departed, and  
370 immediately after he came to his well-placed<sup>3</sup> mansion, but found not the white-armed Andromache in the halls; for she had been standing upon the tower, with her child and well-veiled attendant<sup>4</sup>, weeping and lamenting. And Hector, when he found not his excellent wife within,  
375 going to the threshold, he stopped, and said to the domestics:

"Tell me, maidens, true<sup>5</sup>. Whither is the white-armed Andromache gone from the house? Is she gone to any of the sisters of her husband, or the well-veiled wives of his brothers, or to the temple of Minerva, where  
380 the other fair-haired Trojan women are supplicating the awful goddess?"

Then the notable housekeeper<sup>6</sup> said in return: "Hector, as thou bidst us tell the truth, she is gone neither to any of the sisters of her husband, nor to the well-veiled wives of his brothers, nor to the temple of Minerva, where  
385 the other fair-haired Trojan women supplicate the awful goddess; but she is gone to the high wall of Ilium, because she heard that the Trojans were hard pressed, and that the might of the Achæans was great. She went indeed to

<sup>1</sup> Be sung of by future men—men to be.      <sup>2</sup> Being yet within the town.

<sup>3</sup> *παρταύρας*—applies to the position, as below, 415, &c. in B. 626, &c.

<sup>4</sup> The nurse.

<sup>5</sup> True things.

<sup>6</sup> Dispenser.



the wall, hastening like a mad woman, and the nurse carries the boy along with her."

The female housekeeper said; and Hector rushed from 390 the house, the same way back, through the well-built streets. And when, passing through the great city, he came to the Scaean gates, (for that way he must go out to the plain,) there his rich-dowered wife came running to meet him, Andromache, the daughter of the noble 395 Eëtion—Eëtion who dwelt at the foot of woody Placus, in Hypoplacian Thebe, governing Cilician men. His daughter was wedded<sup>1</sup> to the brazen-mailed Hector. She then met him, and with her went an attendant, holding in her bosom her tender child, quite an infant, the beloved 400 son of Hector, like a beautiful star. Him Hector called Scamandrius, but others Astyanax: for Hector alone defended Ilium. Then looking at his son in silence, he smiled; and Andromache stood beside him, weeping; and 405 she clung to his hand, addressed him, and said:

"Thy<sup>2</sup> valour will destroy thee; nor dost thou pity thine infant, nor me, miserable, who will soon be thy widow; for soon will Achæans slay thee, all attacking thee; and it will be better for me, *when* deprived of thee, 410 to go under the earth; for there will no longer be other comfort, when thou art dead<sup>3</sup>, but sorrows. Nor have I father or venerable mother; for in truth the noble Achilles slew my father, and sacked the well-situated city of the 415 Cilicians, Thebe, of the lofty gates. Eëtion he slew, but stripped not, because he had a religious fear of this in his mind<sup>4</sup>; but he burned him, with his beautiful armour, and heaped over him a mound; and the nymphs, the Oreades, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, planted elms around it. And 420 in his halls were seven brothers of mine, who all went on the same day to Hades; for the noble Achilles, swift of

<sup>1</sup> Was had by Hector.

<sup>2</sup> Δαίμονι.

<sup>3</sup> When thou hast departed to death.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* he forebore, from fear of drawing on himself the vengeance of the gods for such indignity—as, in 167 of this book, the same phrase expresses Prætus's fear of incurring the like vengeance, should he kill Bellerophon with his own hands.



foot, slew them all among their slow-footed oxen and white  
 425 sheep. And my mother, who had been a queen, at the  
 foot of woody Placus, after he had led her away with the  
 other spoils, he again set at liberty, receiving an immense  
 ransom; but Diana, delighting in arrows, shot her in the  
 halls of my father<sup>1</sup>. But thou, Hector, art a father, a  
 430 venerable mother, and a brother to me, and thou art my  
 youthful husband: therefore come now, have pity upon  
 me, and remain here in the tower, nor render thy son an  
 orphan, and thy wife a widow. And station the army by the  
 wild fig-tree, where the town is easiest of approach<sup>2</sup>, and  
 435 the wall is assailable; for three times, the chiefs advancing,  
 have attempted it in this quarter, the two Ajaxes<sup>3</sup>, and the  
 famous Idomeneus, and the sons of Atreus, and the brave  
 son of Tydeus—either some one well skilled in augury has  
 advised them, or their own mind impels and directs them.”  
 440 And her the mighty helmed Hector addressed in re-  
 turn: “All these things too are my care, wife; but I  
 should be very much ashamed<sup>4</sup> to look at the Trojans and  
 long-robed<sup>5</sup> Trojan women, if, like a coward, I shrunk from  
 battle—nor does my soul *thus* prompt me, for I have  
 445 learned to be always brave, and to fight amongst the  
 foremost Trojans, in vindicating the great glory of my  
 father and my own<sup>6</sup>. But this I well know in my mind  
 and in my soul<sup>7</sup>, *that* the day will come when sacred  
 Ilium will perish, and Priam and the people of Priam, of  
 450 the good ashen spear; yet the sorrows of the Trojans  
 hereafter are not so much a matter of concern to me,  
 nor Hecuba’s herself, nor king Priam’s, nor my brothers’,  
 who, many and brave, shall fall in the dust beneath their  
 enemies, as thine, when some of the mailed Achæans shall  
 455 carry thee away, weeping, depriving thee of liberty<sup>8</sup>; and

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to be expressive of sudden death—or of death by inflam-  
 matory fevers.

<sup>2</sup> Of ascent.

<sup>3</sup> Those about the two Ajaxes, &c.

<sup>4</sup> αἰδέσθαι.

<sup>5</sup> Dragging long robes—*i. e.* with long trains.

<sup>6</sup> Supporting the great glory of my father, and my own of myself.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* I am sure of—as if convinced by knowledge and feeling.

<sup>8</sup> Taking away thy free day.

when, being in Argos, *thou shalt* weave a web for another, and carry water from the *fountain* of Messeïs or Hypereia, much against thy will, but strong necessity will lie on thee; and some one say, beholding thee shedding tears, 'That is the wife of Hector, who was the best of the Trojan chiefs in fighting, when they fought round Troy.' Thus some one will say, and thy grief will be renewed, from the want of such an husband to deliver thee from slavery<sup>1</sup>. But may the piled up earth cover me, dead, before I hear of thy cry or thy captivity." 465

Thus saying, the illustrious Hector held out his hands to his son, but the child, screaming, shrunk back to the bosom of his well-girdled nurse, alarmed at the aspect of the fond father, fearing the brazen armour, and the horse-hair crest, seeing it nodding terribly from the summit of the helmet; and the fond father and noble mother smiled. Forthwith from his head the illustrious Hector took the helmet, and laid it shining upon the ground; and when he had kissed his loved child, and dandled him in his arms, praying to Jove and the other gods, he said: 470

"Jove, and ye other gods, grant that this my son also may become distinguished among the Trojans, as I have been; *that he may be thus brave*<sup>2</sup>, and may powerfully govern Ilium; and may some one say of him, returning from battle—'He is much mightier than his father;' and, slaying his enemy, let him bring the bloody spoils, and gladden the heart of his mother." 480

Thus speaking, he placed his child in the arms of his beloved wife; and she received him in her fragrant bosom, smiling<sup>3</sup> through her tears; and her husband observing, pitied her, and caressed her in his arms, and addressed her, and said: 485

"Be not too much afflicted in thy mind for me, love; for no man, before my fate<sup>4</sup>, will send me to Hades.

<sup>1</sup> Servile day—as in line 455, *ελευθερον ημαρ*, free day—i. e. *ημαρ* expresses the state or condition in which a person passes his *day*, or time.

<sup>2</sup> Thus good in might.

<sup>3</sup> Tearfully smiling.

<sup>4</sup> *ὑπὲρ αἰσαν*.



And no man, either the coward or the brave, I think, can  
 490 ever escape death, who has first been born<sup>1</sup>. But go to  
 the house, and attend to thy employments, the loom and  
 the wheel, and order thy attendants to perform their work;  
 whilst war shall be the care of all the men who are born in  
 Troy, and especially of me."

Thus having spoken, the illustrious Hector took up his  
 495 helmet, crested with horse-hair; and his beloved wife,  
 looking back, departed home, shedding abundant tears;  
 but soon after she reached the well-placed house of Hec-  
 tor, slayer of men, and found her numerous handmaids  
 within, and excited lamentation among them all. And  
 they lamented Hector in his house, though still alive; for  
 500 they thought that he never would return again from war,  
 escaping the might and hands of the Achæans.

Nor did Paris loiter in his lofty mansion, but when he  
 had put on his noble brazen armour, he hastened through  
 505 the city, trusting to his swift feet. And as when some  
 stabled horse, fed on barley at the stall, breaking his  
 halter, runs over the plain, beating the earth with his  
 feet, (accustomed to wash himself in the fair-flowing river,)  
 exulting; and he carries his head on high, and his mane  
 510 wantons upon his shoulders; and, proud of his beauty, his  
 limbs soon bear him to the haunts and pastures of the  
 mares; so Paris, son of Priam, down from the high Per-  
 gamus, glittering in armour like the sun, ran exulting, and  
 his swift feet bore him along. And immediately after he  
 515 overtook his noble brother Hector, when he was just  
 going to turn from the place where he had conversed with his  
 wife.—Him the godlike Alexander first addressed: "My  
 revered *brother*, in truth, I am keeping thee, though in  
 haste, with my delay<sup>2</sup>, and have not come at the right  
 time<sup>3</sup>, as thou didst bid me."

520 But the helmed Hector answering him, said: "My good  
*brother*, no man, who is just, will find fault with thy

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* all who are born must die.

<sup>2</sup> Delaying.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* at the time it became him—with sufficient speed.



conduct in battle, since thou art brave: but thou too readily neglectest<sup>1</sup> *the battle*, and art unwilling to *encounter it*; and my heart is grieved, when I hear the infamies charged on thee by the Trojans, who suffer much toil for 525 thy sake. But let us go, and we will settle these matters hereafter, if Jove ever grant that we raise in our halls the free<sup>2</sup> goblet to the everlasting heavenly gods, after having driven the well-armed Achæans from Troy."

<sup>1</sup> μεθυσας—Δ. 240.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. when we are freed from all apprehension—when we are victorious, and the war at an end.

END OF ILIAD VI.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK VII.

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ARGUMENT.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

THUS saying, the illustrious Hector rushed from the gates, and with him went his brother Alexander; and both were eager in their minds to join in the war and the battle. And as when a god gives a breeze to sailors, longing for it, when  
5 they are weary with agitating the deep<sup>1</sup> with their smooth oars, and their limbs are relaxed with toil; so indeed appeared these two to the Trojans, desiring them. Then they slew, the one<sup>2</sup>, Menesthius, the son of king Areithoüs, dwelling at Arna, whom the club-bearing Areithoüs and the fair<sup>3</sup>  
10 Philomedusa produced; and Hector struck Eioneus with his sharp spear upon the neck, under the brazen<sup>4</sup> helmet, and slew him<sup>5</sup>. And Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycian warriors, smote with his spear, in the  
15 sharp battle, Iphinoüs, the son of Dexias, upon the shoulder, as he was springing into his car<sup>6</sup>; and he fell from his horses to the ground, and his limbs were relaxed.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in a calm.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander.

<sup>3</sup> *βοωπις*.

<sup>4</sup> *ευχαλκον*—expressive of the beauty of the decoration or workmanship.

<sup>5</sup> Relaxed his limbs.

<sup>6</sup> On his horses.

But when the blue-eyed goddess Minerva observed the Argives perishing in the fierce battle, she descended in haste from the summits of Olympus to sacred Ilion: and 20 Apollo, beholding her from Pergamus, speeded to meet her, for he desired victory for the Trojans. These met each other by the beech tree, and the king Apollo, the son of Jove, first addressed her:

"Why, daughter of mighty Jove, hast thou come from Olympus, again excited, and what does thy great spirit 25 prompt thee to? Is it that thou mayst give Victory<sup>1</sup> an auxiliary to the battle of the Danaans? Since thou never pitiest the perishing Trojans. But if thou wilt be advised by me, which I think will be much better; let us now stop the war and the conflict for to-day. Another time 30 they shall fight again, till they accomplish the destruction<sup>2</sup> of Ilium; since it is thus agreeable to the minds of you immortals to destroy this city."

And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed him in return: "So let it be, far-darter; for I myself also, meditating the same things, came from Olympus to the Trojans and Achæans. But come, how dost thou purpose to stop 35 the battle of heroes?"

And to her king Apollo, son of Jove, replied: "Let us stir up the bold spirit of Hector, tamer of horses, that alone he may challenge one of the Danaans singly to fight against 40 him in fierce combat; and the brazen-greaved Achæans, indignant, urge some one alone to fight the noble Hector."

Thus he spake, and the blue-eyed goddess Minerva did not refuse. And Helenus, the dear son of Priam, gathered up in his mind their purpose, that<sup>3</sup> which seemed good to 45 the gods deliberating; and approaching, he stood beside Hector, and addressed him in *this* speech:

"Hector, son of Priam, equal in counsel to Jove, wilt thou be advised by me?—I am thy brother. Make all the

<sup>1</sup> Victory is here personified. *ἑτεράλκῃς* is whatever lends help to another—an efficient auxiliary.

<sup>2</sup> Find an end of Ilion.

<sup>3</sup> ἡ ῥα.



rest of the Trojans and the Achæans sit down, and do  
 50 thou thyself challenge of the Achæans the bravest<sup>1</sup> to fight  
 with thee in dreadful combat; for<sup>2</sup> not yet is it thy destiny  
 to die and fulfil thy fate; for thus have I heard<sup>3</sup> the voice  
 of the everlasting gods."

Thus he spake, and Hector was greatly rejoiced, hearing  
 55 the proposal; and advancing into the midst, he kept back  
 the phalanxes of the Trojans, holding his spear in the mid-  
 dle, and they all fell back<sup>4</sup>; and Agamemnon also made the  
 well-armed Achæans sit down. And Minerva meanwhile,  
 and the silver-bowed Apollo, like vultures<sup>5</sup>, sat down upon  
 60 the lofty beech of father Jove, the ægis-bearer, delighted  
 with the men—for their dense ranks sat down, bristling with  
 shields, and helmets, and spears. And as a ripple spreads  
 on the sea, when the zephyr first rises, and the sea darkens  
 65 under it<sup>6</sup>; so sat the ranks of the Achæans and Trojans  
 upon the plain; and Hector, between both, said:

"Hear me, ye Trojans and well-armed Achæans, that I  
 may speak what my soul in my bosom prompts. The son  
 of Saturn, who sitteth aloft, has not fulfilled our compact,  
 70 but meditating evils, he destines them for both, till either  
 ye take the well-towered Troy, or yourselves fall beside  
 your sea-faring ships. There are among you the bravest of  
 all the Achæans—of all these, let him whose spirit now  
 75 prompts to fight with me come hither, to be the champion  
 against noble Hector. And thus do I propose, and let  
 Jove be a witness between us: if he shall slay me with his  
 long-pointed spear, then, stripping off my armour, let him  
 bear it to the hollow ships; but let him restore my body  
 80 home, that the Trojans and wives of the Trojans may con-

<sup>1</sup> Whoever of the Achæans is bravest.

<sup>2</sup> For fate is not to thee to die, and fall upon destruction.

<sup>3</sup> In line 44 he collected—it appears not *how*—the mind of the gods. Here he is said to *hear*, which probably conveys no more than to *understand*; and must be taken in consistency with the former phraseology.

<sup>4</sup> Made to sit—*i. e.* to be quiet—to suspend the combat.

<sup>5</sup> Like to vulture birds.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* under the ripple.

sume my dead body with fire<sup>1</sup>. But if I shall slay him, and Apollo give me glory, stripping off his arms, I will bear them to sacred Ilium, and suspend them in the temple of the far-darting Apollo, and his body I will restore to the well-benched ships, that the long-haired Achæans may perform his exequies, and pile up for him a tomb beside the wide Hellespont. And hereafter even among future generations<sup>2</sup> will they say, when sailing in a many-benched ship upon the dark sea: 'This is the tomb of an hero slain long ago, whom, though the bravest<sup>3</sup>, the illustrious Hector once killed.' Thus they<sup>4</sup> will say, and my glory will never perish." 85 90

Thus he spake, and all became silent. They were ashamed indeed to decline *the challenge*, but they were afraid to accept it. But at last Menelaus started up, and spoke among them, tauntingly upbraiding them<sup>5</sup>, and was greatly excited<sup>6</sup>: 95

"Oh! boasters, Achæan women, no longer Achæan men, surely this will be a stain most miserable<sup>7</sup>, if no one of the Danaans shall go against Hector. But be ye all earth and water, sitting here, each heartless, thus inglorious; and I will myself arm against him; for victory<sup>8</sup> is with the immortal gods above." 100

Thus having spoken, he braced on his bright armour. Then, Menelaus, would the end of life have come to thee, by the hands of Hector, since he was much more powerful, had not the kings of the Achæans, starting up, restrained thee: and the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, himself took him by the right hand, and addressed him, and said: 105

"Thou art foolish, heaven-protected Menelaus; and there

<sup>1</sup> May give me dead the portion of fire.

<sup>2</sup> Of men to be after.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. of the Achæans.

<sup>4</sup> *τις*—indefinitely.

<sup>5</sup> Reviling with a taunt.

<sup>6</sup> Groaned much in spirit.

<sup>7</sup> Surely these things will be grievously a disgrace from grief.

<sup>8</sup> The ends of victory—the effects or results of it.



110 is there any occasion for this folly of thine. But restrain thyself, vexed though thou art; nor desire, from anger, to fight with a man mightier than thyself, with Hector, the son of Priam, whom even others dread; for even Achilles, who is much more valiant than thou, shudders to meet this  
 115 man in glorious battle. But do thou now sit down, going to the troop of thy comrades, and the Achæans will stir up another champion for him. Intrepid although he be, and though he is insatiable of battle, I think he will willingly bend his knee if he escape from glowing war and fierce battle<sup>1</sup>."

120 Thus saying, he, the hero, bent the mind of his brother, advising what was right, and he obeyed; and immediately his joyful attendants stripped the armour from his shoulders. But Nestor arose among the Argives and said:

"Ye gods, a deep disgrace is indeed come upon the  
 125 Achæan land. The old equestrian man Peleus, the good counsellor and adviser of the Myrmidons will indeed lament—he who was once delighted in his house, interrogating me, and inquiring into the race and parentage of all the Argives—if he shall hear that these are all now  
 130 paralysed by Hector, he will lift up his hands to the immortals, *and pray* that his soul may descend from his limbs to the mansion of Pluto. O father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, that I were young, as once when the assembled Pylians and Arcadians, skilled in the spear,  
 135 fought by the rapid Celadon at the walls of Phœa, by the streams of Jardanus. Among them foremost stood Ereuthalion, a godlike man, having upon his shoulders the arms of king Areïthous—the noble Areïthous, on whom men and well-girded women bestowed the surname of Cory-  
 140 netes<sup>2</sup>, because he fought neither with bow nor long spear, but broke phalanxes with an iron mace<sup>3</sup>. Him Lycurgus

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* sit down for very weariness.

<sup>2</sup> Whom men and well-girded women called by surname.

<sup>3</sup> κορυνη.



slew by guile, and not by force, in a narrow passage, where<sup>1</sup> his iron mace availed not to repel destruction from him; for Lycurgus, anticipating him, pierced him through his body 145 with a spear; and Ereuthalion fell prone to the soil; and he plundered him of the arms, which brazen Mars had given to him, and afterwards wore them himself in war<sup>2</sup>. But when Lycurgus had grown old in his halls, he gave them to be worn by Ereuthalion, his beloved servant; who then 150 possessing his armour, challenged all the bravest; and they trembled and were much afraid, and no one dared to *accept the challenge*. Then my bold spirit with its own confidence urged me to fight; although I was the youngest of all. And I fought with him, and Minerva gave me glory. Him then the greatest and the mightiest man I slew; for he 155 lay, vast, extended on all sides<sup>3</sup>. Would that I were thus young, and that my strength was entire; then the helmed Hector soon should have somebody to fight with him<sup>4</sup>. But of you, who are the bravest of all the Achæans, none 160 dare to go against Hector<sup>5</sup>."

Thus the old man upbraided them; and full nine started up<sup>6</sup>. By far the first rose Agamemnon, king of men; and after him the gallant Diomedes arose, the son of Tydeus; and after them the Ajaxes, men of vigorous force; and after them Idomeneus, and Meriones, the comrade of 165 Idomeneus, equal to Mars, the slayer of men; and after them Eurypylus, the renowned son of Evæmon; and Thoas, the son of Andræmon, rose, and the noble Ulysses. All these then wished to fight with noble Hector, and 170 Nestor, the Gerenian chief, addressed them:

"Now shake all of you for the lot to see which shall obtain it; for he will do good service to the well-armed

<sup>1</sup> ὅθ' ἀπα—where *that is*—pointing out the cause of the impediment.

<sup>2</sup> In the battle of Mars.

<sup>3</sup> Here and here—jacuit immensus.

<sup>4</sup> μάχης—i. e. μαχέσσομενον—he should soon encounter one to fight with him—a battle.

<sup>5</sup> Not with alacrity are you ready to go.

<sup>6</sup> Nine in all—as many as nine.

Achæans, and will himself delight his own soul, if he escape from glowing war and fierce battle."

175 Thus he spake, and they marked each his own lot, and threw them into the helmet of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. And the people prayed, and lifted up their hands to the gods, and thus said they, looking to the wide heaven:

"O father Jove, choose<sup>1</sup> either Ajax, or the son of Tydeus, or the king of rich Mycene himself."

Thus then they spake; and Nestor, the Gerenean chief, shook; and from the helmet sprang, what themselves wished, the lot of Ajax; and an herald carrying it along the line<sup>2</sup>, showed it to all the bravest of the Achæans, beginning 185 from the right, and they not knowing it disclaimed it, each of them. But when at last, carrying it along the line, he came to him, the illustrious Ajax, who had inscribed, and thrown it into the helmet, *Ajax* stretched out his hand<sup>3</sup>, and the *herald* placed it in it, standing near; and beholding the mark of the lot, he recognized it, and was delighted 190 in his soul. And he cast it upon the ground, at his foot, and said:

"My friends, the lot is indeed mine, and I myself rejoice in my soul; for I think that I shall conquer noble Hector. But come, whilst I put on my war-armour, pray ye to king Jove, the son of Saturn, in silence with your- 195 selves, that the Trojans in particular<sup>4</sup> may not hear—or even aloud, since we by no means fear any one; for no one at pleasure will make me fly in spite of me, by force, nor through *my own* unskilfulness, since I do hope I was not born and bred at Salamis so ignorant of arms<sup>5</sup>."

200 Thus he spake; and they prayed to king Jove, the son of Saturn, and thus said they<sup>6</sup>, looking to the wide heaven:

"O father Jove, governing from Ida, most glorious, most mighty, grant to Ajax to obtain victory and glo-

<sup>1</sup> λαχων scil. ὅς.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the nine in succession.

<sup>3</sup> To take and examine it.

<sup>4</sup> γε.

<sup>5</sup> νηῖδα, scil. ἀθλων, Odyss. θ. 179.

<sup>6</sup> τες.



rious renown; but if thou lovest Hector also, and carest 205  
for him, bestow equal force and glory upon both."

Thus they spake; and Ajax armed himself in splendid  
brass. And when he had put all his armour upon his  
body, then with haste he stept forth, as walks the mighty  
Mars, who goes to battle against the men, whom the son  
of Saturn incites to fight, with the force of life-destroying 210  
contention. Such then advanced the mighty Ajax, the bul-  
wark of the Achæans, with a smile upon his stern features<sup>1</sup>,  
and walked upon his feet below him, taking huge<sup>2</sup> strides,  
and brandishing a long spear. And the Argives beholding  
him were greatly delighted; while strong terror took the 215  
limbs of each of the Trojans<sup>3</sup>, and the heart of Hector  
himself beat within his bosom; but it was no longer in  
his power to retreat<sup>4</sup>, nor escape into the ranks of the  
army, since he had challenged to the combat. And Ajax  
came near, bearing, like a tower, his brazen shield, made  
of seven bulls' hides, which Tychius toiled to form<sup>5</sup> for 220  
him, by far the best maker of shields, dwelling in his  
house at Hyla. He formed the varied shield, made of the  
hides of seven fat bulls<sup>6</sup>, and plated it, for an eighth fold,  
with brass<sup>7</sup>. Bearing this before his breast, the Telamonian  
Ajax stood very near to Hector, and boasting, said: 225

"Hector, now shalt thou soon clearly know, man to  
man<sup>8</sup>, what chiefs there are among the Danaans, besides  
the lion-souled Achilles, the breaker of ranks. He indeed  
abides at his high-beaked sea-crossing ships, indignant with 230  
Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people; still we, such as  
are able to encounter thee<sup>9</sup>, are e'en many: but begin the  
battle and the war<sup>10</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> Smiling with his terrible countenance.

<sup>2</sup> Stepping long.

<sup>3</sup> But fearful trembling came upon the Trojans, each as to his limbs.

<sup>4</sup> He no longer had it to fear.

<sup>5</sup> Which Tychius labouring made.

<sup>6</sup> Of seven bulls' hides—of fat bulls.

<sup>7</sup> And laid on an eighth brass.

<sup>8</sup> Single to single—thou alone to me alone.

<sup>9</sup> Such who can encounter thee, &c.

<sup>10</sup> Battle and war—a case of hendyades, rather than of tautology—instead  
of battle of war—i. e. contrasted with one of words.



And him then the mighty helmed Hector addressed:  
 "Godlike Ajax, son of Telamon, prince of the people,  
 235 treat me not like a puny boy, or a woman, who knows  
 not martial deeds; for I am well acquainted with battle,  
 and the slaughter of men. I know how to turn my  
 shield to the right and to the left, so that I<sup>1</sup> can fight long  
 240 without exhaustion<sup>2</sup>; I know how to contend in standing  
 battle<sup>3</sup>; and I know how to rush into battle in the rapid car.  
 But I wish not to strike thee, such<sup>4</sup> as thou art, stealthily  
 watching *an opportunity*, but openly, if I can do it."

He said, and shaking it, hurled his long spear, and struck  
 245 the huge shield of Ajax, made of seven bulls' hides, upon  
 the brass, on the outside plate, which was the eighth upon  
 it. And the unwearied spear went through six folds, divid-  
 ing them, but was stopped in the seventh hide. Next Ajax,  
 250 Jove-sprung, threw his long spear, and struck the round shield  
 of the son of Priam. The forceful spear went through the  
 shining shield, and transfixed the curiously-wrought corselet,  
 and the spear cut the tunic right through at the flank; but  
 he swerved, and escaped black death. Now both at the  
 255 same time dragging out their long spears with their hands,  
 rushed together, like flesh-devouring lions or wild boars,  
 whose strength is not feeble. Then the son of Priam smote  
 the middle of Ajax's shield with his spear, but split not  
 260 the brass, for his point bent. But Ajax, leaping upon him,  
 thrust at his shield, and the spear went quite through, and  
 rolled him back, as he was rushing on, for it came with the  
 point upon the neck; and the black blood gushed forth.  
 But not thus did the helmed Hector desist from battle; for  
 stepping back, he seized in his strong hand a stone lying  
 265 upon the ground, black and rough and huge, with which  
 he struck the strong shield of Ajax, made of seven bulls'  
 hides, in the middle of the boss, and the brass rang again.

<sup>1</sup> On which account there is, to me, &c. He could use the shield on either arm.

<sup>2</sup> *ταλανρινον*.

<sup>3</sup> *sc. νσμινγ*.—I know in standing fight how to dance to fierce Mars.

<sup>4</sup> Being such.

Ajax next, lifting a much larger stone, whirling it, threw it, and impelled it with prodigious strength, and quite shattered his shield, striking it with the rock like a mill-stone. And his knees failed him, and Hector was stretched supine, encumbered by his shield; but Apollo forthwith set him upright again. And now hand to hand would they have struck each other with their swords, had not the heralds, the messengers of Jove<sup>1</sup> and of men, come up, 270 one of the Trojans, another of the brazen-armed Achæans, Talthylus and Idæus, both discreet men; and they held their sceptres between them both, and the herald Idæus, skilled in prudent counsels<sup>2</sup>, thus spake:

“No longer, good lads<sup>3</sup>, contend nor fight, for the cloud-collecting Jove loves both of you, and ye are both warriors 280—that now we all know. But night is now at hand, and it is good to obey night<sup>4</sup>.”

But the Telamonian Ajax, answering him, said: “Idæus, bid Hector speak to these things<sup>5</sup>, for himself challenged all the bravest to combat. Let him begin, and I will com- 285 ply if he will.”

And him then the mighty helmed Hector addressed: “Ajax, since a god hath given thee might, and strength, and prudence, and thou art the ablest of the Achæans with the spear, let us now, for to-day, cease from battle and 290 contention. Another time we will fight again, till fate separate us, and give victory to one or the other. But night is now at hand, and it is good to obey night—that thou mayst cheer all the Achæans at the ships, especially thy friends and the comrades whom thou hast<sup>6</sup>, and I 295 cheer the Trojans and long-robed Trojan women in the vast city of king Priam, who have entered the heavenly shrine praying for me<sup>7</sup>. And come, let us both give noble

<sup>1</sup> As if their authority was derived from Jove—like that of kings.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* intelligent—or rather discreet persons, who did not go beyond their warrant.

<sup>3</sup> A proverbial expression.

<sup>4</sup> The heralds were of course *elderly* men.

<sup>5</sup> Who may be to thee.

<sup>6</sup> To propose these things.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the procession of Hecuba and the Trojan ladies, Z. 296, &c.



300 gifts to each other, that Achæans<sup>1</sup> and Trojans may thus say—they fought indeed in deadly strife, and then, reconciled, they separated in friendship.”

Thus then having spoken, he gave his silver-hilted sword, 305 presenting it with the sheath and well-made belt; and Ajax gave a scarlet<sup>2</sup> baldrick.

Then they separating, the one went to the people of the Achæans, and the other went to the crowd of Trojans; and they were delighted when they saw him alive and approaching unhurt, having escaped the might and invincible hands of Ajax, and they led him to the city, not hoping that he would be safe<sup>3</sup>. On the other hand the well-armed Achæans conducted Ajax, joyful with victory, to the noble Agamemnon. And when now they were in the tents of Atrides, the king of men, Agamemnon sacrificed for them an ox, a male, five years old, to the almighty son of Saturn. This they skinned and prepared<sup>4</sup>, and cut it all up into quarters, and then skilfully separated them into small pieces, and pierced them with spits, and carefully dressed them, and drew them all off again. Then when they had ceased from labour and prepared the feast, they feasted, nor were their appetites without a due share of the feast<sup>5</sup>. But the hero, the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, honoured Ajax with the whole loins<sup>6</sup>. Then when they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, the aged Nestor, whose 325 advice also had before appeared best, first began to suggest a plan. He harangued them wisely, and said:

“Atrides, and ye other chiefs of all the Achæans, as many long-haired Achæans are dead, whose dark blood

<sup>1</sup> τῆς Ἀχαιῶν, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Shining with scarlet.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. who had despaired of his safety.

<sup>4</sup> Were busy about it—probably washing the carcase—removing the blood, &c.

<sup>5</sup> δαιτός εἶσθης.

<sup>6</sup> The *νωτον* is the part between the shoulders; Ajax's portion was what a butcher would call the fore-loins—the ribs. The extraordinary share enabled him to compliment his friends.



cruel Mars hath now spilt by the fair-flowing Scamander, 330  
 and whose souls have descended to Hades, therefore it is  
 proper that the war of the Achæans cease with the morn-  
 ing; and we, assembled, wheel hither the bodies with oxen  
 and mules; and burn them at a little distance from the  
 ships, that each may carry home the bones to the children, 335  
 when we again return to our native land—and, raising it,  
 pile up on the plain one common tomb around the funeral  
 pyre, and close to it let us quickly build lofty towers<sup>1</sup>, to  
 be a defence for the ships and for ourselves. And in 340  
 them let us make gates well fitted, that through them there  
 may be a pass for the cars and horses; and close to them  
 let us dig a deep ditch outside, which, extending to each  
 end<sup>2</sup>, will keep off horses and men, that the war of the  
 haughty Trojans may not overwhelm us."

Thus he spake, and all the kings approved. In the  
 mean time there was, in the Acropolis of Ilium, an 345  
 assembly of Trojans, fierce and noisy, by the gates  
 of Priam; and the prudent Antenor began to harangue  
 them:

"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, whilst I  
 speak what my soul within my bosom prompts. Come  
 then, let us restore Argive Helen, and her possessions 350  
 with her, to the Atreidæ, to carry off; for now we fight,  
 having violated our oaths of compacts; wherefore I have  
 no hope that any more good will be done by us, unless  
 we act thus<sup>3</sup>."

He indeed, thus speaking, sat down, but the noble  
 Alexander arose among them, the husband of the fair- 355  
 haired Helen; and he, answering him, uttered *these* winged  
 words:

"Antenor, thou no longer speakest what is agreeable

<sup>1</sup> Or rather, one wall, with turrets at intervals. See lines 436, 7.

<sup>2</sup> ἀμφεῖς is more frequently used for *at each end of a thing*, than for *all round*. The wall and the ditch extended from one point of the shore to another, like a crescent, which enclosed within its concavity the huts and ships.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* as he advises.

to me<sup>1</sup>. Thou mightest have known how to invent another speech, better than this. But if indeed thou  
 360 sayst this seriously, then indeed the gods themselves have taken from thee thy senses. But I will address the Trojans, tamers of horses; and I say the very reverse—I will not restore the lady; but all the treasures, as many as I brought from Argos to our house I am willing to restore, and to add even others of my own<sup>2</sup>.”

Then he thus speaking, sat down: and among them  
 365 arose Priam, the son of Dardanus, a counsellor equal to the gods, who harangued them with prudence, and said:

“Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, whilst I speak the things which my soul in my bosom bids me.  
 370 Take now your supper throughout the army, as heretofore, and be mindful of the watch, and keep awake, each of you. And in the morning let Idæus go to the hollow ships, to make<sup>3</sup> to the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, the proposal of Alexander, on whose account the contest first began. And also to make this prudent proposal<sup>4</sup>, that they will consent to desist from  
 375 horrid-sounding war, until we burn the dead—afterwards we will again fight till fate separate us, and give victory to one side or the other.”

Thus he spake; and they listened attentively to him, and obeyed. Then they took supper throughout the army  
 380 in companies; and in the morning Idæus repaired to the hollow ships. And he found the Danaans, the servants of Mars, in assembly at the stern of Agamemnon's ship; and the eloquent herald, standing in the midst, addressed them:

“Ye sons of Atreus, and other chiefs of all the  
 385 Achæans, Priam has ordered me, and with him the other noble Trojans, to make, if it be agreeable and desirable

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* you no longer talk to please me—you used to be wiser; but if you are serious, &c.

<sup>2</sup> From my house.

<sup>3</sup> Speak.

<sup>4</sup> Speak this prudent word.



to you, the proposal of Alexander, on account of whom the contest began. The treasures which Alexander brought with him to Troy in his hollow ships, (would that he first 390 had perished,) he is willing to restore them all, and even to add others of his own; but the young spouse of the noble Menelaus, he says, he will not restore—although the Trojans advise him. They also charged me to make this proposal—that you will consent to cease from horrid- 395 sounding battle, whilst we burn the dead: afterwards we will again fight, until fate separate us, and give victory to one side or other.”

Thus he spake, and they were all silent: but at length the gallant Diomedes addressed them:

“Let none now accept either the treasures of Alexander, 400 nor Helen; for it is manifest even to *him*, who is quite an infant, that final destruction<sup>1</sup> impends over the Trojans.”

Thus he spake, and all the sons of the Achæans shouted, admiring the speech of Diomedes, tamer of horses; and 405 then king Agamemnon addressed Idæus:

“Idæus, truly thou thyself hearest the speech of the Achæans, how they answer thee; and thus also does it please me. But with respect to burning the dead, I do not at all oppose their being burnt. For about dead car- cases, there is no reluctance with us, to give them the 410 benefit of fire, when once they are dead<sup>2</sup>. Let high-thundering Jove then, the husband of Juno, be witness<sup>3</sup> to the compact.”

Thus saying, he raised his sceptre to all the gods<sup>4</sup>; and Idæus went back to sacred Ilium. But the Trojans and Dardans sat in assembly, all collected, expecting when 415 Idæus should arrive; and he came and reported his mes- sage, standing in the midst. Then they got ready<sup>5</sup> for

<sup>1</sup> The ends of destruction.

<sup>2</sup> Agamemnon cares nothing about the disposal of the enemy's dead—his only concern is that they should die.

<sup>3</sup> Know.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* in attestation.

<sup>5</sup> Armed—*i. e.* provided themselves with carriages and implements.



both purposes very speedily, some to collect the dead, and others to go for wood<sup>1</sup>; and the Argives on the other side, 420 from the well-benched ships, bestirred themselves, some to collect the dead, and others to go for wood.

The sun was afterwards newly striking the fields, ascending the sky from the soft-flowing<sup>2</sup> deep ocean; and they met each other<sup>3</sup>. There it was difficult to distinguish<sup>4</sup> 425 each man; but washing the bloody gore from them with water, they placed them upon cars, shedding hot tears. Nor did the mighty Priam suffer the Trojans to weep<sup>5</sup>; but in silence they heaped the bodies upon the funeral pile, grieved in their hearts; and having burnt them with 430 fire, returned to sacred Ilium. In like manner on the other side, the well-armed Achæans heaped the bodies upon the funeral pile, grieved in their hearts; and having burnt them with fire, returned to the hollow ships.

And when it was not yet morning<sup>6</sup>, but still twilight<sup>7</sup>, then a chosen body of Achæans collected round the 435 funeral pyre; and around it they made one common tomb, raising it up on the plain; and close to it they built the wall<sup>8</sup> and the lofty towers, a protection for themselves and the ships. And in them they made gates well fitted, that 440 through them there might be a pass for the horses; and near it they dug a deep ditch outside, wide and large, and fixed stakes in it. Thus the long-haired Greeks laboured.

But the gods, sitting beside the thunderer, Jove, beheld with wonder the mighty work of the brazen-mailed 445 Achæans. And Neptune, shaker of the earth, began to speak among them:

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* to the forest for wood.

<sup>2</sup> The flow of the tide.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the Trojans and Achæans—who went to the same forest for fuel.

<sup>4</sup> Trojan and Achæan—engaged in similar offices.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* to make the usual cries of funeral grief.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* the next day—day after the conflagration of the bodies.

<sup>7</sup> *αμφιδυκη*—night was getting light about it—the dawn.

<sup>8</sup> The wall itself—the said wall.

“Father Jove, is there any one of the mortals upon the boundless earth, who will henceforth declare his mind or purpose to the immortals? Seest thou not how, at last, the long-haired Achæans have built a wall before their ships, and drawn a ditch about it, and have given no noble hecatombs to the gods? Surely the glory of this will be as far as the light is diffused, and *men* will forget that, which I and Phœbus Apollo toiling, erected at the city, for the hero Laomedon.”

And him, the cloud-collecting Jove, much troubled, addressed: “O, earth-shaking Neptune, what hast thou said! Some other of the gods indeed, who is much weaker than thou in strength<sup>1</sup> and in power, might dread this scheme<sup>2</sup>. But thy glory will surely last as long as light is diffused. However, come, as soon as the long-haired Achæans shall again depart in their ships for their loved native land, do thou, breaking down the wall, overwhelm it all in the sea, and cover again the vast shore with sand, so that the mighty wall of the Achæans vanish.”

Thus such words they addressed to each other. And the sun set, and the work of the Achæans was completed. Then they slew oxen at the tents, and took supper. And ships arrived from Lemnos, bringing wine, many, which Euneus, had dispatched, the son of Jason, whom Hypsipyle bore to Jason, shepherd of the people. And the son of Jason gave wine, a thousand measures, to take separately<sup>3</sup> to the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus. There then the long-haired Achæans purchased wine, some for brass, some for shining iron, some for hides, some for the oxen themselves, and some for slaves; and they made a splendid feast.

Then all night the long-haired Achæans feasted; but the Trojans and allies were in the city. And all night the wise Jove was planning evils against them, thundering

<sup>1</sup> Hands.

<sup>2</sup> Work planned and executed by the Achæans.

<sup>3</sup> As a present to the commanders.

fearfully, and pale fear seized them. And they poured  
480 wine from their cups upon the ground; nor ventured any  
one to drink, before he made a libation to the almighty  
son of Saturn. Afterwards they lay down, and took the  
gift of sleep.

END OF ILIAD VII.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK VIII.

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ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where, having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedes they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedes. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretels the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

Now was the morning with saffron-veil diffused over the whole earth, and Jove, delighting in thunder, made an assembly of the gods upon the highest summit of the many-topped Olympus: and he harangued them, and all the gods listened together:

“Hear me, all ye gods and all ye goddesses, whilst I speak the things which my soul within my breast bids

me ; nor let any goddess nor god<sup>1</sup> attempt to violate this my charge ; but concur all of you together, that I may, as soon  
 10 as possible accomplish these operations. And whichever of the gods I shall observe going, in opposition<sup>2</sup>, to assist either Trojans or Danaans, he shall return to Olympus struck *with a thunderbolt*, disgracefully ; or, seizing him, I will cast him into dark Tartarus, very far down, where the  
 15 lowest depth is beneath the earth, where *are* iron gates and brazen threshold, as far below Hades as heaven is from earth ; then he will know how much I am the most powerful of all the gods. But come, if *you doubt of it*, make trial, gods, that ye may all know, by suspending a  
 20 golden chain from heaven ; and fasten yourselves to it, all ye gods, and all ye goddesses ; yet will ye not drag down Jove, the highest counsellor, from heaven to earth, not even if you labour ever so much. But if I, desiring it, should choose to pull, I will drag up all together, with  
 25 the earth itself, and the sea itself ; and then bind the chain round the pinnacle of Olympus, and all shall be suspended in the air. So much am I superior to gods and to men<sup>3</sup>."

Thus he spake, and they were all silent, wondering at the speech, for he spake very sternly ; but at length the  
 30 blue-eyed goddess Minerva said :

" O son of Saturn, our father, highest of kings, well do we know that thy strength is invincible ; yet truly we mourn for the warlike Danaans, who will now perish, full  
 35 filling their evil destiny. But however we will abstain from war, if thou commandest it ; and will *only* suggest counsel to the Argives—counsel which may be of service, that they may not all perish, because thou art angry<sup>4</sup>."

And the cloud-collecting Jove, smiling, addressed her :  
 " Fear not, Tritogeneia, my beloved child ; I speak not with  
 40 an hostile mind to thee, for I wish to be good humoured with thee."

<sup>1</sup> Nor let any female god, nor any male.

<sup>2</sup> Join *απανευθει εθειλοντα*—willing apart—i. e. following his own will in opposition to mine.

<sup>3</sup> And am superior to men.

<sup>4</sup> Thou being angry.

Thus saying, he yoked to his car swift-flying, brazen-footed horses, with golden manes<sup>1</sup>; and he put golden mail round his body, and took his well-made golden lash, and ascended the car, and he flogged them to proceed; and they, not unwilling, flew midway between the earth and the starry heaven. And he came to Ida of many fountains, mother of wild beasts, to Gargarus, where he had a shrine<sup>2</sup> and fragrant altar. There the father of gods and men stopped his horses, loosing them from the car, and threw a thick cloud around them. But he sat himself upon the summits, exulting in glory, beholding the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans.

And meanwhile the long-haired Achæans hastily took their meals at the tents, and afterwards put on their armour. And, on the other side, the Trojans through the city armed, fewer in number, but even thus were they eager to contend in battle, from strong necessity, for their wives and children. And all the gates were thrown open, and the people rushed out, both foot and horse, and a great tumult arose. And when meeting they now came into one place, they dashed together their shields and spears, and the might of men, armed in brazen corselets; and their bossy shields were close each other, and a great tumult arose.

Then there was at once a groaning and a shouting of men, of the killing and of the killed; and the earth flowed with blood. As long as it was morning, and the day was increasing<sup>3</sup>, so long the weapons flew on both sides, and the people fell; but when the sun was crossing the mid-heaven, then the father held up his golden scales. And in them he placed two destinies of eternal<sup>4</sup> death for the Trojan chivalry and the brazen-mailed Achæans<sup>5</sup>, and sustained them, taking the *beam* by the middle, and the

<sup>1</sup> Maned—or haired—with golden manes.

<sup>2</sup> A consecrated spot—a grave and altar. Gargarus is one of the heights of Ida.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* from morn till noon.

<sup>4</sup> Long-reposing.

<sup>5</sup> It is the fates of the chiefs only that is regarded. The *Τρῶες ἱπποδάμοι* are always the chiefs; and the term Achæans applies, for the most part, exclusively to the chiefs, especially coupled with *χαλκοχίτωνες*.



fatal day of the Achæans inclined. The destinies of the Achæans rested upon the bountiful earth, but those of the Trojans mounted up to the starry heaven.

75 Then he loudly thundered from Ida, and sent the blazing flash among the people of the Achæans, and they, beholding it, were astounded, and pale terror seized upon all. Then neither Idomeneus ventured to remain, nor Agamemnon, nor did the two Ajaxes remain, the servants  
80 of Mars; and Gerenean Nestor, a guardian of the Achæans, alone remained, not willingly<sup>1</sup>, but his horse was exhausted—that which the noble Alexander, the husband of the fair-haired Helen, wounded with an arrow on the top<sup>2</sup> of the head, where the fore-locks of horses grow upon the  
85 skull, and is especially fatal. With the pain<sup>3</sup>, he reared up, for the weapon penetrated into the brain; and he threw into disorder the horses along with him, rolling on the spear<sup>4</sup>. Whilst the old man, in haste, was cutting away the traces<sup>5</sup> of the horse with his sword, came the  
90 swift horses of Hector through the crowd, carrying Hector, their bold driver; and then would the old man have lost his life, had not the gallant Diomedes quickly perceived it, and shouted terribly, exhorting Ulysses:

“Son of Laertes, Jove-sprung, wise Ulysses, whither dost  
95 thou fly, turning thy back<sup>6</sup>, like a coward, in the line? Take care lest some one fix a spear in thy back whilst thou art flying<sup>7</sup>. But stay, that we may repulse that fierce warrior from the old man.”

Thus he spake; and the intrepid, noble Ulysses heard him not, and passed on in haste to the hollow ships of the Achæans. But Tydides, although alone, rushed among<sup>8</sup>  
100 the foremost combatants, and stood before the horses of the

<sup>1</sup> Not wishing it.

<sup>2</sup> On the highest summit.

<sup>3</sup> αλγησας—being in pain.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the spear which stuck in his brain—he is trying to shake it off.

<sup>5</sup> παρρηριας, scil. ἡνίας. The wounded horse was a παρρηριος—i. e. a third horse, which went abreast with the other two.

<sup>6</sup> Throwing round thy back.

<sup>7</sup> To thee flying.

<sup>8</sup> Was mixed with.

aged son of Neleus, and addressing him, said *these* winged words:

“Oh! old man, young warriors now press thee hard. For thy strength is relaxed, and cruel old age overtakes thee; thy driver too is weak, and thy horses are slow. But 105 come, ascend my car, that thou mayst see what *and how* expert in pursuing<sup>1</sup>, or retreating rapidly every where over the plain, are the Trojan horses, causers of flight, which I lately took from Æneas. Those let our drivers attend to, and thou and I will direct these against the Trojan 110 chiefs, that Hector likewise may know whether my spear also rages in my hands<sup>2</sup>.”

Thus he spake, nor did the Gerenian chief, Nestor, refuse. Then the two drivers, the brave Sthenelus, and good Eurymedon, attended to Nestor's horses; and themselves both mounted the car of Diomedes. And Nestor took the 115 splendid reins in his hands, and lashed the horses; and speedily were they near Hector. And the son of Tydeus hurled his spear at him, as he came rushing straight on. Him however he missed, but he struck upon the breast, near the pap, his attendant, the driver, Eniopeus, the son of 120 the brave Thebæus, holding the reins of the horses. And he fell from the car, and the swift-footed horses started back; and there his life and strength were relaxed. Then deep sorrow clouded the mind of Hector<sup>3</sup> for his charioteer; but although grieved for his companion, he left 125 him there to lie; and sought for a bold driver; nor were his horses long without a guide, for immediately he found the brave Archeptolemus, the son of Iphitus, whom he caused to mount the swift-footed horses, and gave the reins into his hands.

Then would there have been destruction, and fatal<sup>4</sup> deeds 130 would have been *done*; and they (the Trojans) had now been penned up in Ilium, like lambs, had not the father of gods and of men quickly observed it: and thundering

<sup>1</sup> To pursue.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* like Hector's own.

<sup>3</sup> Hector in his mind.

<sup>4</sup> *ἀμύχαρα*—without a remedy.



fearfully, sent forth a blazing bolt, and cast it on the  
 135 ground in front of the horses of Diomedes, and a terrible  
 flame of burning sulphur arose. And the horses, trem-  
 bling, slunk under the car, and the splendid reins dropped  
 from the hands of Nestor; and he feared in his heart, and  
 addressed Diomedes:

“Son of Tydeus, come now, turn the solid-hoofed horses  
 140 to flight. Knowest thou not that victory accompanies thee  
 not from Jove? For now to-day Jove, the son of Saturn,  
 gives glory to him; another time he will again give it also  
 to us, if he shall choose: but a man, not the bravest, can-  
 not, by any means, control the will of Jove, since he is  
 much the most powerful.”

145 Then the gallant Diomedes replied: “Surely, old man,  
 all these things thou sayest rightly; but this comes a bitter  
 pain to my heart and soul, for Hector will say, haranguing  
 among the Trojans: ‘The son of Tydeus, routed by me,  
 150 betook himself to the ships.’ Thus will he boast; and then  
 may the wide earth gaze for me.”

And him then the Gerenian chief, Nestor, answered:  
 “Oh! son of the warlike Tydeus, what hast thou said?  
 For even if Hector shall call thee a coward and feeble, still  
 155 the Trojans and Dardans will not believe it, and the wives  
 of the brave shielded Trojans—those whose young hus-  
 bands thou hast hurled in the dust.”

Thus then having spoken, he turned the solid-hoofed  
 horses to flight, back to the lines; and at *them* the Tro-  
 jans and Hector, with a great clamour, threw their fatal<sup>1</sup>  
 160 weapons. And the mighty helmed Hector called aloud  
 after him:

“Son of Tydeus, the noble<sup>2</sup> Danaans honoured thee be-  
 yond *others* with precedence, with meats, and full cups;  
 but now they will dishonour<sup>3</sup> thee, for thou art no better  
 165 than a woman. Begone, timid girl, for thou shalt never

<sup>1</sup> Groan-producing.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* men with fleet horses—the chiefs.

<sup>3</sup> Will no longer honour—will treat with contempt.



ascend our towers by my retreat<sup>1</sup>, nor carry off our women in thy ships: I will before give thee thy fate."

Thus he spake; and Tydides debated, whether to turn his horses, and fight against him. Thrice did he hesitate in his mind and in his soul, and thrice Jove, the counsellor, 170 thundered from the Idæan mountains, giving a sign to the Trojans of victory by his aid<sup>2</sup> in fight. And Hector encouraged the Trojans, shouting loud:

"Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting Dardans, be men, my friends, and exert your vigorous valour. For I 175 know that the propitious son of Saturn grants<sup>3</sup> victory and great glory to me, and destruction to the Danaans. Fools, who have built these poor, worthless walls—these shall not check my might; and my horses will easily overleap the dug ditch. But when now I am at the hollow ships, then 180 let there be some recollection of blazing fire<sup>4</sup>, that I may burn up the ships with fire, and slaughter the Argives themselves at the ships, smothered in the smoke."

Thus saying, he exhorted his horses, and said: "Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and Æthon, and noble Lampus, 185 now requite me for the care, with which, in great abundance, Andromache, the daughter of the brave Eëtion, gave to you,—before even to me, who boast to be her young hus- 190 band,—the sweet barley, having mixed also wine *for you* to drink, when your appetite required it. But pursue and hasten, that we may seize Nestor's shield, the fame of which reaches to heaven, that it is all gold, both the handles and itself; and likewise *strip* from the shoulders of Diomedes the curiously-wrought corselet, which Vulcan 195 toiled to make<sup>5</sup>. Could we but seize these, I should hope that the Achæans this very night would embark in their swift ships."

Thus he spake, boasting; but imperial Juno was indignant,

<sup>1</sup> I retreating.

<sup>2</sup> Victory an auxiliary of battle—*i. e.* a sign which betokened victory. See H. 26.

<sup>3</sup> Nodded—confirmed with a nod.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* remember and let me have fire-brands.

<sup>5</sup> Which Vulcan laboured making.

and she turned<sup>1</sup> in her throne, and made the huge Olympus tremble, and addressed herself to Neptune, the mighty  
200 god:

“Oh! strong earth-shaker, grieves not thy soul within thy bosom for the perishing Achæans? For they bring thee many and agreeable gifts to Helice and Ægæ—do  
205 thou then desire victory for them. For if we, as many as are patrons of the Danaans, should desire to repel the Trojans, and oppose the far-sounding Jove, sitting there alone upon Ida, he might fret, *to no purpose*.”

But king Neptune, greatly indignant, replied: “Juno, rash in speech, what words hast thou spoken! I would  
210 not myself desire that the rest of us should contend with Jove, the son of Saturn, for he is by far the most powerful.”

Such things thus spake they to one another. Meanwhile<sup>2</sup> the space which the ditch separated from the ships and rampart<sup>3</sup>, was filled at the same time with horses  
215 and shielded men crowded together; for Hector, the son of Priam, equal to swift Mars, drove them *thither*, because Jove gave him glory. And now would he have consumed the good ships with blazing fire, had not imperial Juno put it into the heart of Agamemnon, himself intent upon the object, forthwith to rouse up the Achæans<sup>4</sup>.

220 And he hastened to the tents and ships of the Achæans, holding in his strong hand a large purple robe<sup>5</sup>. And he stood upon the huge black ship of Ulysses, which was in the centre, that he might be heard<sup>6</sup> at both extremities—  
225 both at the tent of the Telamonian Ajax, and at that of Achilles, who had drawn ashore their good ships at the flanks, trusting to their valour and the strength of their

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* from impatience.

<sup>2</sup> *των* goes with *ἱππων* and *ανδρων*.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the space between the entrenchment and the ditch.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the troops which were at the ships and tents—between the sea and the rampart.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* either the royal—the state robe—or, perhaps, a flag to draw attention to the king, who was going to harangue.

<sup>6</sup> Speak so as to be heard, &c.



hands. And he cried with a loud voice, exclaiming to the Danaans :

“For shame, ye Argives, base cowards, though gallant in appearance; what has become of the boasts—when we said we were the bravest—which once in Lemnos, vapour-<sup>230</sup> ing, ye uttered, whilst eating much flesh of horned cattle, and drinking goblets crowned with wine, that ye would stand in battle, each against one or two hundred of the Trojans? But now we are not equal to one Hector, who<sup>235</sup> will soon burn our ships with blazing fire. O father Jove, which of all-powerful kings, hast thou ever afflicted with such a calamity, or taken from him so great glory? Never, I affirm, did I pass by thy splendid altars, in my many-benched ship, unhappily coming hither<sup>1</sup>; but upon all of them I burnt the fat and legs of oxen, expect-<sup>240</sup> ing to destroy well-built Troy. But, father Jove, accomplish this prayer at least for me; suffer ourselves at least to escape, and get away; nor let the Achæans be thus subdued by the Trojans.

Thus he spake, and the father pitied him weeping, and<sup>245</sup> consented that his people should be safe, and not perish. And forthwith he sent an eagle, the most perfect<sup>2</sup> of birds, holding in his talons a fawn, the young of a swift deer. And he dropped the fawn by the splendid altar of Jove, where the Achæans used to sacrifice to Jove, the source of<sup>250</sup> all augury.

And they, when they saw that the bird had come from Jove, rushed with greater alacrity upon the Trojans, and renewed<sup>3</sup> the combat. Then no one of the Danaans, numerous as they were, could boast that he, before Tydides, had started his fleet horses, and driven them over the ditch<sup>4</sup>,<sup>255</sup> and fought against *the enemy*; for he far the first slew an armed warrior of the Trojans, Agelaus, son of Phradmon.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in my unlucky expedition to this place.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* with reference to augury—the most authentic—what gave the surest augury.

<sup>3</sup> Were mindful of.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* back to the plain—the field of battle.



He was turning his horses for flight: but whilst he was turning<sup>1</sup>, Diomedes fixed the spear into his back between the shoulders, and it drove through his breast; and he fell  
 260 from his car, and his armour rattled on him. And after him came the two sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus; and after them the Ajaxes, men of resolute vigour<sup>2</sup>; and after them Idomeneus, and the comrade of Idomeneus, Meriones, equal to Mars, the slayer of men; and  
 265 after these Eurypylus, the renowned son of Evæmon. And Teucer came, ninth, stretching his bent bow, and he then stood behind the shield of the Telamonian Ajax. There Ajax held his shield before him, and when the hero (*Teucer*)  
 270 looking round, had, in shooting, struck any one in the crowd, he (*the wounded man*) falling there, lost his life, but he (*Teucer*) returning again, like a child to its mother, took refuge behind<sup>3</sup> Ajax; and he covered him with his shining shield. There which of the Trojans first did the renowned  
 275 Teucer slay? First Orsilochus, and Ormenus, and Ophelestes, and Dætor, and Chromius, and godlike Lycophontes, and Hamopaon, son of Polyæmon, and Melanippus—all, one after the other, he stretched upon the bountiful earth. And the king of men, Agamemnon, was delighted, beholding him destroying the phalanxes of the Trojans with his  
 280 strong bow; and advancing, he stood by him, and addressed him in this speech:

“Telamonian Teucer, my dear friend<sup>4</sup>, commander of men, thus strike if thou wouldst become an honour to the Danaans, and to thy father Telamon, who nourished thee when young, and took care of thee in his own house,  
 285 although a bastard; him, even far away *as he is*, do thou raise to glory. And I promise<sup>5</sup> thee, and it shall be accomplished—if ever ægis-bearing Jove and Minerva grant me to sack the well-built town of Ilium, into thy hands, first after myself, will I put some noble prize—a tripod, or two

<sup>1</sup> But to him turned round.<sup>2</sup> Went under.<sup>4</sup> Dear head.<sup>2</sup> Clothed with.<sup>3</sup> Tell thee.

horses with their car, or a lady to ascend the same bed 290 with thee."

And the renowned Teucer, answering him, said: "Most glorious Atrides, why urgest thou me, who am myself eager<sup>1</sup>? For never, as far as I am able<sup>2</sup>, do I remit—but ever since we repelled them back towards Ilium, do I take men off with my arrows, singling them out. Eight long- 295 pointed arrows have I shot, and they have all stuck in the body of warlike youths; but that mad dog I cannot strike."

He said, and shot another arrow from the string right 300 against Hector, and his soul was eager to strike him. But he missed him again, and struck upon the breast with his arrow the good Gorgythion, the brave son of Priam, whom his mother, the beautiful Castianeira, a lady of Æsymna, like to the goddesses in form, in wedlock bore. And as 305 a poppy hangs its head on one side, which, in a garden is weighed down with *its* fruit, and the vernal dews, so he dropped his head on one side, weighed down with his helmet. And Teucer shot another arrow from the string right against Hector, and his soul desired to strike him; but then again 310 also he missed, for Apollo turned it aside; and he struck upon the breast, near the pap, Archeptolemus, Hector's bold driver, whilst rushing on to battle. And he fell from the car, and the swift-footed horses sprang back; and there his life and strength were relaxed<sup>3</sup>. And severe grief for 315 his driver oppressed the mind of Hector; but him he then left, although afflicted for his comrade; and bade his brother Cebriones, being near, take the reins of the horses; and he, having heard, did not refuse. But himself (*Hec-* 320 *tor*) leaped from the shining car to the ground, shouting horribly, and seized a stone in his hand, and went straight at Teucer, and his mind impelled him to throw it. Teucer, meanwhile, had drawn out a dire arrow from the quiver,

<sup>1</sup> Being myself eager.

<sup>2</sup> As much power as there is in me.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. body and soul released—set loose from the bonds which held them together.



and placed it upon the string; but then the helmed Hector  
 325 struck him, whilst drawing it, upon the shoulder, where  
 the collar-bone separates the neck and the breast, and  
 where it is most fatal. There, with the rugged stone,  
 he struck him, whilst taking aim at himself; and he snapt  
 his string, and benumbed his hand at the wrist, and he  
 fell on his knees<sup>1</sup>, and the bow dropped from his hand.  
 330 But Ajax was not unmindful of his fallen brother; and  
 running protected him, and covered him with his shield.  
 Then his two chosen comrades, Mecisteus, the son of Echius,  
 and the noble Alastor, raising him up, bore him to the  
 335 hollow ships, deeply groaning.

But again the Olympian roused up the courage of the  
 Trojans, and they drove back the Achæans straight to the  
 deep ditch; and Hector advanced among the foremost,  
 raging in his might. And as when some dog, trusting in  
 340 his swift feet<sup>2</sup>, seizes from behind the haunch or hips of  
 a wild boar or a lion, and watches him turning round, so  
 Hector pursued the long-haired Achæans, ever killing the  
 hindmost; and they fled. But when flying they crossed<sup>3</sup>  
 the palisades and ditch<sup>4</sup>, though many were subdued by  
 345 the hands of the Trojans, the *rest*, now making a stand,  
 defended themselves at the ships<sup>5</sup>, encouraging each other;  
 and lifting up their hands to all the gods, they prayed  
 aloud each of them. But Hector drove his beautiful  
 horses round on all sides, with the eyes of a Gorgon,  
 350 or of Mars, destroyer of men. And the white-armed  
 goddess Juno beholding them, pitied them, and imme-  
 diately spoke winged words to Minerva:

“Alas! child of ægis-bearing Jove, shall thou and I no  
 longer regard the perishing Danaans, although in the last  
 extremity? Fulfilling their evil destiny, they will perish

<sup>1</sup> Stood, falling or resting on his knees.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* making use of his speed.

<sup>3</sup> By the roads which led to the gates—*i. e.* if there was more than one.  
 See H. 340.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the ditch in which were the palisades.

<sup>5</sup> As being on that side of the ditch—but strictly, between the ditch and  
 the rampart.



by the violence of one man; for Hector, the son of Priam, 355 rages in a manner no longer to be resisted<sup>1</sup>, and has already done much mischief."

And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed her in return: "Long ago would he have lost his life and strength, slain on his native soil, by the hands of the Argives; but my father rages with an evil mind, cruel, 360 always unjust, an obstructor of all my efforts. Nor does he remember<sup>2</sup> that I very often preserved his son, when exhausted by the labours of Eurysthes. For he (*Hercules*) used to weep<sup>3</sup> towards heaven; and Jove sent me down 365 from heaven to bring him aid. But if I had known these things<sup>4</sup> in my resolute mind, when he sent him to strong-gated Hades, to bring away out of Erebus the dog of terrible Hades, he should not have escaped from the deep streams of the Styx water. But now he hates me, and 370 accomplishes the counsels of Thetis, who embraced his knees<sup>5</sup>, and took him by the beard with her hand, intreating him to honour Achilles, the destroyer of cities. The time, however, will come<sup>6</sup>, when he will again call me his dear Minerva. But now yoke thou the solid-hoofed horses for us, whilst I, entering the mansion 375 of ægis-bearing Jove, put on my armour for the war, that I may see whether the son of Priam, the helmed Hector, will be delighted, when we appear<sup>7</sup> in the field<sup>8</sup> of battle. Surely some<sup>9</sup> of the Trojans with their fat and flesh will glut the dogs and birds, falling at the ships of 380 the Achæans."

<sup>1</sup> ἀνεκτως—irresistibly.      <sup>2</sup> Aught of those efforts by which I very, &c.

<sup>3</sup> ἦτοι κλαίσκον—imperfect—expressive of a habit or practice. Minerva says she helped him μάλα πολλάκις—very often.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. his obstruction of her present views.

<sup>5</sup> Who kissed the knees to him.

<sup>6</sup> There will be however—sc. a time.

<sup>7</sup> προφάνεισα—nom. absolute, where, in a more artificial construction, a dative would be employed.

<sup>8</sup> γιγνυρας—strictly, the place between two armies preparing for conflict.

<sup>9</sup> τιν Τρωων—some one of; but the phrase always involves plurality.

Thus she spake; nor did the white-armed goddess Juno refuse. Then Juno, the noble goddess, daughter of the mighty Saturn, departing, harnessed the golden-reined horses; and Minerva, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, 385 threw off the beautiful variegated robe, that which she herself had made and worked with her hands, upon the floor of her father's *mansion*; and putting on the tunic of the cloud-collecting Jove, she braced on her armour<sup>1</sup> for the tearful battle. And into the flaming car she stept, 390 and seized her spear, heavy, large, and strong, with which she subdues the ranks of heroes<sup>2</sup>, with whom she, the offspring of a powerful father, is angry. And Juno quickly urged on the horses with the lash, and of their own accord grated<sup>3</sup> the gates of heaven, which the Hours kept, to whom are entrusted the mighty Heaven 395 and Olympus, both to remove the dark cloud, and to replace it. Then, through these they drove the flogged horses. But when Jove beheld them from Ida, he was greatly enraged, and dispatched the golden-winged Iris with a message<sup>4</sup>:

“Go, swift Iris, turn them back, nor allow them to 400 go on; for not well<sup>5</sup> shall we meet in battle. For thus I say, and it shall be accomplished: I will lame their swift horses for them, in<sup>6</sup> the chariot, and cast themselves from the car, and dash it in pieces; nor for ten revolving<sup>7</sup> years 405 will they be cured of the wounds which the thunderbolt will inflict<sup>8</sup>; that Minerva may know when she fights with her father<sup>9</sup>. But Juno I do not so much blame, nor am I so angry with her, because she is ever wont to interfere with my designs.”

Thus he spake, and Iris, swift as the storm, hastened 410 to deliver the message; and went from the Idæan moun-

<sup>1</sup> Armed herself.

<sup>2</sup> Of men heroes.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* flew open.

<sup>4</sup> Announcing.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* for them.

<sup>6</sup> Under—*i. e.* the yoke and pole of the car.

<sup>7</sup> Or revolved—*i. e.* complete years.

<sup>8</sup> Hit—as a mark.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* that she is not his equal.



tains to lofty Olympus; and meeting them in the first gates<sup>1</sup> of the many-valed Olympus, she stopped them, and delivered to them the command of Jove:

“Whither hasten ye? Why rage so your hearts in your bosoms? The son of Saturn forbids<sup>2</sup> you to assist the Argives; for thus threatens the son of Saturn—and<sup>3</sup> 415 he will accomplish it—to lame your swift horses for you beneath the chariot, and to cast yourselves from the car, and to dash it into pieces; nor for ten revolving years will ye be cured of the wounds which the thunderbolt will inflict; that thou, Minerva, mayst know when thou con- 420 tendest with thy father. For Juno he does not so much blame, nor is he so angry with her, because she is ever wont to interfere with his designs. But thou, insolent, fearless bitch<sup>4</sup>, *wilt suffer for it*, if thou shalt really venture to raise thy huge spear against Jove.”

Thus having spoken, the swift-footed Iris departed. 425 And Juno addressed *this* speech to Minerva:

“Alas! child of ægis-bearing Jove, thou and I<sup>5</sup> will no longer fight against Jove, for the sake of mortals. Of them let one live and another perish, as each may chance; and let him, prosecuting his own views, adjudge to the 430 Trojans and Danaans as it seems good to him<sup>6</sup>.”

Thus having spoken, she turned back the solid-hoofed horses. And the Hours loosed their beautiful horses for them, and fastened them up in their ambrosial stalls, and rolled the chariot towards the shining walls. And they 435 (*Juno and Minerva*) themselves sat down upon their golden thrones, mixed with the other gods, mortified at heart. But father Jove drove his fair-wheeled chariot and horses

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* close to the gates.

<sup>2</sup> Suffers not.

<sup>3</sup> *εἰπεῖν* is used in a *conclusive* sense, as often.

<sup>4</sup> As Helen calls herself a *shameless* one. The ancient use of the term seems—in spite of all the efforts of dainty critics—to correspond pretty closely with the modern one. Iris addresses *Minerva* surely, though Heyne refers the words to Juno.

<sup>5</sup> I no more suffer us two to fight, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Let him decide, for the Trojans and Achæans, the things which he is planning in his mind.



from Ida to Olympus, and came to the seats of the gods.  
 440 And the illustrious Neptune<sup>1</sup> loosed his horses for him,  
 and put the car in the place prepared for it<sup>2</sup>, spreading it  
 over with linen. And the far-sounding Jove himself sat  
 down upon his golden throne, and mighty Olympus was  
 shaken beneath his feet. But Minerva and Juno sat  
 445 alone, apart from Jove, and neither spoke to him, nor  
 asked a question; but he knew in his mind *the reason*,  
 and said:

“Why are ye thus sad, Minerva and Juno? You  
 are not fatigued at least in glorious fight, with slaugh-  
 tering the Trojans, against whom ye have conceived  
 450 a cruel hatred? Not at all—such are my strength and  
 invincible hands—should as many gods as are in Olympus  
 have turned me back. But, however, fear seized the fair  
 limbs of both of you before ye beheld the battle, or the  
 sad deeds of war. For thus I tell you, and it would have  
 455 been accomplished: struck with the thunderbolt, ye should  
 not have returned in your car to Olympus, where is the  
 seat of the immortals.”

Thus he spake, and Minerva and Juno murmured,  
 who were sitting near each other, and planning evils  
 against the Trojans. Minerva indeed was silent, nor  
 460 said any thing, *although* enraged with father Jove, and  
 fierce indignation possessed her; but Juno restrained not  
 her indignation within her breast, but said:

“Imperious son of Saturn, what speech hast thou  
 uttered? Well indeed do we also know that thy strength  
 is indomitable; yet still are we grieved for the warlike  
 465 Danaans, who will now perish, fulfilling their evil destiny.  
 But, however, we will abstain from war, if thou com-  
 mandest; and will *only* suggest counsel to the Argives,  
 which may be useful, that they may not all perish because  
 thou art angry<sup>3</sup>.”

<sup>1</sup> Earth-shaker.

<sup>2</sup> ἀμβωμοισι—for ἀνα βωμοῖς. Βωμος means not only an altar, but any  
 raised place upon which things were laid.

<sup>3</sup> Thou being angry.

And her the cloud-collecting Jove answering said: "In the morning, still more, thou shalt behold, if thou wilt, 470 fair and noble<sup>1</sup> Juno, the almighty son of Saturn destroying much of the army of the Argive warriors; for the gallant Hector shall not cease from battle, before the swift-footed son of Peleus be roused at the ships, on that day when they shall fight at their sterns, within a very 475 narrow compass<sup>2</sup>, for Patroclus slain. For thus is it decreed by fate: but as for thee, I regard thee not though angry, not even if thou shouldst go<sup>3</sup> to the outermost boundaries of the earth and sea, where Iapetus and Saturn sitting, enjoy neither the beams of the rising sun, nor the 480 winds, and deep Tartarus *is* on every side of them. Not if thither, roaming, thou shouldst go do I heed thee, though enraged; for nothing is more impudent than thou."

Thus he spake, and the white-armed Juno answered not. And the splendid light of the sun sunk in the ocean, drag- 485 ging black night over the fruitful earth. The sun<sup>4</sup> set against the wishes of the Trojans; but to the Achæans black night came on, welcome, most desired.

And again the illustrious Hector called a council of the Trojans, leading them apart from the ships<sup>5</sup> towards the 490 eddying river, into an open space, where the ground appeared clear of dead. And alighting from their horses<sup>6</sup> on the ground, they listened to the speech which Hector, beloved of Jove, uttered. In his hand he held a spear eleven cubits long; in front shone the brazen point of the 495 spear, and a golden ring went round it. Leaning upon this, he addressed them in *these* winged words:

"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies. I did but now hope that I should return back to windy Troy, after destroying the ships and all the Achæans; but darkness has first<sup>7</sup> come on, which mainly now has saved the 500

<sup>1</sup> βωπις, ποτνια.<sup>2</sup> The narrowest strait.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* to stir up a new rebellion against Jove.<sup>4</sup> Light.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* from the ditch and rampart—which protected the ships.<sup>6</sup> Cars.<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* too soon.



Argives, and their ships on the shore of the sea. Let us, however, now yield to black night, and get our supper; and loose ye your beautiful horses from the cars, and  
 505 place forage before them. Bring also, with speed, from the city, oxen and fat sheep, procure good wine, and bread from *your* houses, and collect plenty of wood<sup>1</sup>, that all night, until the dawn of morn<sup>2</sup>, we may burn many fires, and the blaze may reach to heaven; lest the  
 510 long-haired Achæans even in the night endeavour to fly over the wide surface<sup>3</sup> of the sea. Let them not, without trouble, at least, go quietly on board their ships, but *let us take care* that some of them may dress their wounds, even at home, struck with an arrow, or sharp spear, whilst spring-  
 515 ing into their ships—so that others may be afraid to wage tearful war with the Trojans, tamers of horses. But let heralds, beloved of Jove, announce through the city, that the boys at the age of puberty, and hoary-templed old men, keep guard<sup>4</sup> in the city upon the heaven-built  
 520 towers; and let the young<sup>5</sup> women also light a great fire, each in her *own* halls; and let there be a sure watch, lest troops enter the city whilst the army is absent<sup>6</sup>. Thus let it be, brave Trojans, as I advise. Let the orders, which are useful for the present, be thus given; and other  
 525 orders in the morning I will give in the midst of the Trojan chiefs<sup>7</sup>. I hope—praying to Jove and the other gods—to drive hence the fate-led dogs, whom the destinies brought in their dark ships. But, however, let us take care  
 530 of ourselves during the night; and in the morning, with the dawn, girt in arms, we will rouse up fierce battle at the hollow ships. I will see whether Diomedes, the bold son of Tydeus, will drive back me from the ships to the walls; or whether I, having subdued him with my spear, shall bear

<sup>1</sup> Much wood.<sup>2</sup> Morn-born Aurora.<sup>3</sup> Backs.<sup>4</sup> Place themselves—*i. e.* for the purpose of keeping guard.<sup>5</sup> Σηλυτεραι.<sup>6</sup> The people being absent.<sup>7</sup> Let the speech, which is now useful, be thus said—that (the speech) of the morning, I will speak, &c. *i. e.* This is enough for the present—in the morning I will speak further, when I hope, &c.



off his bloody spoils. To-morrow will make his valour quite 535  
manifest, if he await my spear coming against him: and  
I think that by sunrise to-morrow<sup>1</sup> he will lie wounded  
among the first, and many comrades round him. Would  
that I were as surely immortal, and as exempt from old age  
all my days, and honoured as Minerva is honoured, and 540  
Apollo, as now this day<sup>2</sup> brings evil upon the Argives."

So Hector spake, and the Trojans shouted in *approba-*  
*tion*. And they loosed their sweating horses from the  
yoke, and fastened them by the reins each beside his own  
car. And they brought in haste from the city oxen and 545  
fat sheep, and procured good wine and bread from their  
houses, and besides gathered much wood. And the winds  
bore the odour from the plain up to heaven.

And they, greatly elated, sat all night on the field of  
battle<sup>3</sup>; and many fires burned by them. And as when in 550  
heaven the beauteous stars are seen round the bright  
moon, when the air is breathless, and all the hills and lofty  
summits and forests are visible; and in the sky the bound-  
less ether opens<sup>4</sup>, and all the stars are seen, and the shep-  
herd is delighted in his soul; so numerous, between the 555  
ships and the streams of Xanthus, appeared the fires of  
the Trojans, burning in front of Ilium. A thousand fires  
burned upon the plain, and beside each sat fifty *men by*  
the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, eating white 560  
barley and oats, standing beside their cars, awaited the  
fair-throned Aurora<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The sun rising to-morrow.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* the coming day will bring, &c.

<sup>3</sup> The bridge of war—the space strictly between two armies drawn up in  
battle array.

<sup>4</sup> Bursts or breaks.

<sup>5</sup> Morning.

THE

## ILIAD OF HOMER.

### BOOK IX.

#### ARGUMENT.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phoenix, and Ajax, to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phoenix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

THUS the Trojans kept their watches: but Flight<sup>1</sup> divine, the companion of chill Fear, possessed the Achæans; and all the chiefs were afflicted with intolerable grief. And as  
5 two winds, Boreas and Zephyrus, which<sup>2</sup> both blow from Thrace, rouse the fishy deep, coming suddenly *upon it*; and the black waves swell together, and they dash much sea-weed out of the sea; thus was the soul of the Achæans distracted within their bosoms.

Then Atrides, with a heart wounded with much sorrow<sup>3</sup>,  
10 went about giving orders to the loud-tongued<sup>4</sup> heralds, to invite each man<sup>5</sup> by name<sup>6</sup> to a council, but not to call

<sup>1</sup> *ἔσπεσθην*. The word is applied to any very high or extraordinary degree of the thing it qualifies—a strong or strange desire of flight seized the frightened Achæans.

<sup>2</sup> *τω τε*—precisely equivalent to *ὡ πα*.

<sup>3</sup> Wounded in his heart with much sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> A standing epithet for heralds—occurring very unluckily on the present occasion.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* of the chiefs—for a council is to be held—not a general assembly of the army.

<sup>6</sup> Or rather, by speaking to each of them individually.

aloud; and he himself laboured among the nearest<sup>1</sup>. And grieving, they sat in council, and Agamemnon arose, shedding tears, like a black fountain<sup>2</sup>, which pours its dark water from a lofty rock. Thus sighing deeply, he addressed the Argives<sup>3</sup>:

“ My friends, leaders and counsellors of the Argives, Jupiter, the son of Saturn, has involved me in a very grievous calamity—cruel, who once promised me, and confirmed that promise with a nod<sup>4</sup>, that I should return home, having destroyed the well-built Ilium. But now he has planned a sad deception, and orders me inglorious to repair to Argos, when I have lost many troops. Thus seems it to be agreeable to almighty Jove who has already overthrown the heights of many cities, and will still overthrow them, for his power is the greatest<sup>5</sup>. But come, let us all obey as I advise: let us fly with the ships to our dear native land; for now we shall never take the wide-streeted Troy.”

Thus he spake, but they were all silent; and the sons of the Achæans were long in silence sad; but at length the gallant Diomedes spake:

“ Son of Atreus, first<sup>6</sup> I will contend with thine inconsiderate speech, as far, O king, as is proper, in the council; and be not thou at all offended. Thou in the presence of the Danaans didst first disparage my courage, by saying that I was unwarlike, and feeble; and all this, both the young and old of the Argives know. But one *only* of two things has the son of the wily Saturn given thee: he has granted thee to be honoured above all with the sceptre; but he has not given thee valour; and bravery is the best<sup>7</sup> possession. Sir, dost thou then really believe that

<sup>1</sup> The first—*i. e.* the chiefs who were nearest. Agamemnon himself summoned them to council.

<sup>2</sup> Black-watered—having black water.

<sup>3</sup> Addressed words to the Argives.

<sup>4</sup> And nodded.

<sup>5</sup> The same speech, up to this word, occurs B. 111—118.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* in the first place I will defend myself against your recent attack.

<sup>7</sup> Greatest thing.



the sons of the Achæans are so unwarlike, and destitute of courage, as thou sayest? Then if thy mind impels thee to return, go—the way lies open to thee, and thy ships, which followed thee in great numbers from Mycene, are close to the sea. But the other long-haired Achæans will remain till we overthrow Troy; and if they also *choose*, let them fly with the ships to their loved native land; and we two, I and Sthenelus, will fight, until we discover an end of Troy; for with a god we came <sup>1</sup>.”

50 Thus he spake; and all the sons of the Achæans shouted, in admiration <sup>2</sup> of the speech of Diomedes, tamer of horses. But the chief, Nestor, rising, addressed them:

“Son of Tydeus, above *all others* art thou brave in 55 battle, and in council best among all thine equals. No one of all the Achæans’ will blame thy speech, nor speak against it; but thou hast left the thing imperfect <sup>4</sup>. Thou art very young, and mightest be even my youngest son, but thou speakest with prudence to the kings of the 60 Argives, for thou hast said what is becoming. But come, I, who can boast of being older than thou, will speak out, and go through the whole matter <sup>5</sup>; nor will any one, not even the king Agamemnon, treat my speech with contempt. Tribeless, lawless, homeless <sup>6</sup> is he, who delights in 65 horrid, intestine war. But now truly let us obey black night, and get our suppers; and let the guards be stationed each along the dug ditch, outside the rampart <sup>7</sup>. These orders I give to the youths; but next, Atrides, 70 begin thou, for thou art supreme. Give a feast to the elders; it becomes thee, and is by no means improper. Thy tents are full of wine, which the ships of Achæans

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* under the auspices of the gods.

<sup>2</sup> Admiring.

<sup>3</sup> As many Greeks as *are*.

<sup>4</sup> Thou hast not come to the end of words (or thoughts)—*i. e.* you have not said all that ought to be said—or, you have not come to the ultimate object of speech—something *practical*. Though you advise us to prosecute the war, you do not point out the *means*.

<sup>5</sup> Will do that which you have omitted.

<sup>6</sup> Fit for none of the relations of civilized life.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* between the ditch and rampart. Compare line 87 below.

daily bring over the wide sea from Thrace. Thou hast every accommodation, and commandest <sup>1</sup> many. Then, when many are assembled, be advised by him who offers the best advice; for there is great need of good and prudent **75** *counsel* for all the Achæans, since the enemies are burning many fires near the ships: and who can rejoice at that? For this night will either quite destroy or preserve the army <sup>2</sup>."

Thus he spake; and they heard him attentively, and were persuaded. And the guards rushed forth with their **80** arms, *namely*, Thrasymedes <sup>3</sup>, the son of Nestor, shepherd of nations, and Ascalaphus and Ialmenus <sup>4</sup>, sons of Mars, and Meriones, and Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and the son of Creion, the noble Lycomedes. Seven leaders were there **85** of the guards, and an hundred youths marched along with each, having long spears in their hands. And proceeding *to the space* between the ditch and the wall, they sat down, and there kindled a fire, and prepared each his supper.

But Atrides conducted the assembled elders of the Achæans to his tent, and placed before them a refreshing **90** feast; and they stretched forth their hands to the prepared victuals, which lay before them. And when they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, the aged Nestor, whose advice had before also appeared best, first of all began to unfold his plan <sup>5</sup>. He harangued them with **95** prudence, and said:

"Atrides, most glorious, king of men, Agamemnon, with thee shall I finish, and with thee shall I begin; for thou art king of many nations, and in thy hands has Jove placed both the sceptre and the laws, that thou mightest consult for them. Therefore it behoves thee above *all* **100** *others* both to deliver an opinion and to hear one; and also to carry into effect the advice of another, when his mind

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* have plenty of attendants.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* on the counsels of this night will depend the fate of the army.

<sup>3</sup> Those about Thrasymedes, &c.

<sup>4</sup> B. 512.

<sup>5</sup> To weave a counsel.



prompts him to say what is useful<sup>1</sup>; for it depends upon thee<sup>2</sup> what shall *finally* rule. And therefore I will speak, as appears to me to be best. For no other person will devise  
 105 a better device than that which I devise, both before and even now again, from the time when thou, O nobly born, didst go and take away the maiden Briseïs from the tent of the enraged Achilles—by no means according to my mind;  
 110 for very much did I dissuade thee: but yielding to thy haughty passions, thou didst insult the bravest hero, whom the immortals ever honoured; for taking away his prize thou keepest it *for thine own use*. But even now again let us consider how we may reconcile him, by gratifying him with soothing gifts and gentle words."

And the king of men, Agamemnon, in reply, addressed  
 115 him: "Thou hast uttered no falsehood, old man, with respect to my fault. I have erred, nor do I myself deny it. *That* man is indeed worth many troops, whom Jove loves in his heart, as he has honoured him, and *for his sake* subdued the people of the Achæans. But since I have  
 120 erred, yielding to my destructive rage, I desire to appease him again, and to give him invaluable presents. And before you all I will enumerate the noble gifts: seven tripods, which have not touched the fire<sup>4</sup>, and ten talents of gold, and twenty bright kettles, and twelve strong steeds, victorious in the race, which have borne off prizes by their  
 125 speed<sup>5</sup>. The man would not be poor, nor unpossessed of precious gold, with whom there were as many prizes as *these* solid-hoofed horses have brought in to me. I will likewise give seven women, skilful in superior works—Lesbians, whom, when he himself took the well-inhabited Lesbos, I  
 130 selected, *and* who excel woman-kind<sup>6</sup> in beauty. These will I give him, and with them shall be the daughter of Briseus, whom I took from him; and I will add a great oath, that I

<sup>1</sup> For good.<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* nothing can be done without thy sanction.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* shall prevail, or be determined upon.<sup>4</sup> Fireless—perhaps not destined for the fire—but for nobler, or ornamental purposes.<sup>5</sup> With their feet.<sup>6</sup> The races of women.



never ascended her bed, nor embraced her, as is the custom of mortals between men and women. All these shall immediately be his; and if the gods hereafter grant us to sack the vast city of Priam, let him come and fill his ships with abundance of gold and brass, when we Achæans divide the spoil. And let himself choose twenty Trojan women, who, next to Argive Helen, shall be the fairest. And if we shall reach Achæan Argos, the richest of lands<sup>1</sup>, he shall be my son-in-law; and I will honour him equally with Orestes, who, my only *son*, is brought up in much luxury<sup>2</sup>. I have three daughters in my well-built palace, Chrysothemis, and Laodice, and Iphianassa—of these, the beloved one, which he pleases, let him take, unbought<sup>3</sup>, to the house of Peleus; and I will give very many nuptial gifts, so many as no man ever yet gave his daughter. I will besides give him seven well-inhabited cities, Cardamyle, and Enöpe, and grassy Hira, and the glorious Pheræ, and Antheia with deep pastures, and the fair Æpeia, and the vine-bearing Pedāsus: and they are all near the sea, close to sandy Pylus. And in them dwell men abounding in flocks and rich in cattle, who will honour him, like a god, with gifts, and, subject to his rule<sup>4</sup>, pay him rich tributes. These things will I do for him, should he cease from his anger. Let him be prevailed upon. Pluto indeed is implacable and inexorable; and on that account is he with men the most hateful of all the gods. Let him likewise submit to me, because I am a greater king, and because I am<sup>5</sup> older than he."

Him then the Gerenian chief, Nestor, answered; "Son of Atreus, most glorious, king of men, Agamemnon, thou dost offer gifts by no means despicable to king Achilles. Now come, let us urge chosen men that they go with all speed to the tent of Achilles, the son of

<sup>1</sup> The udder of arable land, or the fruitful source of arable produce.

<sup>2</sup> Or in the midst of abundance.

<sup>3</sup> In the heroic times, the suitor bought his bride—the tables are now turned, and the lady buys her husband.

<sup>4</sup> Under his sceptre.

<sup>5</sup> Boast to be—but *boast* is almost always too strong a term for *ευχόμεαι*.

Peleus. And if *thou wilt*, these I will select, and let them obey. First of all let Phœnix, beloved of Jove, be the leader, and next the mighty Ajax and noble Ulysses; and 170 of the heralds, let Hodiús and Eurybates accompany them. Now bring water for our hands, and command silence<sup>1</sup>, that we may pray to Jove, the son of Saturn, that he may have pity on us<sup>2</sup>."

Thus he spake and gave advice<sup>3</sup> agreeable to all. Forthwith heralds poured water upon their hands, and the 175 attendants crowned the bowls with wine<sup>4</sup>; and then handed the wine to all, from right to left, in cups. And when they had poured out libations and drunk as much as appetite required<sup>5</sup>, they proceeded from the tent of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. And them (*the deputation*) the 180 Gerenian chief, Nestor, enjoined much, turning his eyes upon each, but particularly on Ulysses, that they should strive to persuade the illustrious son of Peleus. And they went along the shore of the loud-sounding sea, offering very many petitions to Neptune, the compasser of earth, 185 that they might persuade with ease the high spirit of Æacides. And they came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons and found him delighting his soul with his sweet lyre, *which was* beautiful, curiously wrought, and the neck<sup>6</sup> of it was of silver. This he had taken among the spoils, when he destroyed Eëtion's city; with this he was 190 amusing himself and singing the glories of heroes. And Patroclus sat opposite to him in silence, alone, attentive to Æacides till he ceased singing<sup>7</sup>. And they went onward, and the noble Ulysses led *the way* and stood before him; and Achilles, surprised, leaped up, with his lyre, quitting the seat where he had been sitting. And in like manner 195 Patroclus, when he beheld the heroes, arose, and the swift-footed Achilles receiving them, *thus* addressed them:

"Welcome, whether ye come as friends, or some great

<sup>1</sup> And order to keep a good voice.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* and bend the obstinacy of Achilles.

<sup>4</sup> With drink.

<sup>5</sup> The mind impelled.

<sup>3</sup> Spake a word.

<sup>6</sup> Or handle.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* whilst, or as long as he sang.



necessity *impel* you—ye are the dearest of the Achæans to me, though I am enraged *with others*.”

Thus having spoken, the noble Achilles led them forward, and seated them upon couches and scarlet carpets; 200 and immediately said to Patroclus, who was near: “Bring<sup>1</sup> a larger bowl, son of Menœtius, and mix the *wine* purer, and make ready a cup for each, for men extremely dear *to me* are *now* beneath my roof.”

Thus he spake; and Patroclus obeyed his loved comrade. 205 And he (*Achilles*) placed within the radiance of the fire<sup>2</sup> a large block<sup>3</sup>, and laid upon it the fore-quarters of a sheep and a fat goat, and the hind-quarters of a fed hog, very fat. And Automedon held them for him; and the noble Achilles cut them up; and divided them well into small pieces, and transfixes them with spits; and Menœtiades, a hero resem- 210 bling a god, lighted up the large fire. And when the fire had burned down, and the flame grown languid, strewing the embers, he stretched the spits over them, and sprinkled *the joints* with sacred salt, lifting them upon the racks. And when he had cooked them, and put<sup>4</sup> them upon 215 dishes, Patroclus taking bread, placed it upon the table in handsome trenchers; but Achilles distributed the meat. And he himself sat opposite to the noble Ulysses, against the other wall, and charged Patroclus, his comrade, to sacrifice to the gods; and he cast morsels into the fire<sup>5</sup>. 220 And they stretched forth their hands to the prepared food which lay before them. And when they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, Ajax nodded to Phoenix. And noble Ulysses observed, and having filled his goblet with wine, pledged Achilles:

“Your health, Achilles. Not in want of a full feast are 225

<sup>1</sup> Place beside.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* near the blaze of the fire—for the sake of the light, probably.

<sup>3</sup> Or a table of some kind for the purpose.

<sup>4</sup> Poured—*i. e.* took them from the spits and laid them on a table.

<sup>5</sup> As an offering to the gods.



we, either in the tent of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, or here also now; for we have abundance of dainties to eat; but the works of the pleasant feast are not our present care. But, noble Achilles, we see and dread<sup>1</sup> a very great  
 230 disaster; for it is doubtful<sup>2</sup> whether we shall save or lose our well-benched ships, unless thou puttest on thy might. For near the ships and rampart the bold Trojans and allies, summoned from afar, have fixed their posts, kindling numerous fires in their army, and they affirm that we shall no  
 235 longer stop them from attacking the black ships<sup>3</sup>. And for them Jove, the son of Saturn, exhibiting propitious signs, darts his lightning; and Hector, exulting in his valour, rages terribly, trusting in Jove, nor reverences at all either men or gods, but great fury has entered into him.  
 240 He prays that the divine morn would speedily come. For he threatens to cut off the prows of the ships, and burn the ships with destructive fire, and slaughter the Achæans beside them, smothered in the smoke. These things do I greatly fear in my mind, lest the gods fulfil his  
 245 threats, and it be destined for us to perish in Troy, far from fertile<sup>4</sup> Argos. Rise<sup>5</sup> then, if thou ever intendest, although late, to rescue the sons of the Achæans harassed by the conflict of the Trojans. To thyself it will hereafter be *cause of* sorrow, nor is it *possible* to find a remedy  
 250 for an evil done<sup>6</sup>; therefore reflect well beforehand, how thou mayst repel the evil day from the Danaans. O my friend, thy father Peleus charged thee, on that day when he sent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon, 'My son, Minerva and Juno will bestow victory if they choose; but  
 255 restrain thou the haughty spirit within thy breast, because gentleness is preferable; and abstain from contention, the origin of ills, that both young and old of the Argives may honour thee the more.' Thus did the old man enjoin thee;

<sup>1</sup> Seeing, we dread, &c.<sup>2</sup> In doubt.<sup>3</sup> And say that they *cannot* be resisted, but will charge upon the black ships.<sup>4</sup> Horse-feeding.<sup>5</sup> But up.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* there is undoing it.

but thou art forgetful. Yet even now desist, and lay aside 260  
thy bitter resentment. And Agamemnon will give gifts  
worthy of thee<sup>1</sup>, shouldst thou cease from thine indigna-  
tion. But if thou *wilt*, listen to me, and I will repeat to  
thee how many presents Agamemnon in his tents hath pro-  
mised thee: seven tripods, which have not touched the fire,  
and ten talents of gold, and twenty bright kettles, and 265  
twelve strong steeds, victorious in the race, which have  
borne off prizes by their speed. The man would not be  
poor, nor unpossessed of precious gold, with whom there  
are as many prizes as the horses of Agamemnon have borne  
off by their speed. And he will give seven women, skilful 270  
in superior works—Lesbians, whom, when thou didst thy-  
self take the well-inhabited Lesbos, he selected, and who  
then excelled all woman-kind in beauty. These will he  
give thee, and with them will be the daughter of Briseus,  
whom he once took away; and he will add a great oath,  
that he never ascended her bed, nor embraced her, as is 275  
the custom, O king, both of men and women. All these  
shall immediately be thine; and if the gods hereafter grant  
us to sack the vast city of Priam, thou mayst come and fill  
thy ships with abundance of gold and brass, when we 280  
Achæans divide the spoil. Thou shalt thyself also choose  
twenty Trojan women, who next to Argive Helen, shall  
be fairest. And if *ever* we reach Achæan Argos, the  
richest of lands, thou shalt become his son-in-law, and he  
will honour thee equally with Orestes, his only *son*, who is 285  
brought up in much splendour. For he has three daughters  
in his well-constructed palace, Chrysothemis, Laodice, and  
Iphianassa—of these, thou shalt conduct the beloved one,  
whichever thou wilt choose, unbought, to the house of  
Peleus; and he will give very many nuptial presents, so 290  
many as no man ever yet gave his daughter. He will be-  
sides give thee seven well-inhabited cities, Cardamyle, and  
Enope, and grassy Hira, and the glorious Pheræ, and

<sup>1</sup> Gives to thee, ceasing from anger, worthy gifts.



Antheia with deep pastures, and the fair Æpeia, and the  
 295 viny Pedasus; and all are near the sea, close to the  
 sandy Pylus. And in them dwell men abounding in flocks  
 and rich in cattle, who will honour thee, like a god, with  
 gifts, and, subject to thy rule, pay thee rich tributes.  
 These things will he do for thee, shouldst thou cease from  
 300 thine anger. But if indeed the son of Atreus himself and  
 his gifts be more hateful to thee in thine heart; still have  
 pity upon all the other Achæans, harassed throughout the  
 army, who will honour thee as a god; for surely thou  
 wilt obtain very great glory among them. For now  
 shalt thou slay Hector, since he has come very near thee,  
 305 with a destructive fury; for he declares that no one of the  
 Danaans whom the ships have conveyed hither is his equal.

And him, answering, the swift-footed Achilles addressed:  
 “Most noble son of Laertes, Ulysses ever prompt, it  
 310 behoves me to speak my sentiments frankly—as I think,  
 and as it shall be done—that ye may not, sitting beside me,  
 trouble me one after another. For hateful to me as the  
 gates of Hades is he who conceals one thing in his mind,  
 and utters another. And I will speak as it shall also be  
 315 done—me<sup>1</sup> then neither Agamemnon, son of Atreus, nor  
 the rest of the Danaans, will persuade, since there are no  
 thanks here for fighting eternally<sup>2</sup> with hostile men. Equal  
 is the share of him who abides *in his tent*, and of him who  
 fights much; and in equal honour is the coward and the  
 320 brave. The man who does nothing, and he who does  
 much dies alike; nor have I more than others, though I  
 suffer sorrows in my soul, in ever exposing my life in com-  
 bat. And as a bird brings food to her unfledged young when  
 she finds it, although it fares ill with herself; so also have  
 325 I spent many sleepless nights, and gone through bloody  
 days in combat, fighting with heroes for the sake of their  
 wives<sup>3</sup>. Twelve cities have I stript of their men with my

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* to fight again.

<sup>2</sup> Ever incessantly.

<sup>3</sup> σφετεράων—for *their* wives—meaning specifically, the wife of Mene-  
 laus.



ships, and on foot I say eleven throughout fertile Troy. From all these have I carried off many and precious treasures, and bringing them, have given all to Agamemnon the son of Atreus; but he remaining behind at the swift ships, receiving them, distributed a few, and retained many, and gave other prizes to the chiefs and kings. To them they remain undisturbed, and from me alone of the Achæans has he taken mine away, and keeps my sweet mistress—let him, with her indulging, enjoy himself<sup>1</sup>. But why need the Argives wage war with the Trojans? Or for what did Atrides, assembling an army, lead it hither? Was it not on account of the fair-haired Helen? Do the sons of Atreus alone of men<sup>2</sup> love their wives? No; for every good and rational man loves and takes care of his own spouse; so I also loved her from my soul, though a captive in war<sup>3</sup>. And now since he hath snatched my prize from my hands, and cheated me, let him not tempt me who know him so well<sup>4</sup>, for he will not persuade me. But, Ulysses, let him contrive with thee, and the other kings, *how* to repel hostile fire from the ships. Truly he has accomplished many labours without me. He has even built a rampart, and drawn a ditch wide and large beside it; and fixed in it palisades: but not even thus can he control the might of Hector the slayer of men. Though whilst I fought amongst the Achæans, Hector chose not to rouse the battle at a distance from the town, but came as far only as the Scæan gates and the beech tree. There once he awaited me alone, and with difficulty escaped my onset. But now since I choose not to combat with the noble Hector—to-morrow, when I have sacrificed to Jove and all the gods, and well loading my vessels, I have dragged them down to the sea—thou shalt behold, if thou wilt, and if such things be a care to thee, very early in the morn sailing upon the fishy Hellespont

<sup>1</sup> Threateningly—as if he added—but it shall be his destruction.

<sup>2</sup> *μυροπων*. A. 250.

<sup>3</sup> Though acquired by the spear.

<sup>4</sup> Well knowing.

my ships, and in them men eager for rowing. And if the glorious Neptune grant but a prosperous voyage, on the third day I shall reach the fertile Phthia. And I have there very many *possessions*, which I left, coming un auspiciously  
 365 hither. And the rest of the gold and ruddy brass, and charming<sup>1</sup> women, and bright iron, which have fallen to my lot, I shall carry hence; but the reward which he gave, king Agamemnon, son of Atreus, has himself taken insultingly<sup>2</sup> from me. To him report all, as I charge you, publicly, that other Achæans also may be indignant, if he, ever clothed in impudence, still hopes to cheat any of the Danaans; nor let him dare, audacious though he be, to look in my face<sup>3</sup>. I will neither counsel nor act<sup>4</sup> with him; for  
 375 he has already cheated and wronged me, nor shall he again delude me with words: it is enough for him<sup>5</sup>: and let him go quietly to *Hades*, for provident Jove has well deprived him of his senses. Detestable are his gifts to me, and himself I honour not the value of a hair. Not if he gave me  
 380 ten and twenty times as many treasures as now are his, or ever hereafter may be<sup>6</sup>; nor as many as go to Orchomenos, or to Egyptian Thebes, where the most numerous treasures are laid up in mansions, and where are one hundred gates, and from each of *them* go out two hundred men with horses  
 385 and cars. Nor if he were to give me as many as are the sand and the dust, not even thus shall Agamemnon again bend my spirit, until he indemnify me for all his bitter insults. Nor will I wed the daughter of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, not if she rival in<sup>7</sup> beauty the golden  
 390 Venus, or be equal in accomplishments to the blue-eyed Minerva, not even thus will I wed her. But let him select another of the Achæans, who may suit him, and who

<sup>1</sup> Well as to zones—apparently used, delicately, for beautiful or swelling bosoms.

<sup>2</sup> Being insolent.

<sup>3</sup> Nor let him dare, though dog-like, to look upon the countenance to me.

<sup>4</sup> *εργον* is governed by *συμφρασσομαι*.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* once is enough.

<sup>6</sup> Both them and others, from whatever quarter they come.

<sup>7</sup> Were to contend in.



is a greater king; for if the gods preserve me, and I reach home, then will Peleus himself doubtless bestow upon me a lady in marriage. There are many Achæan women in 395 Hellas and Phthia, daughters of the chiefs who defend the cities. Of these, whichever I choose, I will make my beloved wife; and there my noble spirit very much urges me to wed a wife<sup>1</sup>, a fit partner of my bed, to enjoy the pos- 400 sessions which aged Peleus has acquired. For not worth my life are all the *treasures* which they say the populous city Ilium possessed, whilst formerly at peace, before the sons of the Achæans arrived; nor all which the stony threshold of the archer Phœbus Apollo contains 405 within it, in rocky Pytho. For oxen and fat sheep may be procured by plunder; and tripods be acquired, and the yellow heads<sup>2</sup> of horses; but the life of man, to return again, is not to be obtained by plunder nor by purchase, when once it shall pass the barrier of the teeth. For the goddess, my mother, the silver-footed 410 Thetis, declares that double destinies lead me to the end of death. If, on the one hand, remaining here, I wage war around the city of the Trojans, my return is cut off<sup>3</sup>, but my glory shall be immortal; and if, on the other, I return home to my loved native land, the prize of glory is 415 lost to me, but my life will be long, nor will the end of death speedily overtake me. And the rest *of you* also would I advise to sail home, for no longer will ye find the destruction of lofty Ilium; for the far-sounding Jove has stretched over it his hand, and the people have taken 420 courage. But ye departing, bear back *this* message to the chiefs of the Achæans—for such is the office of ambassadors—that they may devise within their minds some other better plan, which may preserve for them their ships, and the army of the Achæans in the hollow barks; since this, 425 which they have now planned, is not practicable<sup>4</sup>, for I

<sup>1</sup> *μνησθην αλοχον*—*i. e.* a wife—*αλοχος* is a bed-fellow—a mistress.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* horses with yellow manes—bright bays, or chesnuts.

<sup>3</sup> Perishes.

<sup>4</sup> Ready.



retain mine anger. But let Phoenix sleep here, remaining with us, that to-morrow, if he will, he may accompany me in the ships to *my* dear native land; though I will by no means take him away by force."

430 Thus he spake; and they were all silent<sup>1</sup>, wondering at his speech, for he spake with much vehemence. At length, however, the aged chief, Phoenix, addressed him, shedding tears profusely, for he feared much for the ships of the Achæans:

"If indeed, illustrious Achilles, thou resolvest<sup>2</sup> on re-  
 435 turn, and will not repel pestilential fire from the swift ships, because indignation hath fallen upon thy soul; how can I, dear child, then be left alone here by thee? For the aged chief, Peleus, sent me forth with thee, on that day, when he despatched thee from Phthia to Agamemnon,  
 440 still a boy, and skilled neither in war, equally destructive to all, nor in councils, where men become illustrious. On that account he sent me forth to teach thee all these things, to become a speaker of words and a doer of deeds. Thus then, my beloved child, I would not be  
 445 left behind by thee—not if a god would himself promise, stripping off my old age, to render me a blooming youth<sup>3</sup>, such as when first I quitted Hellas, famed for beautiful women, flying the reproaches of my father Amyntor, the son of Ormenus; who was enraged with me on account  
 450 of a fair-haired girl, whom he himself loved, and thus dishonoured his wife, my mother. For my mother was always embracing my knees in supplication<sup>4</sup>, that I should first have connection with the girl, that she (*the girl*) might hate the old man. Her I obeyed, and did so; and my father immediately discovering it, uttered many execrations, and invoked the horrible furies that no be-  
 455 loved son, sprung from me, should ever be placed upon

<sup>1</sup> They were all mute with silence.

<sup>2</sup> Cast into the mind—*i. e.* as a fixed resolve.

<sup>3</sup> A youth arrived at the age of puberty.

<sup>4</sup> Supplicated me by the knees.

his knees: and the gods fulfilled his execrations, the infernal Jove and terrible Proserpine. Then my soul within my breast no longer at all endured to abide in the house with a father thus enraged. My friends, indeed, and 460 relatives, on all sides, detained me there within the halls by their entreaties. And many fat sheep and slow-footed crumple-horned oxen they slaughtered, many fat swine were extended for roasting over the fire<sup>1</sup>, and much of the old 465 man's wine was drunk out of earthen jars. Nine nights did they continue with me<sup>2</sup>; and in turns they kept guard; nor were the fires ever extinguished, one in the portico of the well-walled court, and another in the vestibule, in front of the chamber doors. But when the tenth shady night 470 had come upon me, then at last I rushed forth, having burst the strong<sup>3</sup> doors of the apartment, and easily over-leaped the wall of the court, unobserved<sup>4</sup> by the men on guard, and female slaves. Then I fled far away through spacious Hellas, and came to fertile Phthia, mother of 475 sheep, to king Peleus; and he kindly received me, and loved me even as a father with ample possessions loves his dear and only son. And he made me rich, and bestowed upon me much people<sup>5</sup>, and I dwelt on the frontiers of 480 Phthia, ruling the Dolopians. Thee also, O Achilles, equal to the gods, have I rendered what thou art<sup>6</sup>, loving thee from my soul; for thou wouldst not go with another to thy meals, nor take thy food in the mansion, until seating thee upon my knees I satisfied thee with food, previously cutting it up for thee, and supplying thee with 485 wine. Often hast thou wetted the tunic upon my breast, spitting out the wine in froward infancy. Thus very many things did I bear for thee, and much did I labour, regarding this, that the gods had not produced offspring from myself. But I made thee my son, Achilles, 490

<sup>1</sup> Over the flame of Vulcan.

<sup>2</sup> Nine nights they spent the night by round me myself.

<sup>3</sup> Skilfully fitted, or fastened.

<sup>4</sup> Eluding the view of the men guards.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* appointed me governor.

<sup>6</sup> Such—*i. e.* as thou now art—till you grow up.



equal to the gods, that thou mightest ever repel from me  
 foul wrongs. But, O Achilles, subdue thy proud spirit;  
 it becomes thee not to have a pitiless heart. For even the  
 495 gods themselves are flexible, whose virtue, and honour, and  
 might are greater *than thine*. Even them, when any one  
 transgresses or errs, do men turn away *from their anger*  
 by sacrifices, and appeasing vows, and incense, and odours.  
 For Prayers are the daughters of mighty Jove—lame, and  
 500 wrinkled<sup>1</sup>, and with eyes glancing sideways<sup>2</sup>; which follow-  
 ing after Violence are full of anxiety. But Violence is  
 strong and firm of foot; and therefore he far outstrips them  
 all, and arrives first at every land, doing injury to men;  
 and they afterwards cure them<sup>3</sup>. Whosoever respects the  
 505 daughters of Jove, approaching near him, him they greatly  
 benefit, and listen to him who prays *for their aid*. But  
 whoever denies and obstinately rejects them, then in-  
 deed, drawing near to Jove, the son of Saturn, they intreat  
 that Violence may overtake him, that he, by suffering,  
 may pay the penalty of wrong. Now, Achilles, do  
 thou also yield to the daughters of Jove that respect,  
 510 which bends the minds of other good people<sup>4</sup>. For if  
 Atrides brought not gifts, and did not name others to  
 be given hereafter, but was still always obstinately unjust,  
 I would not advise thee to throw aside thine anger, and  
 defend the Argives, although greatly in need. But  
 515 now he at once gives much immediately, and promises  
 more hereafter; and he has dispatched the chief men  
 to supplicate thee, having selected them throughout the  
 Achæan army, who are dearest to thyself of the Argives.  
 Do not thou despise their sentiments nor their embassy<sup>5</sup>;  
 although before fault was not to be found with thee,

<sup>1</sup> Or thin, as worn with anxiety.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* not looking straight-forward—from want of confidence.

<sup>3</sup> *Αἴη* is a personification of Violence, or whatever prompts to wrong; and *Αἶραι* of the motives which are calculated to prevent the overt-acts of Violence; or failing to prevent, to remedy the ill effects.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* who when wronged suffer themselves to be appeased.

<sup>5</sup> Their word and feet.



because thou wert enraged. Thus also have we heard 520  
the tales of heroes of former days, when violent anger  
came upon any, they were accessible to gifts, and could  
be conciliated by words. I remember this ancient, and by  
no means modern deed, how it was; and I will repeat it  
to you who are all dear to me. The Curetes and Ætolians, 525  
obstinate in battle, fought round the city of Calydon, and  
slaughtered each other; the Ætolians in defence<sup>1</sup> of lofty  
Calydon, the Curetes eager to lay it waste by war. For  
among them too had Diana, of the golden throne, excited  
evil, indignant because Ceneus had not offered the first 530  
fruits in sacrifice at the vintage<sup>2</sup>; for the other gods  
feasted on hecatombs, and to the daughter of the mighty  
Jove alone he sacrificed not. Either he forgot, or did not  
think of it—but he committed a great offence<sup>3</sup>. For she,  
the daughter of Jove, delighting in arrows, enraged, sent 535  
against him a fierce wild boar, with white teeth, which  
did much mischief, frequenting the lands of Ceneus. For  
many tall trees, from the soil, did he cast upon the ground,  
with their very roots and the blossoms of their fruits. And  
Meleager, the son of Ceneus, slew him, assembling hunts- 540  
men and dogs from many cities; for he would not have  
been subdued with a few men—so mighty was he, and he  
caused many to ascend the sad funeral pile. And she  
stirred up about him (*the boar*) a great tumult and war  
between the Curetes and brave Ætolians, for the head and 545  
bristly skin of the boar. So long then as the warlike  
Meleager fought, did misfortune attend<sup>4</sup> the Curetes; nor  
were they able, although numerous, to remain without  
their walls<sup>5</sup>. But when at length anger came upon Me-  
leager,—which swells the soul of even others, the wisest,  
within their breasts—then, indeed, enraged in his heart 550  
with his own mother Althæa, he remained<sup>6</sup> *at home* with

<sup>1</sup> Defending.

<sup>2</sup> Because Ceneus had not done the primary sacrifices with the produce of the vineyard—or, perhaps, at the vintage.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* whatever it was, it was an act of great imprudence, and he suffered for it.

<sup>4</sup> So long it was badly with.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* the Ætolians drove the Curetes within the walls of their town (Pleuron).

<sup>6</sup> He lay.

his wedded wife, the fair Cleopatra, daughter of Marpissa, the handsome-footed child of Evenus, and Idas, who was  
 555 the bravest in his time of earthly men, and even drew a bow against king Phœbus Apollo, for the sake of his handsome-footed spouse. And her (*Cleopatra*) at that time her father and venerable mother used to call, in the palace, by the surname of Alcyone, because her mother,  
 560 having the destiny of the sorrowful Alcyon, wept when the far-darting Phœbus Apollo stole her away. Beside her he (*Meleager*) remained at home, nursing his bitter rage, indignant because of the curses of his mother, who, much grieving, had prayed to the gods *for vengeance* on account of the murder of her brother<sup>1</sup>. And often did she strike  
 565 with her hands the productive earth, calling upon Pluto and horrid Proserpine, reclining upon her knees, whilst the tears wetted her bosom, to give death to her son; and Erinnys, who dwells in darkness, with an implacable heart, out of Erebus heard her.—Soon the noise and tumult  
 570 rose round their gates<sup>2</sup>, the towers being battered. And the elders of the Ætolians intreated him; and they sent the chief priests of the gods, that he would come forth and defend them, promising a mighty gift—where the plain<sup>3</sup> of fertile Calydon was richest, there they bade  
 575 him choose for himself a beautiful farm of fifty acres<sup>4</sup>, one half of vine-land<sup>5</sup>, and the other half of it clear<sup>6</sup> arable; and cut it from the plain<sup>7</sup>. And much did the aged chief, Æneus, beseech him, having ascended to the threshold of his lofty-roofed chamber, shaking the closed<sup>8</sup>  
 580 doors, and imploring his son. And much also did his sisters and venerable mother intreat him, but he the more refused; and much the friends who were worthiest and dearest of all; but not even thus did they persuade the soul within his breast, until at last his chamber was

<sup>1</sup> Whom her son had slain.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* of the Ætolians.

<sup>3</sup> As if it were a common—unappropriated soil.

<sup>4</sup> Of course the dimensions of the γῶν are not known with any precision.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* with trees upon it, for the vines to hang on.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* clear of trees.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* detach or enclose it.

<sup>8</sup> Fastened.



frequently struck, and the Curetes were mounting the 585 towers and setting fire to the great city. And then, at length, his beautiful spouse, lamenting, supplicated Meleager, and recounted all the disasters which befal men<sup>1</sup> whose city is captured. *Some* slay the men, and the fire reduces the city to ashes; and others carry off the children 590 and deep-zoned women. And his soul was stirred when he heard<sup>2</sup> these evil deeds, and he hasted and girt his body in glittering armour. Thus he repelled the evil day from the Ætolians, yielding to the impulse of his own feelings<sup>3</sup>. And they did not make him the many and pleasing gifts, and he repelled the evil even thus<sup>4</sup>. But do not thou 595 meditate these things within thy mind, my friend; nor let the deity thus turn thee; for it would be worse<sup>5</sup> to protect the ships when *already* set on fire. But on these offers—come<sup>6</sup>; for the Achæans will honour thee equally with a god. And if thou enterest the battle, destructive of men, 600 without these gifts, thou wilt not be in equal honour, although thou shouldst ward off the war<sup>7</sup>."

Him, answering, the swift-footed Achilles addressed: "Phoenix, my father, old man, beloved of Jove, I have no need of this honour, for I think I have been honoured by the will of Jove, which will keep me at my curved 605 ships as long as breath remains in my bosom, and my knees bear me up. But I tell thee something else, and do thou cast it in thy mind. Disturb not my soul *with thy* weeping and lamenting, to gratify<sup>8</sup> the hero Atrides; nor ought thou to love him, that thou mayst not be hated by 610 me, who love thee. It is right for thee along with me to annoy him who annoys me. Reign on equal terms with me<sup>9</sup>, and share half of my authority. These will bear

<sup>1</sup> Which are to men.

<sup>2</sup> The soul of him hearing.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* not yielding to intreaties, or to offers of gifts, but prompted by his own conviction of the necessity.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* without the gifts.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* more discreditable—or less profitable.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* concede on these terms.

<sup>7</sup> Although repelling the war.

<sup>8</sup> Bringing pleasure.

<sup>9</sup> Rule equally with me, and obtain by lot half my honour.



back my message; but do thou, remaining here, recline upon a soft bed, and with the appearing morn let us consult whether we shall return to our *homes* or remain."

He said, and in silence motioned<sup>1</sup> to Patroclus, to strew a thick bed for Phoenix, that they might think forthwith of returning from the tent. And the godlike Telamonian Ajax addressed to them a speech:

620 "Most noble son of Laertes, wise Ulysses, let us be going, for the end of our address appears not to me to be in this way, at least, attainable<sup>2</sup>; and we must<sup>3</sup> with all haste report the message, unpleasant though it be<sup>4</sup>, to the Danaans, who are now sitting in expectation. For Achilles  
635 lays up within his breast a fierce and haughty spirit, unyielding, nor regards the friendship of his comrades—that with which we have honoured him at the ships beyond others. He has no pity—yet some have accepted compensation even for a brother's death, or their own slaughtered  
630 son; whilst the *murderer* remains at home<sup>5</sup> among his people, having paid large fines, and the heart, and noble soul of the other is appeased on receiving compensation. But in thy breast the gods have put an implacable and evil mind, for the sake of a single girl; and though we now offer thee seven *girls* far excelling, and many other gifts  
635 besides them. Take then gentler feelings, and respect thy house, for we are *guests* beneath thy roof from the army<sup>6</sup> of the Danaans, and desire to be most dear and friendly to thee beyond all the Achæans<sup>7</sup>."

And to him the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said:  
640 "Noble Ajax, son of Telamon, commander of nations, thou appearest to me to say all *this* from thy soul; but my heart swells with indignation when I recollect those things, how contemptuously Atrides treated me in the presence of the Argives—as if I were some miserable

<sup>1</sup> With his brows—i. e. with his head—nodded.

<sup>2</sup> To be accomplished.

<sup>3</sup> It is necessary to.

<sup>4</sup> Although being not good.

<sup>5</sup> There in his house.

<sup>6</sup> Multitude.

<sup>7</sup> Beyond the rest, as many Achæans as are.

frequently struck, and the Curetes were mounting the 585 towers and setting fire to the great city. And then, at length, his beautiful spouse, lamenting, supplicated Meleager, and recounted all the disasters which befal men<sup>1</sup> whose city is captured. *Some* slay the men, and the fire reduces the city to ashes; and others carry off the children 590 and deep-zoned women. And his soul was stirred when he heard<sup>2</sup> these evil deeds, and he hasted and girt his body in glittering armour. Thus he repelled the evil day from the Ætolians, yielding to the impulse of his own feelings<sup>3</sup>. And they did not make him the many and pleasing gifts, and he repelled the evil even thus<sup>4</sup>. But do not thou 595 meditate these things within thy mind, my friend; nor let the deity thus turn thee; for it would be worse<sup>5</sup> to protect the ships when *already* set on fire. But on these offers—come<sup>6</sup>; for the Achæans will honour thee equally with a god. And if thou enterest the battle, destructive of men, 600 without these gifts, thou wilt not be in equal honour, although thou shouldst ward off the war<sup>7</sup>.”

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<sup>1</sup> Which are to men.<sup>2</sup> The soul of him hearing.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* not yielding to intreaties, or to offers of gifts, but prompted by his own conviction of the necessity.<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* without the gifts.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* more discreditable—or less profitable.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* concede on these terms.<sup>7</sup> Although repelling the war.<sup>8</sup> Bringing pleasure.<sup>9</sup> Rule equally with me, and obtain by lot half my honour.



the main his well-benched vessels, impelled on both sides  
 680 with oars; and says that he advises the rest of you also to  
 sail away homeward, since ye will no longer effect the  
 destruction of lofty Ilium<sup>1</sup>; for far-sounding Jove much  
 protects it, and the people are full of confidence. Thus  
 685 he spake; and here are these who accompanied me, Ajax,  
 and the two heralds, both discreet men, to confirm these  
 words<sup>2</sup>. But the aged Phoenix sleeps there, for thus  
 Achilles commanded, in order that in the morning, he  
 might accompany him in the ships to his dear native  
 land, if he wishes, for he will not take him by force."

Thus he spake, and they all became then silent, wonder-  
 690 ing at his speech, for he harangued with great vehemence.  
 And long were the sorrowing sons of the Achæans mute,  
 till at length the gallant Diomedes addressed them:

"Son of Atreus, most glorious, Agamemnon, king of  
 men, would that thou hadst not supplicated the noble  
 695 son of Peleus, offering numerous gifts, for he is haughty  
 enough otherwise; and now again thou hast excited him  
 much more to insolence. But, however, let us leave him  
 to himself, whether he go or stay, for he will then fight  
 again when his spirit within his breast prompts, and a  
 700 god impels him. Come then, let us all be advised to do  
 as I say. Go now to rest, after cheering your hearts  
 with food and wine, for that is force and vigour. And  
 when the fair rosy-fingered morn appears, forthwith draw  
 up the men<sup>3</sup> and horses<sup>4</sup> before the ships, inciting<sup>5</sup> them;  
 705 and fight thyself likewise among the foremost."

Thus he spake, and all the kings assented, admiring  
 the speech of Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then, after  
 offering libations, they departed each to his tent; where  
 they lay down and took the gift of sleep.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. ye have no longer a chance of doing so, as he entirely withdraws.

<sup>2</sup> To say these things.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the body of the army, who fought on foot.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the cars—in which the chiefs, of different ranks, alone fought.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. rousing them to battle.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Diomedes and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

ALL the other chiefs of the Achæans slept all night at the ships, overpowered by gentle slumber; but sweet sleep held not Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, shepherd of the people, revolving many things in his mind. And as when the spouse of the fair-haired Juno darts his lightning, preparing either much heavy rain, or hail, or snow, when snow covers the fields<sup>1</sup>; or somewhere the vast mouth of bitter war<sup>2</sup> is open; so frequently<sup>3</sup> groaned Agamemnon in his breast from the bottom of his heart, and his bosom trembled within him. When indeed he looked towards the Trojan plain, he was amazed at the numerous fires which were burning before Ilium, at the clangor of pipes and horns, and the tumult of men. And when he beheld<sup>4</sup> the ships and army of the Achæans, he plucked many hairs from his head by the roots, *accusing* Jove who

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in winter.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* at the time of some impending battle, when Jove gives signs of his anger, or his will.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* Agamemnon sighs as often, as it sometimes lightens, before the tempest breaks.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* thought of—for he was in his tent.

dwells on high, and in his generous heart he groaned aloud. And this counsel appeared best to his judgment—to repair to Neleian Nestor, the chief among heroes, *and see* if with  
 20 him he could contrive some good plan which might be a means of protection<sup>1</sup> to all the Danaans. Rising, therefore, he girded his tunic on his breast, and under his shining feet he bound the handsome sandals; and then he threw around him the tawny skin of a huge fierce lion, stretching to his  
 25 feet, and seized his spear. And in like manner a tremor seized Menelaus, for neither did sleep rest upon his eyelids; *through fear*, lest the Argives should suffer any thing, who on his account had come over the wide sea to Troy, waging daring war. First he covered his broad shoulders  
 30 with a spotted panther's skin; and next, lifting up his brazen helmet, he placed it upon his head, and took a spear in his powerful hand. And he set out to rouse<sup>2</sup> his brother, who had the chief command of all the Argives, and was honoured by the people like a god. And him he  
 35 found by the prow of his ship, with his bright armour put about his shoulders; and his arrival was welcome to him<sup>3</sup>. To him first brave Menelaus said: "Why thus in arms, my brother? Art thou despatching one of thy friends to be a spy among the Trojans? But I very much  
 40 fear no one will undertake this work, going alone, in ambrosial night, to reconnoitre the enemy. He will be a bold man *who does*."

And to him king Agamemnon, answering, said: "O Menelaus, beloved of Jove, both you and I have need of some prudent counsel<sup>4</sup>, which will protect and preserve  
 45 the Argives and their ships, for the mind of Jove is changed. He has indeed rather given his attention to Hector's sacrifices; for never have I beheld, nor heard from one relating, that one man planned so many arduous deeds in a day as Hector, beloved of Jove, has executed upon

<sup>1</sup> A repeller of evils.

<sup>2</sup> But he went to go to rouse.

<sup>3</sup> And coming he was welcome to him—*i. e.* to Agamemnon.

<sup>4</sup> Need to thee and me of prudent counsel—*i. e.* is come.

the sons of the Achæans, in this way, though the dear 50  
son neither of a goddess nor of a god. And he has done so  
many deeds as I conceive will long and for many a day be  
cause of care to the Argives<sup>1</sup>—for *he has done* as many evils  
as he devised against the Achæans. But go now, call Ajax  
and Idomeneus, running hastily to their ships; and I will  
repair to the noble Nestor, and exhort him to arise, that 55  
he may go to the sacred company of guards and give  
orders; for to him they will most readily listen; and his  
son commands the guards, along with Meriones, the  
comrade of Idomeneus; for to them in chief we intrusted  
the command of the guard<sup>2</sup>."

And to him then brave Menelaus replied: "How then 60  
dost thou in thy speech enjoin me, and command? Should  
I remain there<sup>3</sup> with them, waiting till thou comest, or  
run back again to thee, when I have duly given them thy  
directions<sup>4</sup>?"

And to him, in return, the king of men, Agamemnon,  
said: "To wait there, lest somehow in coming we miss one 65  
another; for there are many ways throughout the camp.  
And shout aloud where thou goest and command them to be  
watchful, giving each man a name from his father's family,  
addressing all respectfully; nor bear thyself with a haughty  
spirit. But let us ourselves also labour<sup>5</sup>; so does Jove inflict 70  
on us at our birth<sup>6</sup> heavy calamity<sup>7</sup>."

Thus saying, he dismissed his brother, after duly charg-  
ing him. And himself went in search of Nestor, shepherd  
of the people. And him he found on his soft couch beside  
his tent and black ship, and by him was lying his beautiful 75  
armour, a shield, and two spears, and a glittering helmet:  
beside him also was lying the embroidered belt with which  
the old man girded himself, when he armed himself for

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* will remember with sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> For them we intrusted chiefly—*i. e.* to command the guard.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* not at their tents, but with the guards.

<sup>4</sup> When I shall have well ordered.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* in summoning the chiefs—themselves, not by heralds.

<sup>6</sup> Upon us born—when born.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* such is our fate.



man-destroying war, leading on his people ; for he did not  
80 give way to miserable old age. And raising himself then  
upon his elbow, and lifting up his head, he addressed the  
son of Atreus, and questioned him in *these* words :

“ Who art thou who thus comest alone through the  
army to the ships, in the dark night, when other mortals  
sleep? Art thou come in search of any of the guards, or  
85 any of thy comrades? Speak, nor approach me in silence;  
what wantest thou<sup>1</sup>?”

And him then answered Agamemnon, the king of men :  
“ O Nestor, son of Neleus, great boast of the Achæans, thou  
wilt recognize Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whom beyond  
all Jupiter places in difficulties continually, as long as  
90 breath remains in my breast, and my knees bear me up<sup>2</sup>.  
I am roaming thus, because sweet sleep sits not on my  
eyes ; and the war troubles me and calamities of the  
Achæans. For I greatly fear for the Danaans, neither is  
my heart firm, but I am in great distress. My heart leaps  
95 without my breast, and my good limbs tremble beneath  
me. But if thou canst do aught—since neither upon thee  
does sleep come—come, let us go down to the guards, that  
we may see them, lest worn out by toil and sleepiness, they  
100 slumber, and altogether forget their watch. For the enemy  
lies near<sup>3</sup> ; nor do we at all know whether they may not  
be planning to fight even during the night.”

And to him then the Gerenian chief, Nestor, replied :  
“ Agamemnon, most glorious, son of Atreus, king of men,  
wise Jove will never accomplish for Hector all the thoughts  
which he now doubtless hopes *to effect* ; but I think that he  
105 will labour under even more cares *than we*, should Achilles  
turn away his own heart from obstinate resentment. I will,  
however, readily accompany thee ; and we will moreover  
rouse others, both Diomedes, skilful in the spear, and  
110 Ulysses, and the swift Ajax, and the gallant son<sup>4</sup> of Phy-

<sup>1</sup> What necessity (comes to) you.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* as long as I live and can move. <sup>3</sup> And hostile men sit near.

<sup>4</sup> Meges.

leus. But I wish some<sup>1</sup> one, going after them, would call those too, both godlike Ajax, and king Idomeneus; for their ships are very far off, and by no means near at hand. But Menelaus, loved and respected though he be, I will scold, shouldst even thou be displeased with me, nor will I be 115 silent, because he sleeps, and suffers thee alone to toil. Now ought he to labour, supplicating among all the chiefs, for necessity, no longer bearable, is come."

And him Agamemnon, king of men, addressed in return: "Old man, at other times I even bid thee blame him, for he 120 is often remiss, and desires not to labour; relaxing neither through slothfulness, nor through incapacity<sup>2</sup> of mind, but looking to me, and awaiting my directions. This time, however, he was up long before me, and stood beside me; and I have sent him beforehand to call those whom thou 125 seekest. But let us go, and we shall find them in front of the gates among the guards; for there I gave orders for them to assemble."

And him then, the Gerenian chief, Nestor, answered: "If so, none of the Argives will blame him nor disobey 130 him, when he exhorts or gives orders to any."

Thus saying, he put on his tunic<sup>3</sup> over his breast, and under his shining feet he bound the handsome sandals, and fastened about him with a clasp his scarlet cloak, double<sup>4</sup> and ample; and the shaggy pile was thick upon it; and he 135 seized a tough spear, pointed with sharp brass; and set out to go down to the ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans. First then the Gerenian chief, Nestor, roused Ulysses, equal to Jove in counsel, from his sleep, calling him. And the voice immediately penetrated into his heart<sup>5</sup>, and he 140 came forth from the tent, and addressed this speech to them:

"Why roam ye thus alone through the army down

<sup>1</sup> If any one would—scil. I should be glad—or something similar.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* not from sloth, or ignorance.

<sup>3</sup> *χιτων*, the under garment of men and women.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* thick.

<sup>5</sup> But the voice immediately came to him round his mind.



to the ships, in ambrosial night? what so great necessity now comes on you?"

And him answered then the Gerenian chief, Nestor:

"O most noble son of Laertes, ever ready Ulysses, do  
145 not blame us—so great a sorrow oppresses the Achæans.  
But follow, that we may rouse up another too, whomso-  
ever it becomes, to consult, whether to fly or fight."

Thus he spake, and the wise Ulysses returning into his  
tent, put over his shoulders a variegated shield, and went  
150 after them. And they went on to Diomedes, son of Ty-  
deus, and him they found without in front of his tent, with  
his armour; and his comrades slept around him. And be-  
neath their heads they had their shields, and their spears  
were stuck upright *in the ground* on their points; and the  
brass glittered afar off, like the lightning of father Jove. And  
155 the hero himself slumbered, and under him was spread the  
hide of a wild bull; and under his head was stretched a  
bright bolster<sup>1</sup>. Standing by him, the Gerenian chief,  
Nestor, awoke him, stirring him with the heel of his foot<sup>2</sup>,  
and roused him up, and in front of him thus upbraided  
him:

"Wake up, son of Tydeus, why all night dost thou in-  
160 dulse sleep? Knowest thou not that the Trojans lie on the  
acclivity of the plain, close to the ships, and that now  
small space separates us."

Thus he spake: and Diomedes leaped up very hastily  
from slumber, and addressing him, uttered *these* winged  
words:

"A tough one art thou, old man; thou never ceasest  
165 from labour. Are there not other sons also of the  
Achæans younger, who, going in every direction, might  
then wake up each of the princes? For thou art not  
capable of doing this thyself, old man."

And him then, in turn, the Gerenian chief, Nestor, ad-  
dressed: "Truly, my friend, all this thou sayst rightly. I

<sup>1</sup> *ταπης φαινος*—of a bright colour—perhaps of red cloth or blanketing.

<sup>2</sup> Moving him with his foot—heel-wise.



have good sons, and I have many people, of whom any one 170 might go and call them. But a very great necessity presses the Achæans; for in short, it stands upon the edge<sup>1</sup> of a razor with all, whether the Achæans will perish or be saved<sup>2</sup>. But go now, rouse the fleet Ajax, and the son of 175 Phyleus—for thou art younger—if thou pitiest me.”

Thus he spake; and Diomedes put on, round his shoulders, the skin of a huge fierce lion, reaching to his feet, and took a spear. And forth he issued<sup>3</sup>, and the hero, having roused them, led them thence.

And when now they came to the assembled guards, they 180 found not the commanders of the guards slumbering, but all were sitting vigilantly with their arms. And as dogs keep anxious watch round the sheep in a fold—having heard a fierce beast, which comes between the hills, down 185 the forest—and great is the clamour of men and dogs at him, and sleep utterly forsakes them<sup>4</sup>; so sweet slumber departed from their eyelids, keeping guard during the evil night. For they were ever turned towards the plain, when they heard the Trojans in motion<sup>5</sup>. And the old man, 190 beholding, was delighted, and encouraged them with his words, and addressing them, uttered *these* winged words:

“Thus now, my dear children, keep watch; nor let sleep seize upon any, lest we become a mockery to the enemy.”

Thus saying, he crossed the ditch; and him accompanied the princes of the Argives, as many as were summoned to 195 council. And along with these went Meriones, and the noble son of Nestor; for *them* they summoned to consult with them. And having then passed over the dug ditch, they sat down upon a clear space, where a piece of ground appeared free of dead bodies—whence the impetuous Hector, 200 after destroying the Argives, had returned back, when

<sup>1</sup> Proverbial—it is a most critical, or rather perilous, moment.

<sup>2</sup> Whether there will be to the Achæans a very lamentable destruction—or to live.

<sup>3</sup> And he went to go.

<sup>4</sup> Has utterly perished to them.

<sup>5</sup> Advancing.

night at length enveloped them. There sitting down, they talked with each other; and among them the Gerenian chief, Nestor, began in *these* words:

“O friends, what man now would not obey his own  
 205 daring spirit, to go to the bold Trojans—and try if he could capture one of the enemy in the outskirts<sup>1</sup> of the camp—or learn some intelligence among the Trojans, what they are planning together; whether they intend to  
 210 remain here by the ships, so near<sup>2</sup>, or return back again to the city, now they have defeated the Achæans? Could he learn all this, and come back to us in safety, great under heaven would be his glory amongst all men, and great shall be his reward. For as many chiefs as are in command of  
 215 vessels, they will give, each of them all a black sheep, a ewe, with a lamb at its udders—to that indeed no possession will be equal—and always shall he be a *guest at our banquets and feasts.*”

Thus he spake; and they all became then silently mute; and the gallant Diomedes, in the midst of them, said:

220 “Nestor, my heart and bold spirit prompt me to enter the camp of the hostile Trojans, now so near<sup>3</sup>; but if some other man would go along with me, there would be more pleasure<sup>4</sup>, and it would be more encouraging. For when two go together, the one observes before the other how it  
 225 may be an advantage *to act*. But if one, by himself, does observe any thing, yet is his perception more slow, and his decision feeble<sup>5</sup>.”

Thus he spake; and the greater number<sup>6</sup> desired to accompany Diomedes. The two Ajaxes wished it, servants of Mars. Meriones wished it; and the son of Nestor very  
 230 much wished it; and the son of Atreus, Menelaus, skilful with the spear, wished it, and the daring Ulysses wished to

<sup>1</sup> Being in the extreme.

<sup>2</sup> At a distance—or rather, a small distance.

<sup>3</sup> Being near.

<sup>4</sup> Hope, or perhaps confidence.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* neither so shrewd in observation, nor so decisive in action.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* of the council.



penetrate into the camp of the Trojans; for the spirit within his breast was ever daring. And among them, Agamemnon, the king of men, spake:

“Diomedes, son of Tydeus, dear to my soul, the comrade thou shalt choose, whom thou wilt—the best of those who 235 present<sup>1</sup> themselves, for many are ready to go. Nor do thou, from feelings of respect<sup>2</sup>, leave the better, and take the worse, yielding to false delicacy—looking to birth—nor if he be a greater king than the rest.”

Thus he spake; for he feared for the yellow-haired 240 Menelaus; but the gallant Diomedes again spake amongst them:

“If then ye bid me myself select a comrade, how can I now forget the godlike Ulysses, whose heart is prompt above others, and his soul bold amid all dangers; and 245 Pallas Minerva loves him. If he accompany me, even from burning fire, we shall both return, for he is skilful in counsel beyond *others*<sup>3</sup>.”

And him in return the resolute and noble Ulysses addressed: “Son of Tydeus, neither praise me beyond measure, nor at all blame, for thou art speaking among Argives 250 who know these things. But let us be going, for the night declines fast<sup>4</sup>, and the morning is near. And the stars have already far advanced, and the greater portion of the night, by two parts, has gone by, but the third portion still remains.”

Thus they spake, and girded on their terrible armour. To Tydides, Thrasymedes, firm in war, gave a two-edged 255 sword, because his own was left at the ships, and a shield. And upon his head he placed his bull's-hide helmet, unconed and uncrested, which is called *καταῖρυξ*<sup>5</sup>, and protects the heads of vigorous youths. And Meriones gave a bow, and 260 quiver, and sword, to Ulysses, and put upon his head a

<sup>1</sup> Appear—shew themselves.

<sup>2</sup> Having respect for in thy feelings.

<sup>3</sup> He knows how to think or deliberate—above *others*.

<sup>4</sup> Much.

<sup>5</sup> A lighter sort of helmet so named—a skull-cap.



helmet made of hide; and within it was firmly fastened with many thongs; whilst without, the white teeth of an  
 265 ivory-tusked boar in rows on either side covered<sup>1</sup> it well, and skilfully; and in the midst it was stuffed with felt<sup>2</sup>. That Autolycus once brought from Eleon, the city of Amyntor, the son of Hormenus, when he broke into his strong mansion<sup>3</sup>. In Scandeia, however, he gave it to Amphidamus, the Cytherian; and Amphidamus bestowed it upon  
 270 Molus, to be a gift of hospitality, and he again gave it to his son, Meriones to be worn. Then at last, fastened round, it covered the head of Ulysses. But they, when they were girt in dreadful arms, set out to go, and left all the chiefs at the same place. And to them, near their road,  
 275 Pallas Minerva sent a heron upon the right hand; and they discerned it not with their eyes, because of the dark night, but heard it scream. And Ulysses was delighted on account of the bird, and prayed to Minerva:

“Hear me, child of ægis-bearing Jove, who dost ever stand by me in all labours, nor do I ever stir unseen by  
 280 thee. Now again, O Minerva, be favourable to me, and grant that, covered with glory, we may return back to the ships, having performed some mighty deed, which will distress the Trojans<sup>4</sup>.”

Then the brave Diomed, in his turn, next prayed:  
 “Now hear me also, daughter of Jove, invincible. Ac-  
 285 company me, as when thou didst accompany my father, the noble Tydeus, to Thebes, what time he went as an ambassador for the Achæans; and left the brazen-mailed Achæans at the Asopus, and bore thither<sup>5</sup> himself a mild message to the Cadmæans: and returning, per-  
 290 formed very arduous deeds, with thy aid<sup>6</sup>, O noble goddess, when thou didst stand beside him propitious. Thus now willingly stand by me and protect me; and in return

<sup>1</sup> Had.<sup>2</sup> Felt was fitted.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* in sacking a captured town.<sup>4</sup> Will be a care to them—*i. e.* a calamity, which they will not soon forget.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* to Thebes.<sup>6</sup> With thee.

I will sacrifice to thee an heifer of a year old, broad-fronted, untamed, which man has not yet brought under the yoke. This I will sacrifice to thee, gilding its horns<sup>1</sup>."

Thus they spake, praying; and Pallas Minerva heard<sup>295</sup> them. And after they had supplicated the daughter of mighty Jove, they went onward, like two lions, in the dark night, through slaughter, through bodies, through arms and black blood.

Nor did Hector allow the bold Trojans to sleep; but summoned together all the chiefs, as many as were leaders<sup>300</sup> and commanders of the Trojans. Having called them together, he proposed<sup>3</sup> a prudent plan:

"Who will undertake to execute<sup>3</sup> for me this deed, for a great reward? For his reward shall be ample; for a car and two horses, with arching necks, which excel<sup>305</sup> in speed, at the swift-sailing ships of the Achæans<sup>4</sup>, will I give to him who will venture—and he will win glory for himself—to go down close to the quick-sailing ships, and learn whether the swift ships are guarded as formerly, or whether now, defeated by our hands, they<sup>310</sup> are meditating flight among themselves, or are<sup>5</sup> unable to keep watch during the night, worn out with grievous toil<sup>6</sup>."

Thus he spake; and they were all silently quiet. But there was among the Trojans one Dolon—the son of Eumêdes, a divine herald, possessed of much gold and<sup>315</sup> much brass, who in appearance was indeed contemptible, but *was* swift of foot; and he was an only son, with five sisters. He then, standing by, addressed himself to the Trojans and Hector:

"Hector, my heart and bold spirit prompt me to go

<sup>1</sup> Pouring gold round its horns.

<sup>2</sup> Framed—perfected.

<sup>3</sup> Undertaking, will execute, &c.

<sup>4</sup> ἀπὸ πτερόων—i. e. which are among the best, belonging to the Achæans now at their ships.

<sup>5</sup> Will not.

<sup>6</sup> He wishes to know whether they are keeping watch—and if not, whether the neglect arises from their preparation for flight, or from sheer exhaustion.



320 down close to the quick-sailing ships, and learn *what is going on*. But come, raise up thy sceptre to me, and swear to me that thou wilt give me the horses, and the car adorned with brass, which bear the illustrious son of Peleus; and I will not be an useless spy to thee, nor disappear  
325 point thine expectation<sup>1</sup>. For I will go into the camp, right through, till I reach the ship of Agamemnon, where the chiefs, perchance, are planning either to fly or fight."

Thus he spake; and Hector took the sceptre in his hands, and swore to him: "Let Jove himself now know,  
330 the loudly-thundering spouse of Juno—no other man of the Trojans shall be carried by those horses<sup>2</sup>; but I declare that thou shalt exult for ever in the possession of them."

Thus he spake, and swore what<sup>3</sup> was not destined to be accomplished, and urged him to set out. And immediately he threw round his shoulders his bent bow, and put on over it<sup>4</sup> the hide of a grey wolf, and upon his head a casque  
335 of weasel-skin; and seized a sharp javelin. And he set out from the camp, towards the ships—never, however, to bring back intelligence to Hector, returning from the ships. And when now he left behind him the crowd of horses and men, he with eagerness held on his way. And  
340 him advancing, the godlike Ulysses observed, and said to Diomedes:

"That man, Diomedes, is coming from the camp—I know not whether as a spy upon our vessels, or to plunder some of the dead bodies. But let us suffer him first to pass by  
345 a little along the plain, and then, rushing suddenly on him, seize him. But if he outstrip us in speed, pursuing him with a spear, let us constantly push<sup>5</sup> him from the camp towards the ships, lest by chance he escape towards the city."

<sup>1</sup> Nor from expectation.

<sup>2</sup> Shall ride—or be driven in that car.

<sup>3</sup> *επιτορκον*—falsely, or a false oath—not with a false intent—he only swore to grant his request, if in his power of course.

<sup>4</sup> Outside.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* let us try to push, &c.



Then having thus spoken, they lay down out of the path 350 among the dead bodies; and he, with imprudence, ran hastily past. But when now he was as far off as are furrows *made* by mules<sup>1</sup>—for they are better than oxen in dragging the strong plough through the deep fallow—the two ran after him; and he halted, hearing a noise. For he hoped within 355 his heart, that his comrades had come from the Trojans to turn him back, Hector having given fresh orders<sup>2</sup>. But when now they were distant a spear's cast, or even less, he knew the men were enemies, and moved his swift knees to fly; and they immediately started in pursuit of him. And 360 as when two strong-toothed dogs, skilled in hunting, ever unremittingly pursue through the woody grounds either a fawn or a hare, and it runs screaming before them; so did Tydides, and Ulysses, destroyer of cities, pursue him ever steadily, cutting him off from his people. And when now 365 flying towards the ships, he would have speedily mingled with the guards, then indeed Minerva threw might into Tydides, that none of the brazen-mailed Achæans might be beforehand in boasting that he had wounded him, and he himself come second. For the gallant Diomedes, rushing on him with his spear, addressed him:

“Either stop, or I will overtake thee with *my* spear; nor 370 do I think that thou wilt long escape certain destruction from my hand.”

He said, and hurled his spear, but intentionally missed the man. And over his right shoulder the point of the well-polished spear stuck in the ground. And then he stopt and trembled, stammering, while his teeth chattered<sup>3</sup>, 375 pale through fear. Panting they overtook him, and seized his hands; and weeping, he thus spake:

“Take me alive, and I will ransom myself; for I have at home<sup>4</sup> brass and gold and well-wrought iron; from which 380

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the length of a furrow in a field so ploughed.

<sup>2</sup> Hector having again ordered.

<sup>3</sup> And there was a chattering of teeth in his mouth.

<sup>4</sup> Within *my* house.

my father will bestow upon you an immense ransom, if he learn that I am alive at the ships of the Achæans."

And him the wily Ulysses answering, said: "Take courage, nor let death be at all in thy mind; but come, tell  
385 me this, and state it correctly. Why comest thou thus alone from the camp towards the fleet, in the dark night, and when other mortals sleep? Is it to plunder any of the dead bodies; or did Hector send thee forth to reconnoitre every thing at the hollow ships? Or did thy own spirit prompt thee?"

390 And him then Dolon answered, and his knees trembled under him: "Into great troubles, contrary to my will, has Hector led me, who promised to give me the solid-hoofed horses of the illustrious son of Peleus, and his car, ornamented with brass. And he bade me, setting  
395 out in the swift black night, approach near the enemy, and learn whether the swift ships were guarded as before, or whether now, defeated by our hands, ye were planning flight among yourselves, and were not able to keep watch during the night, worn out with severe labour."

400 Then, smiling, the wily Ulysses addressed him: "Well, certainly thy spirit aimed at mighty gifts—the horses of the warlike Æacides; for they are difficult to be controlled by mortal men, and to be driven by any other than Achilles, to whom an immortal mother gave birth. But  
405 come, tell me this, and state it correctly; where now, coming hither, didst thou leave Hector, shepherd of the people? Where lies his martial armour, and where his horses? And how *are* the stations and the beds of the other Trojans *placed*? What are they planning among themselves?  
410 Do they intend to remain there at a short distance from the ships<sup>1</sup>, or will they return again to the city, now<sup>2</sup> they have defeated the Achæans?"

And Dolon, the son of Eumedes, in reply, said to him: "I will indeed tell these things to thee very exactly.

<sup>1</sup> By the ships, a little way off.

<sup>2</sup> After, or since.



Hector, with those who are counsellors, is deliberating 415  
upon plans at the tomb of the divine Ilus, apart from the  
tumult: and *as to the* guards of which thou inquirest,  
Hero, no selected<sup>1</sup> *band* protects or watches the camp.  
All the fires<sup>2</sup> belong to the Trojans, whose business it  
is, and they keep awake, and exhort each other to be on 420  
their guard. But the allies, summoned from afar, on the  
contrary, sleep; for they leave it to the Trojans to keep  
watch, for neither *their* children nor their wives lie near  
them<sup>3</sup>."

And to him, the wily Ulysses, answering, said: "But  
now how do they sleep, mingled with the Trojans, tamers 425  
of horses, or apart? Tell me, that I may know."

And him then Dolon, the son of Eumedes, answered:  
"I will indeed state also these things with the utmost  
correctness. Towards the sea, *are* the Carians and Pæo-  
nians, armed with bent bows, and the Lelegians and  
Cauconians, and noble Pelasgians. And towards Thym- 430  
bra, the Lycians have their stations<sup>4</sup>, and the noble  
Mysians, and the Phrygians, tamers of horses, and the  
Mæonian cavalry<sup>5</sup>. But why inquire ye of me these par-  
ticulars? For if ye now seek to penetrate into the camp<sup>6</sup>  
of the Trojans—there are the Thracians newly arrived,  
they are apart, the farthest off of *all* the others. And  
among them is their king Rhesus, the son of Eioneus, 435  
whose horses, the most beautiful and largest, I have seen<sup>7</sup>.  
They are whiter than snow, and like to the winds in speed<sup>8</sup>.  
And his car is beautifully adorned with both gold and silver;  
and he himself comes, with armour, golden, prodigious—a  
wonder to be seen; not at all fit for mortal men to wear, 440  
but for immortal gods. But now take me to the swift  
ships, or binding me with a ruthless bond, leave me here

<sup>1</sup> *κεκριμένη*, scil. *φυλακή*—selected, or appointed—*i. e.* there is no particular guard, but all are on the alert.

<sup>2</sup> Fire-places.

<sup>3</sup> As if they had only themselves to take care of.

<sup>4</sup> Have their lot.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* who fought in cars—for there were plainly no cavalry in the modern sense.

<sup>6</sup> The crowd, or body.

<sup>7</sup> Perhaps, the most beautiful I ever beheld.

<sup>8</sup> To run.



445 until ye return, and make trial of me, whether I have spoken to you according to truth or not."

But then the brave Diomedes, looking sternly, addressed him: "Do not think in thy mind of escaping from me, Dolon—though reporting good tidings—since thou hast come into my hands. For if we should now dismiss  
450 thee, or let thee go<sup>1</sup>, hereafter again thou wouldst surely return to the swift ships of the Achæans, either to explore, or to fight against us. But if, subdued by my hands, thou lose thy life, thou wilt never afterwards be an injury to the Argives."

He said; and the other was about to supplicate him,  
455 taking him by the chin with his broad hand; but flying at him with his sword, Diomedes smote him upon the middle of the neck, and cut through both tendons; and the head of him, still muttering, was mingled with the dust. And from his head they took the weasel-skin helmet; and the  
460 wolf-skin, and his bent bow and long spear: and the noble Ulysses raised them aloft with his hand to Minerva, the goddess of plunder<sup>2</sup>, and praying, spake<sup>3</sup>:

"Rejoice, O goddess, in these; for thee, first of all the immortals in Olympus, do we invoke<sup>4</sup>; but conduct us likewise to the horses and beds of the Thracian men."

465 Thus he said; and raising them high above himself, he hung them on a tamarisk tree. And he placed a conspicuous mark, pulling up reeds, and the wide-spreading branches of the tamarisk, lest they should not find them again<sup>5</sup>, when they were returning in the swift black night.  
470 Then both advanced forward through weapons and black gore: and proceeding, they speedily came to the division of the Thracians. And these were sleeping, overpowered with

<sup>1</sup> Or, leave thee unhurt.

<sup>2</sup> *ληιψιδι*—plunderer—which warrants the usual interpretation of *αγγελιη*.

<sup>3</sup> Uttered a word.

<sup>4</sup> The future used as the present tense—but the Homeric use either of tenses or moods must not be appreciated by the more absolute standard of later days.

<sup>5</sup> Should escape them—not be seen by them.

toil, and their beautiful armour lay upon the ground beside them, in good order<sup>1</sup>, in three rows; and a pair of horses stood by each of them. And, in the midst, slept Rhesus, and near him his swift horses were fastened by the reins to the body of the car<sup>2</sup>. And Ulysses first ob- 475 serving him, pointed out to Diomedes:

“This *is* the man<sup>3</sup>, O Diomedes, and these *are* the horses which Dolon, whom we slew, told us of. But come now, exert thy mighty strength; nor becomes it thee to stand idle with thy weapons. Loosen then the horses; 480 or slaughter thou the men, and the horses shall be my care.”

Thus he spake; and the blue-eyed Minerva breathed valour into Diomedes, and he slaughtered away around him<sup>4</sup>, and a great groaning of those smitten with the sword arose; and the earth was red with blood. And as 485 a lion, coming upon unguarded flocks of goats or sheep, rushes on them, meditating destruction<sup>5</sup>; so the son of Tydeus fell upon the Thracians until he had slain twelve. But the wise Ulysses—whomsoever Tydides, coming close, struck with the sword—him Ulysses dragged behind<sup>6</sup>, seiz- 490 ing him by the foot; designing these things in his mind<sup>7</sup>, that the beautiful<sup>8</sup> horses might pass through with ease, nor be alarmed, *when* treading over the dead bodies, for as yet they were unused to them. But when now the son of Tydeus had reached the king, him, the thirteenth, 495 he deprived of sweet life, while panting<sup>9</sup>; for by the counsel of Minerva an ill dream stood over his head in the night, *in the form of* the son of Tydeus<sup>10</sup>: and in the mean time the courageous Ulysses was untying

<sup>1</sup> Well—in, or as to order.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently the *hinder* (πυματης) part of the ανρυξ, E. 728. The επιδιφρας is equivalent to ανρυξ—for διφρος is nothing but the part of the car in which the parties stood.

<sup>3</sup> The man for thee—or that is your man.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* right and left.

<sup>5</sup> Evil things.

<sup>6</sup> Or apart.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* he did so, with this view.

<sup>8</sup> καλλιτερεις—refers rather to the coat than the mane.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* with fright occasioned by his dream.

<sup>10</sup> Ουριδαν.



the solid-hoofed horses. And with the reins he bound them  
 500 together, and drove them from the crowd, striking them  
 with his bow, because he had not thought of taking with  
 his hands the splendid lash from the well-wrought car;  
 and then whistled, giving a signal to the noble Diome-  
 des. But he, remaining, was debating with himself<sup>1</sup>  
 what more daring deed he should do; whether, seizing the  
 505 car<sup>2</sup>, where lay the embroidered armour, he should drag it  
 out by the pole, or carry it out away, lifting it aloft<sup>3</sup>; or  
 take away the life of still more of the Thracians. Whilst he  
 was revolving these things within his mind, Minerva in the  
 mean time standing near addressed the noble Diomedes:

“Think now of a return to the hollow ships, son of  
 510 brave Tydeus, lest also thou go, when put to flight; or  
 lest, perchance, some other god rouse also the Trojans.”

Thus she spake; and he perceived the voice of the god-  
 515 dess who addressed him<sup>4</sup>, and he hastily mounted the  
 horses<sup>5</sup>. And Ulysses lashed *them* with his bow, and they  
 fled to the swift ships of the Achæans.

Nor had Apollo, of the silver bow, been unobservant<sup>6</sup>.  
 As soon as he beheld Minerva inciting<sup>7</sup> the son of Tydeus,  
 enraged with her he descended into the vast army of the  
 Trojans, and roused Hippocoon, a counsellor of the Thra-  
 cians, the gallant cousin of Rhesus. And, leaping up  
 520 from sleep, when he beheld the place empty where the  
 fleet horses had stood, and the men panting amidst the foul  
 slaughter, he wailed aloud, and called<sup>8</sup> upon his dear com-  
 panion by name. And a clamour and mighty tumult of the Tro-  
 jans running together arose, and they looked with wonder  
 525 at all<sup>9</sup> the sad deeds which had been done by the men who  
 were now returned to the hollow ships.

<sup>1</sup> Or, considering.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* the seat, or rather—for there was only standing room—the body of the car—very small and light.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* upon his head or shoulders.

<sup>4</sup> Speaking to.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* they rode the horses—leaving the car behind.

<sup>6</sup> Had not kept a negligent look-out.

<sup>7</sup> *μετα-ινουσαν*. So in E. 329.

<sup>8</sup> And named.

<sup>9</sup> As many as.



But when now they had come to the spot, where they slew the spy of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove, stopped his fleet horses<sup>1</sup>. And Tydides, leaping to the ground, placed in the hands of Ulysses the bloody spoils, and then mounted the horses. And he lashed the steeds, and both 530 not unwilling, fled towards the hollow ships, for thither it was agreeable to their minds *to go*<sup>2</sup>. And Nestor first heard the sound, and said:

“O friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, shall I speak false, or say the truth? For my heart bids me speak. The noise of swift-footed steeds strikes upon my 535 ears. O that now Ulysses and the gallant Diomedes may be thus speedily driving *some* solid-hoofed horses from the Trojans. But greatly do I fear in my mind lest these bravest of the Argives suffer something from the pursuit of the Trojans.”

The whole speech was not yet uttered, when they themselves arrived. And then they alighted on the ground, and *their friends* rejoicing, saluted them with the right hand and kind expressions. But *first* the Gerenian chief, Nestor, questioned them:

“Come, tell me, most excellent Ulysses, great glory of the Achæans, how took ye these horses? Penetrating 545 into the camp of the Trojans? or did some god, meeting, give them to you? Greatly are they like the rays of the sun<sup>3</sup>. I am always fighting<sup>4</sup> with the Trojans, nor can I say that I, though an aged warrior, remain at the ships: but I have never seen nor remarked such horses; and I 550 think that some god, meeting you, has given them. For cloud-compelling Jove loves you both, and the daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove, the blue-eyed Minerva.”

<sup>1</sup> The same phrases are used, as if they were *driving* a car.

<sup>2</sup> By construction the phrase applies to the horses—not to Ulysses and Diomedes. It is of frequent occurrence (for instance, A. 520), though inappropriate here. Such malapropos phrases are attributable to the lack of critical skill in the ancient or original editors of Homer.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* dazzling white.

<sup>4</sup> Mingling—*i. e.* in conflict. Though I am much in the field, and so see much of the Trojan horses, I never observed *such* among them.

And to him the wise Ulysses, answering, said: "O  
 555 Nestor, offspring of Neleus, great glory of the Achæans,  
 easily could a god, were he willing, have given better  
 horses even than these, for there are far better<sup>1</sup>. But  
 these steeds about which thou inquirest, old man, are  
 Thracian, newly arrived; and the brave Diomedes slew  
 560 their lord, and beside him twelve companions, all the  
 noblest. The thirteenth, a spy, we killed, near the ships  
 —a man whom Hector sent forth, and the other illustrious  
 Trojans, to reconnoitre our army<sup>2</sup>."

Thus saying, he drove the solid-hoofed horses across the  
 565 ditch<sup>3</sup>, exulting in glory; and with him went the other  
 Achæans rejoicing. But when they came to the well-con-  
 structed tent of Tydides, they fastened the steeds with  
 good<sup>4</sup> halters at the horse-crib, where stood the swift-footed  
 570 horses of Diomedes, eating sweet corn. And in the stern  
 of his vessel Ulysses laid the bloody spoils of Dolon, until  
 they<sup>5</sup> could make them ready as a sacred gift to Minerva<sup>6</sup>.  
 Then going into the sea, they washed off the great sweat  
 from their legs, and their neck, and their thighs. And when  
 575 the water of the sea had washed off the great sweat from  
 their bodies, and their hearts were refreshed<sup>7</sup>; then, enter-  
 ing the well-polished baths, they bathed; and both having  
 bathed and anointed themselves with rich oil, they sat  
 down to a feast; and taking from a full bowl, they made  
 an oblation of sweet<sup>8</sup> wine to Minerva.

<sup>1</sup> Possibly—for they are far more powerful than men—meaning the gods are.—Φ. 264.

<sup>2</sup> To be an explorer of our army.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by the ὄδος ἰππηλασία. H. 340.

<sup>4</sup> Well cut—*i. e.* from skins—the halters were strips of hide.

<sup>5</sup> *Viz.* Ulysses and Diomedes.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* till they could dedicate—or suspend them in some temple of Minerva.

<sup>7</sup> Refreshed as to their hearts—when they had thus cooled themselves.

<sup>8</sup> With the sweetness of honey.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XI.

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ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomedes is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax, with Menelaus, flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylos, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

AND Aurora rose from her couch, beside the beautiful Tithonus, that she might carry light to immortals and to mortals; and Jupiter sent forth fell Discord to the swift ships of the Achæans, holding in her hands the signal of war; and she stood <sup>1</sup> upon the huge <sup>2</sup> black ship of Ulysses, 5 which <sup>3</sup> was in the midst <sup>4</sup>, that she might be heard <sup>5</sup> on both sides, as well at the tents of the Telamonian Ajax, as at those of Achilles; for those *two* had drawn up <sup>6</sup> their good <sup>7</sup> ships at the extremities, relying on their valour and

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in a more artificial construction—When Aurora rose, Jove sent Discord, and she stood, &c.

<sup>2</sup> As large as a whale.

<sup>3</sup> ἡ ῥα—*i. e.* the ship which, &c.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* in the middle of the line or lines.

<sup>5</sup> To shout audibly to.

<sup>6</sup> Or hauled on shore.

<sup>7</sup> εἶσας.



10 the might of their hands. There the goddess standing, at the top of her voice<sup>1</sup>, shouted loudly and terribly to the Achæans, and implanted mighty strength in each heart, to fight and combat incessantly. And immediately war became more sweet to them, than to return in the hollow  
 15 ships to their dear native land. And the son of Atreus shouted aloud, and ordered the Argives to be girded; and himself put on his splendid armour<sup>2</sup>. First, round his legs he put his beautiful greaves, fastened with silver  
 20 clasps; next, on his breast he put the corselet which Cinyras once gave him, to be a memorial of hospitality. For he had heard at Cyprus<sup>3</sup> a great rumour, that the Achæans were going to sail against Troy in ships: and on that account gave him this, gratifying the king. And ten stripes  
 25 of it (*the corselet*) were of dark metal<sup>4</sup>, and twelve of gold, and twenty of tin<sup>5</sup>; and three azure serpents on each side stretched towards the neck, like rainbows, which the son of Saturn fixes in the clouds, as a sign to articulate-speaking men. Then round his shoulders he threw his  
 30 sword<sup>6</sup>; and on it glittered golden studs; and the sheath around it was of silver, attached to the belt by golden suspenders. Next he seized his good<sup>7</sup> shield, ample<sup>8</sup>, variously wrought, *and* beautiful, round which were ten brazen rings. And upon it were twenty white bosses of tin,  
 35 and in the midst<sup>9</sup> was *one* of dark metal. And a grim-visaged Gorgon crowned<sup>10</sup> it, looking horribly; and around *were* Terror and Flight. And its handle<sup>11</sup> was of silver, and an azure snake was twisted round it, and there were three

<sup>1</sup> *ορθία*.<sup>2</sup> Brass.<sup>3</sup> *Κυπρονδε*—*i. e.* one which has reached even to Cyprus.<sup>4</sup> *κυανος*—the specific metal is not ascertained.<sup>5</sup> The corselet, apparently, was of chain or scale mail; and the *ομοι*, layers, laminæ, or lines, which were, successively, or in some particular order, of different metals.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* hung by a belt.<sup>7</sup> *ασπιδα θουριν*—light—or rather, one which from its construction he could move about with facility.<sup>8</sup> Covering the man—*αμφι*—from top to toe.<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* of the twenty.<sup>10</sup> *i. e.* was in the centre of it.<sup>11</sup> The *τελαμων* here is the *fixed* handle—not the flexible belt, with which the shield was suspended from the shoulders.

heads entwined, sprung from one neck. And upon his 40  
head he placed his helmet, double coned, with four  
bosses<sup>1</sup>, and a crest of horse-hair, and the crest nodded  
awfully from above. And he took two tough spears,  
pointed with brass, *and* sharp; and the brass glittered from  
them afar, even to heaven; and *Minerva* and *Juno* thun- 45  
dered above in honour of the king of wealthy Mycene<sup>2</sup>.

Then each gave orders to his own driver to hold there  
his horses in good order by the ditch; and themselves  
armed on foot, with their weapons, rushed forth; and a 50  
mighty clamour arose, before morning. Along with the  
drivers they were first drawn up in front at the ditch—but  
the drivers were behind at a little distance; and the son  
of Saturn excited a dreadful tumult, and sent down a  
shower of blood<sup>3</sup> from the air above, because he was  
going to dispatch many gallant men<sup>4</sup> to Hades. 55

And the Trojans, again, on the other side, *formed* on  
the acclivity of the plain round mighty Hector, and good  
Polydamas, and Æneas, who, among the Trojans, was  
honoured by the people as a god, and the three sons of 60  
Antenor, Polybus, and the noble Agenor, and the youthful  
Acamas, like immortals. And Hector in the van bore his  
shield, equal on all sides<sup>5</sup>. And as a portentous star makes  
its appearance from the clouds, *sometimes* shining, and then  
again enters the black clouds; so Hector, giving orders,  
appeared now among the first, and now among the last; 65  
and *he* glittered all over with brass, like the lightning of  
ægis-bearing Jove.

And as reapers opposite to each other, form swathes of  
wheat or barley along the field of a rich<sup>6</sup> man, and the 70  
frequent handfuls fall; so the Trojans and Achæans,  
leaping upon one another, slew; and neither thought of  
pernicious flight. And they held their heads equal in

<sup>1</sup> See E. 743.<sup>2</sup> Mycene with much gold.<sup>3</sup> Dewes wet with blood—or whose moisture was blood.<sup>4</sup> Heads.<sup>5</sup> A periphrasis, which may mean *round*, or *square*, or, what is perhaps the case here—*oblong*, the opposite sides of which are equal. Z. 117.<sup>6</sup> Happy.



combat, and they rushed on like wolves: and cruel<sup>1</sup> Discord, looking on, exulted: for she alone of the gods was  
 75 then present with them whilst contending. And the other gods were not with them, but sat quiet in their mansions; where beautiful apartments were built for each, along the ridges of Olympus. And all were finding fault with the cloud-collecting son of Saturn, because he wished to  
 80 give glory to the Trojans. But, however, the father regarded them not, and retiring by himself, sat down apart from the others exulting in glory, looking both at the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans, and the splendour of armour<sup>2</sup>, and the destroyers, and destroyed.

As long as it was morning, and the sacred day was  
 85 increasing, so long the weapons flew fast upon both sides, and the people fell. But at the time when the wood-cutter gets ready his dinner in the glens of a mountain, when he has wearied<sup>3</sup> his hands cutting lofty trees, and exhaustion<sup>4</sup> has come upon his spirit, and the desire of agreeable food seizes his breast; at that time the Danaans,  
 90 by their valour, broke through the phalanxes, cheering their companions along the ranks. And Agamemnon first sprang forward, and slew the hero Bianor himself, shepherd of the people, and then his comrade, Oileus, his driver. For he then, leaping from the car, stood against him; but Agamemnon smote him, *as he was*  
 95 rushing straight forward, with his sharp spear, in the forehead; nor did the helmet of stout brass retard the weapon, but it passed through both it, and the bone, and all the brain within was shattered. Him then, while rushing towards him, he subdued. And Agamemnon, king of  
 100 men, left them there with their bosoms bare, when he had stript off their tunics. Next he went to slay Isus and Antiphus, two sons of Priam, *the one illegitimate, and the other legitimate*, being both in one car. The spurious son drove the car, whilst the illustrious Antiphus

<sup>1</sup> Of many groans—i. e. causing them.

<sup>2</sup> Satiated.

<sup>2</sup> Brass.

<sup>4</sup> Satiety.



fought<sup>1</sup>. These Achilles once bound with soft osiers on the summits of Ida, taking them when watching over their flocks; and he set them at liberty for a ransom<sup>2</sup>. Then, however, the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, struck one upon the breast above the pap with his spear; and again, he smote Antiphus beside the ear with his sword, and dashed him from the car. In haste<sup>3</sup> he plundered from them their beautiful armour, recognising them; for he had formerly seen them at the swift ships, when the swift-footed Achilles brought them from Ida. And as a lion, entering *their* covert, easily crushes the little fawns of the nimble stag, seizing them in his strong teeth, and deprives them of<sup>4</sup> their tender life; and she, although she happen *to be* very near, cannot bring them aid; for a dreadful tremor comes over herself; but hastening, she rushes fleetly through the dense oak-thickets and forests, sweating<sup>5</sup> at the attack of the savage beast. So no one of the Trojans was then able to ward off destruction from those *two*, but were themselves also routed by the Argives. Next Agamemnon *attacked* Pisander and bold Hippolochus, sons of the warlike Antimachus—he who, in particular, accepting gold—rich gifts from Alexander, would not suffer<sup>6</sup> him to restore Helen to the yellow-haired Menelaus. His two sons then the king of men, Agamemnon, seized, being in one car, and they drove their fleet horses together—for the splendid reins had dropt from their hands, and they were confounded. But the son of Atreus rushed against them like a lion; and they, on the other hand, supplicated from the car:

“Take us alive, son of Atreus, and receive thou worthy ransom. For many treasures lie in the houses of Antimachus, brass, gold, and well-wrought iron<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Fought from the chariot.

<sup>2</sup> Receiving a ransom.

<sup>3</sup> Hastening.

<sup>4</sup> And takes away from them.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* with fright, or with her own exertions to escape.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* resisted the proposal on the part of the Trojans to restore her.

<sup>7</sup> Or, much—perhaps manufactured articles of iron—swords, pikes, &c.

From these our father will present thee with a bound-  
 135 less ransom, if he hear that we are alive at the ships of  
 the Achæans."

Thus both, weeping, addressed the king with soothing  
 words; but received no soothing answer<sup>1</sup>. "If indeed ye  
 be the sons of the warlike Antimachus, who once, in an  
 assembly of the Trojans, advised them there to put to  
 140 death Menelaus, though coming as an ambassador along  
 with the godlike Ulysses, and not to send him back to  
 the Achæans—now surely ye shall receive punishment for  
 the foul insult of your father."

He said, and drove Pisander from his horses to the  
 ground, striking him on the breast with his spear; and he  
 was stretched supine upon the soil. But Hippolochus  
 145 leapt down; and him next he slew upon the ground,  
 lopping off his hands with his sword, and cutting off his  
 head<sup>2</sup>; and *it*, like a mortar, he hurled forward to  
 roll through the crowd. These then he quitted; and  
 where most phalanxes were in conflict, thither he ran,  
 and with him other well-greaved Achæans. The foot slew  
 150 the foot flying from necessity, and the horse the horse<sup>3</sup>  
 (and under them arose the dust from the plain, which the  
 loud-sounding feet of the horses threw up) slaughtering  
*them* with the sword<sup>4</sup>; but the king Agamemnon, con-  
 stantly slaying, pursued, cheering the Argives. And as  
 155 when a devouring fire falls upon a forest full of trees,  
 and the whirling wind bears it on all sides, and the  
 branches fall with the roots, overcome by the violence of  
 the flame; so fell the heads of the flying Trojans, under  
*the hands of* Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and many  
 160 high-necked horses rattled their empty cars along the field  
 of battle<sup>5</sup> without their brave drivers; for they lay upon  
 the earth, far more acceptable<sup>6</sup> to vultures than to their  
 wives.

<sup>1</sup> But heard an unkind word.

<sup>2</sup> Neck.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the warriors from the cars.

<sup>4</sup> With brass.

<sup>5</sup> The bridges of war—*i. e.* the spaces between the lines of the combatants.

<sup>6</sup> Dearer.



But Jove withdrew Hector from the weapons, and from the dust, and from the slaughter, and from the blood, and from the tumult; but Atrides pursued, vehemently exhorting the Danaans. And *the Trojans* rushed along the middle of the plain, past the tomb of Ilus, the son of old Dardanus, towards the wild fig-tree<sup>1</sup>, eager to reach the city; and Atrides, shouting, still followed them, and stained his invincible hands with gore. But when now they reached the Scæan gates and the beech-tree, there at length they halted, and awaited each other. Others, however, still fled through the middle of the plain, like *herds of cows*, which a lion, coming at the milking hour of night, puts trembling to flight—all, but to some one dreadful destruction is apparent. And of that one he breaks the neck, seizing it in his strong teeth; and then sucks both the blood and all the entrails. So the son of Atreus, king Agamemnon, pressed upon them, always killing the hindermost, while they fled. And many fell prone and supine from their cars beneath the hands of the son of Atreus; for around, and before *the rest*, he raged with his spear. But when now he was on the point of reaching<sup>2</sup> the city and the lofty wall, then at last the father both of men and gods, descending from heaven, seated himself upon the tops of Ida, abounding in springs. And he held the lightning in his hands, and dispatched the golden-winged Iris with a message<sup>3</sup>:

“ Away, swift Iris, deliver this message to Hector. As long as he sees Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, raging among the foremost combatants, destroying the ranks of men, so long let himself keep in the rear, and let him exhort the rest of the army to fight with the enemy in fierce battle. But when he (*Agamemnon*) shall leap into his car<sup>4</sup>, either struck by a spear, or wounded by an arrow, then will I supply him (*Hector*) with strength<sup>5</sup> to kill (*the Achæans*)

<sup>1</sup> The fig-tree, and beech-tree, may express, not single trees, but plantations, or groves of these trees.

<sup>2</sup> When he was soon going to arrive, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Announcing.

<sup>4</sup> Horses.

<sup>5</sup> Then will I put strength into his hands to him.



until he reach the well-benched ships, and the sun set, and awful <sup>1</sup> darkness come on."

195 Thus he spake, nor did the rapid Iris, swift on her feet as the wind, disobey; but descended from the heights of Ida towards sacred Ilium. And she found the noble Hector, son of warlike Priam, standing in the midst of the horses and compact cars; and standing near him, the swift-footed Iris said:

200 "Hector, son of Priam, equal to Jove in counsel, Jupiter has sent me forth to deliver this message to thee. As long as thou seest Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, raging among the foremost combatants, and destroying the ranks of men, so long do *thou* withdraw from combat, and  
205 exhort the rest of the army to fight with the enemy in fierce battle. But when he shall leap upon his horses, either struck with a spear, or wounded by an arrow, then will he (*Jove*) supply thee with strength 'to kill, until thou reach the well-benched ships, and the sun set, and awful darkness come on."

210 Thus having spoken, the swift-footed Iris departed. And Hector sprang with his armour from his car to the ground, and brandishing sharp spears, ranged on all sides through the army, encouraging them to fight; and stirred up furious battle. Then rallied they again, and faced the  
215 Achæans; and the Argives, on the other hand, strengthened their columns. And the battle was renewed, and they stood front to front <sup>2</sup>. And Agamemnon first rushed out, for he wished to fight far in front of all.

Tell me now, ye Muses, possessing Olympian mansions,  
220 who first, either of the Trojans themselves, or of their noble allies, now came opposed to Agamemnon. Iphidamas, son of Antenor, both valiant and mighty, who was brought up in fertile Thrace, mother of sheep. Cisseus, his maternal grandfather, who begot the fair-cheeked Theano, brought him up in his house, while yet a little one: and  
225 when he had attained the full measure of glorious youth,

<sup>1</sup> Sacred.

<sup>2</sup> Opposite.

he there detained him; and he gave him his own daughter. And having married her, he went from the bridal-chamber, on the rumour of the Achæans<sup>1</sup>, with twelve curved<sup>2</sup> ships, which accompanied him. The good ships indeed he afterwards left at Percôpe; and he, on foot, arrived at Troy—<sup>230</sup> *it was he* who then came against Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. And when these, advancing against each other, were now near, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside past him; but Iphidamas struck him upon the belt, under<sup>3</sup> the corselet; and he drove it with <sup>235</sup> great force, trusting to his heavy hand<sup>4</sup>. Yet the point pierced not the embroidered belt<sup>5</sup>, but encountering the silver long before, was bent like lead. And the wide-ruling Agamemnon, seizing it in his hand, pulled it towards him, exasperated, like a lion, and wrenched it out with his hand; and with his sword he smote him upon the neck, <sup>240</sup> and loosened his limbs. Thus he, unhappy, assisting his fellow-countrymen, falling there, slept the brazen sleep, *far* from his wedded virgin wife, whose favours he had not known, and for whom he had given<sup>6</sup> much—first he gave an hundred oxen, and next pledged himself for a thousand goats and sheep together, which were guarded for him <sup>245</sup> in great numbers. Then Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stript the body, and hastened, bearing the rich armour, through the army of the Achæans. But when Coon, the eldest born of Antenor, distinguished among men, beheld him, strong grief seized his eyes<sup>7</sup>, for his fallen brother; <sup>250</sup> and he stood sideways with his spear, unseen by the noble Agamemnon. And he wounded him in the middle of the arm, below the elbow, and the point of the shining spear pierced through to the other side. Then did Agamemnon, king of men, shudder; but not even thus did he abstain <sup>255</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* of their expedition against Troy.<sup>2</sup> With high curved prows.<sup>3</sup> Within.<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* with all the force of his heavy hand.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* the inner belt.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* to her parents.<sup>7</sup> Covered him as to the eyes.



from battle or from war, but rushed upon Coon with his strong spear<sup>1</sup>. He meanwhile was eagerly dragging by the foot Iphidamas his brother, and begot by the same father<sup>2</sup>, and was calling upon all the chiefs; but *Agamemnon* wounded him with his polished brazen spear below  
 260 the bossy shield, whilst *thus* dragging his *brother* through the crowd, and loosened his limbs; and, standing beside him, cut off his head over<sup>3</sup> Iphidamas. There the sons of Antenor, fulfilling their destiny by *the hands* of the king, son of Atreus, descended down to the abode of Pluto. But he ranged about among the ranks of other  
 265 men, with his spear, and his sword, and huge stones, whilst the warm blood yet spouted from the wound. When, however, the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased *to flow*, sharp pains penetrated<sup>4</sup> into the vigour of the son of Atreus. And as when the sharp *and* bitter weapon of  
 270 *pain* seizes<sup>5</sup> a woman in labour, which the Eileithyæ, presiders over child-birth, daughters of Juno, keeping bitter pains in their possessions, inflict; so did sharp anguish penetrate the strength of the son of Atreus. And he sprang into his car, and gave orders to the driver to push on towards the hollow ships; for he was tortured in his  
 275 heart. And crying out, he shouted aloud to the Danaans:  
 “O my friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, keep ye off horrid battle from the sea-crossing ships, since Jove, the counsellor, permits me not to combat through the day with the Trojans.” Thus he spake; and his  
 280 driver lashed his beautiful<sup>6</sup> horses towards the hollow ships; and they, not unwilling, flew. And their breasts were covered with foam<sup>7</sup>, and they were sprinkled beneath with dust, bearing the afflicted king apart from the battle.

<sup>1</sup> Fed by the winds—grown in a place exposed to the winds; or possibly, thrown with the force of the wind.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* not of the same mother.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* as he fell upon the dead body of Iphidamas, which he was dragging away.

<sup>4</sup> Entered—sunk into.

<sup>5</sup> Has.

<sup>6</sup> *καλλιτριχας*—which probably refers rather to the hair of the body, than of the mane.

<sup>7</sup> They foamed their breasts.



But Hector, as soon as he observed Agamemnon retreating, exhorted both the Trojans and Lycians, shouting 285 aloud :

“ Ye Trojans, Lycians, and spear-fighting Dardans, be men, my friends, and exert<sup>1</sup> your vigorous energies. The bravest hero is gone ; and Jove, the son of Saturn, gives me great glory<sup>2</sup>. But straightway urge your solid-hoofed horses against the gallant Danaans, that ye may win more 290 ample glory.”

Thus saying, he excited the courage and spirit of each. And as when perchance some huntsman animates his white-toothed dogs against a wild boar or lion ; so Hector, son of Priam, equal to the man-slaughtering Mars, animates the 295 bold Trojans against the Achæans. And he himself, with high thoughts<sup>3</sup> advanced among the first, and leaped<sup>4</sup> into battle, like to a storm blowing from above, which, rushing down, rouses up the dark ocean.

Then whom first and whom last did Hector, the son of Priam, slay, when Jove gave him glory ? Assæus first, 300 and Autoonius, and Opites, and Dolops, son of Clyteus, and Opheltius, and Agelaus, and Æsymnus, and Orus and stout Hippononius. These leaders of the Danaans then he slew ; and afterwards the multitude<sup>5</sup>. As when the west 305 wind, striking with a mighty blast, drives the clouds of the rapid south ; and many a huge billow rolls along, and the foam scatters on high under the force of the roaming wind ; so in crowds were the people<sup>6</sup> subdued by Hector. Then indeed would there have been destruction, and 310 irremediable deeds been done, and the flying Achæans would have rushed into the ships, had not Ulysses called upon Diomedes, the son of Tydeus :

<sup>1</sup> Remember. <sup>2</sup> *i. e.* the advantage is again with us.

<sup>3</sup> Thinking great things—*i. e.* with magnificent expectations of success.

<sup>4</sup> Fell.

<sup>5</sup> The troops—rank and file—as distinguished from the commanders.

<sup>6</sup> Heads of people—*i. e.* great numbers of the people—where λαων is synonymous with πληθυν, in 305.

“ Son of Tydeus, why<sup>1</sup> are we forgetful of our effective valour? Come hither, my friend, stand by me; for it will indeed be a disgrace if the helmed Hector take the ships.”

Then gallant Diomedes, answering, said to him: “ Well, I will remain and resist; but of little service shall we be<sup>2</sup>, since the cloud-compelling Jove chooses to give glory to the Trojans now rather than to us.”

320 He said, and hurled from his car to the ground Thymbræus, striking him with his spear upon the left breast; and Ulysses *slew* Molion, the godlike attendant of the king<sup>3</sup>. These then they quitted, when they had put an end to their fighting<sup>4</sup>; and both advancing into the  
325 ranks, threw them into confusion, as when two boars, full of courage<sup>5</sup>, rush upon the hounds<sup>6</sup>—so renewing the charge, they cut down the Trojans: and the Achæans with pleasure breathed again, escaping the noble Hector. Next they took a car and *two* warriors, the bravest of the people, the two sons of the Percosian Merops, who, above all, was  
330 skilful in augury, and forbade<sup>7</sup> his sons to march to the deadly war; but they did not obey him, for the destinies of black death led them on. And Diomedes, son of Tydeus, expert in the use of the spear, depriving<sup>8</sup> them of life and breath, spoiled *them* of their beautiful armour.  
335 And Ulysses slew Hippodamus and Hypeirochus. Then the son of Saturn, looking down from Ida, stretched battle among them on equal terms<sup>9</sup>; and they slaughtered one another. The son of Tydeus then wounded on the hip, with his spear, the hero Agastrophus, the son of Pæon; for  
340 his horses were not at hand for him to escape; and he had done foolishly, for his attendant kept them at a distance,

<sup>1</sup> Suffering what—*i. e.* what is the matter with us, that we forget—do not exert, &c.

<sup>2</sup> The use of us will be little.

<sup>3</sup> Hector.

<sup>4</sup> Made them cease from war.

<sup>5</sup> Thinking greatly.

<sup>6</sup> The hunting dogs.

<sup>7</sup> Did not suffer.

<sup>8</sup> Forcing them to quit.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* neither gave way—as if each party pulled at the ends of a rope, with equal strength.



and he himself rushed on foot through the foremost combatants, till he lost his life. But Hector quickly observed it along the ranks, and hastened towards them, shouting; and with him followed the phalanxes of the Trojans. And 345 gallant Diomedes, beholding him, shuddered, and immediately addressed Ulysses, who was near<sup>1</sup>:

“Against us now that destruction rolls—the mighty Hector. But come, let us stand *firm*, and, awaiting, repulse *him*.”

He said, and brandishing his long spear, hurled it, and struck him; nor, in aiming at his head, did he miss the 350 top of the helm. But the brass was repelled by the brass, nor reached the fair skin; for the triple-plated, beavered helmet stopt it—that which Phœbus Apollo gave him. And Hector hastily fell back a considerable space, and was mingled with the crowd; and sunk on his knees<sup>2</sup>, 355 supporting himself with his strong hand on the earth, and black night covered his eyes. And whilst the son of Tydeus was following the direction<sup>3</sup> of his spear far through the foremost combatants, where it stuck<sup>4</sup> in the earth, Hector recovered himself, and, springing again into his car, drove into the ranks, and avoided black fate. 360 And the brave Diomedes, rushing after him with his spear, said:

“Again, dog, hast thou now escaped death. Truly destruction came close upon thee. Again has Phœbus Apollo, to whom thou art wont to offer up thy prayers, when going into the clash of spears, now rescued thee. But I will another time make an end of thee, falling in with 365 thee again, if I too have an helper among the gods<sup>5</sup>. Now, however, I will go against others, whomsoever I may find.”

He said, and stript<sup>6</sup> the good spear-man, the son of

<sup>1</sup> Being near.

<sup>2</sup> Stood, fallen on his knees—*i. e.* remained, or was in that position.

<sup>3</sup> The impetus, or force.

<sup>4</sup> Entered in.

<sup>5</sup> If there is to me also (*i. e.* as well as you) one of the gods a helper.

<sup>6</sup> Diomedes was turned towards the body of Pæonides, engaged in stripping it—and stooping, with the heel of one foot raised.



Pæon. But Alexander, the husband of the fair-haired  
 370 Helen, protected by <sup>1</sup> a pillar, at the tomb of Ilus <sup>2</sup>, the  
 son of Dardanus, the aged leader, bent his bow at the son  
 of Tydeus, shepherd of the people. He indeed was taking  
 off the variegated corselet from the breast of the gallant  
 Agastrophus, and the shield from his shoulders, and his  
 375 heavy casque; and Alexander drew the horn <sup>3</sup> of his bow,  
 and struck him in the sole of the right foot, nor did the  
 weapon escape in vain from his hand; and the arrow going  
 right through, was fixed in the ground. And, laughing  
 with great joy, he sprang from his ambuscade, and, boast-  
 ing, uttered *this* speech:

380 “Thou art struck, and the weapon fled not from me  
 in vain. Would that, striking thee in the bottom of thy  
 belly, I had deprived thee of life. Thus would the Tro-  
 jans breathe again from destruction, who now are struck  
 with horror at thee, as bleating goats at a lion.”

To him said, undismayed, the brave Diomedes: “Bow-  
 385 shooter—infamous—proud of thy curls—slave of women—  
 if now in arms thou wouldst make trial of me, hand to  
 hand <sup>4</sup>, thy bow would avail thee not, and numerous ar-  
 rows <sup>5</sup>; though now, on scratching the sole of my foot, thou  
 boastest in this way. I regard <sup>6</sup> it no more than if a  
 390 woman had wounded me, or a foolish boy; for the arrow  
 of a feeble, worthless man, like thee, is of no force <sup>7</sup>.  
 Otherwise truly from me—if even it but slightly touches  
 a man—comes the sharp arrow, and instantly renders  
 him lifeless: and the cheeks of his wife are both lacerated,  
 and his children are orphans; and, staining the earth red  
 395 with his blood, he rots; and there are more birds around  
 him than women.”

Thus he spake; and Ulysses, skilful with the spear,  
 coming near, stood before him; and Diomedes, sitting

<sup>1</sup> Reclined behind.

<sup>2</sup> At the dead man's tomb.

<sup>3</sup> The elbow, or point in the middle, where the roots of the horns met—the point on which the arrow rested.

<sup>4</sup> In opposition.

<sup>5</sup> Diomedes upbraids him with being no *spearman*.

<sup>6</sup> I regard it not, as if a woman, &c.

<sup>7</sup> Blunt.

down behind him, drew the swift arrow from his foot; and sharp pain shot through his body. And he sprang into his car, and bade the driver push on towards the hollow ships; for he was grieved at heart. And the spear-skilled Ulysses was *left* alone; nor did any of the Argives remain 400 beside him, for fear had seized upon all. Then, distressed, he *thus* communed with his own bold spirit:

“Alas! what will become of me<sup>1</sup>? Great indeed will be the disgrace if I fly, alarmed at the multitude; but 405 worse if I be taken alone: and the son of Saturn has struck with terror the rest of the Danaans. But wherefore does my spirit talk these things with me? for I know that cowards skulk from battle; but he who is brave in combat, must firmly stand, whether he be attacked or 410 attack another.”

Whilst he was revolving these things within his mind and soul, the ranks of the shielded Trojans came upon him, and enclosed him in the midst, bringing destruction with them. And as when dogs and vigorous youths around rouse up a boar, and he comes forth out of a deep thicket, 415 sharpening his white tusk within his crooked jaws; and they rush around<sup>2</sup>; and he grinds his teeth; and they nevertheless await him, terrible as he is—so rushed then the Trojans round Ulysses, beloved of Jove; but he wounded above the shoulder the brave Deïopites first, springing upon 420 him with his sharp spear; and afterwards he slew Thoön and Ennomus. And with his spear he next wounded Chersidamas, when leaping from his car, in the navel, below the bossed shield; and he, falling amid the dust, grasped 425 the earth with his hand<sup>3</sup>. These he left, and next wounded with his spear Charops, the son of Hippasus, and own brother of the noble Socus. And Socus; godlike hero, advanced to give him aid; and approaching, he stood very near, and addressed him in these words<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> What shall I suffer. See 313 of this book.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* preparing for his onset.

<sup>3</sup> With the palm of his hand.

<sup>4</sup> Spake to him a word.



430 “ Oh illustrious Ulysses, inexhaustible in wiles and labours, to-day thou shalt either boast over both sons of Hippasus, having slain such heroes, and stripped off their armour, or else thou shalt lose thy life, smitten by my spear.”

Thus saying, he struck the shield, every where equal.  
435 The forceful weapon went through the shining shield, and drove into the curiously-wrought corselet, and stript all the skin from his side. But Pallas Minerva suffered it not to penetrate to the entrails of the hero. And Ulysses perceived that the weapon had not gone fatally  
440 into him, and, falling back, he addressed *this* speech to Socus:

“ Ah! wretch, grievous destruction will soon overtake thee. Thou hast indeed put a stop to my fighting against the Trojans, but I declare that death and black fate shall here be thine<sup>1</sup> this day; and that, subdued by my spear,  
445 thou shalt give glory to me, and thy soul to Pluto, distinguished for his horses<sup>2</sup>.”

He said, and the *other*, turning again to flight, was retreating; but, when he was turned<sup>3</sup>, he (*Ulysses*) fixed the spear in his back between the shoulders, and drove it through his breast. Falling, he gave a crash, and the noble Ulysses gloried over him:

450 “ O Socus, son of the warlike, horse-taming Hippasus, the end of death, overtaking, has seized thee, nor hast thou escaped<sup>4</sup>. Ah! wretch, thy father and venerable mother shall not close thine eyes for thee, though dead, and ravenous<sup>5</sup> birds shall tear thee, flapping their frequent  
455 wings over thee; but when I die, the noble Achæans shall pay me funeral honour.”

So saying, he plucked the strong spear of the warlike Socus from his *own* body, and bossy shield; and the blood gushed out as he drew it forth, and racked his

<sup>1</sup> Be to thee.

<sup>2</sup> Who used a car, as well as the rest of the gods.

<sup>3</sup> To him turned.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* has overtaken thee before thou couldst escape.

<sup>5</sup> Flesh-eating.



spirit<sup>1</sup>. And the bold Trojans, when they beheld the blood of Ulysses, all, exhorting each other along the crowd, 460 pressed upon him; and he retreated backwards, and shouted for his companions. Thrice did he then shout as loud as he was able<sup>2</sup>, and thrice the warlike Menelaus heard him exclaiming; and forthwith addressed Ajax, being near:

“Noble Ajax, son of Telamon, prince of the people, 465 around me comes the voice of the intrepid Ulysses, like to him, as if the Trojans, cutting him off *from his comrades* in the keen battle, were pressing violently upon him, being alone. But let us go into the throng; for it is better to assist him. I fear lest, being left alone, brave 470 though he be, amidst the Trojans, he suffer aught, and there be great want<sup>3</sup> *of him* among the Danaans.”

Thus speaking, he led the way, and the godlike hero followed along with him. Then they found Ulysses, beloved by Jove; and round him Trojans were following, like blood-thirsty wolves about a wounded horned stag 475 in the mountains—one which a man has smitten with an arrow (*shot*) from a bow-string. Him indeed, flying, it escapes by its speed<sup>4</sup>, as long as the blood is warm, and its knees bear him up; but when the swift arrow exhausts it, the ravenous wolves devour<sup>5</sup> it in a shady thicket among the mountains. Chance<sup>6</sup> however brings thither 480 a destructive lion; and the wolves fly in terror, and he devours. So at that time followed the Trojans, numerous and brave, round the wise and warlike Ulysses; but the hero, charging with his spear, repelled the pitiless day<sup>7</sup>. Then Ajax came near, bearing his shield like a tower, and stood 485 beside him; and the Trojans, in different directions, fled in alarm. The warlike Menelaus, meanwhile, taking him by the hand, led *him* from the throng, till his attendant

<sup>1</sup> But the blood of him, drawing it forth, gushed out to him.

<sup>2</sup> As much as the head of man contains.

<sup>3</sup> Desire.

<sup>4</sup> Its feet.

<sup>5</sup> Tearing in pieces, devour.

<sup>6</sup> *ἑαυτὸν*—by which seems to be expressed the ordinary course of events—not a special direction.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. miserable fate.

drove his horses near. But Ajax, springing upon the  
 490 Trojans, slew Doryclus, the son of Priam, a spurious son;  
 and next wounded Pandocus. And Lysander he wounded,  
 and Pyrasus, and Pylartes. And as when a full-flowing  
 river comes down, a torrent, from the mountains upon the  
 plain, swollen by the rain of Jove<sup>1</sup>, and bears along with  
 495 it many dry oaks and many pines, and casts much debris  
 into the sea; so the illustrious Ajax, routing *them*, pur-  
 sued *them* along the plain, slaughtering both horses and  
 men. Nor as yet did Hector learn it; for he was fighting  
 on the left<sup>2</sup> of all the battle, by the banks of the river  
 500 Scamander; where fell the heads of men in greatest num-  
 bers, and a tremendous shout arose round the mighty  
 Nestor and the warlike Idomeneus. Among these did  
 Hector mingle, performing arduous deeds with his spear  
 and car-fighting skill, and desolated the phalanxes of  
 youths. Nor yet would the noble Achæans have retired  
 505 from *their* position<sup>3</sup>, had not Alexander, the husband  
 of the fair-haired Helen, disabled<sup>4</sup> Machaon, shepherd of  
 the people, fighting bravely<sup>5</sup>—wounding him on the right  
 shoulder with a triple-barbed arrow. For him trembled  
 then the valour-breathing Achæans, lest perchance, the  
 510 battle giving way<sup>6</sup>, the Trojans should slay him: and im-  
 mediately Idomeneus addressed the noble Nestor:

“O Neleian Nestor, great glory of the Achæans, up,  
 mount thy car, and let Machaon get in beside thee, and  
 drive thy solid-hoofed horses with all speed to the ships;  
 515 for a medical man is worth<sup>7</sup> many others, to cut out ar-  
 rows, and to apply<sup>8</sup> healing remedies.”

Thus he spake, nor did the Gerenian chief, Nestor,  
 refuse; but forthwith ascended his car, and Machaon  
 mounted beside him, the son of Æsculapius, the excellent  
 physician; and he lashed the horses, and they flew not

<sup>1</sup> Accompanied by the shower of Jove.    <sup>2</sup> With reference to the Trojans.

<sup>3</sup> *κελευθος*, in a military sense—like *γεφυρα*.

<sup>4</sup> Made to cease.

<sup>5</sup> *αριστινοντα*—equal to the bravest.

<sup>6</sup> That of the Achæans.

<sup>7</sup> Comparable.

<sup>8</sup> To sprinkle—*sc.* dried herbs rubbed to power.



unwilling towards the hollow ships, for thither it was 520 agreeable to their inclination *to go*.

But Cebriones, mounted beside Hector, perceived the Trojans in confusion, and addressed him in these words: "Hector, we two are engaged with the Danaans here in the outskirt of horrid-sounding battle; and now the other 525 Trojans are in confusion pell-mell, their horses and themselves; and Telamonian Ajax is routing them; and I know him well, for he bears upon his shoulders his broad shield. But let us also direct our horses and car thither, where chiefly horse and foot, dealing forth destructive combat, slaughter 530 each other, and a tremendous shouting arises."

Thus then having spoken, he lashed the beautiful horses with his loud scourge. And they, feeling the stroke, speedily bore the swift car among the Trojans and Achæans, trampling on both corsers and shields. And the 535 whole axle-tree beneath was splashed with blood, and the sides of the car<sup>1</sup>, which the drops from the horses' hoofs struck, and those from the tires of the wheels. But he was eager to enter the crowd of heroes, and to break through, springing upon them. And he sent evil tumult among the Danaans, and abstained little from combat<sup>2</sup>, 540 and ranged through the ranks of the rest of men with his spear, and his sword, and huge stones, but avoided the battle of Telamonian Ajax.

But Jove, aloft, excited fear within Ajax, and he stood paralyzed, and cast behind him his shield of seven bulls' hides. And he was alarmed, gazing about upon the 545 throng like a wild beast, retreating and turning again, and slowly moving knee after knee. And as dogs and rustic men drive a fierce lion from the stall of oxen—they permit him not to carry off the fatness of the cattle, watching all night; but he, eager for food, rushes on, yet does not suc- 550 ceed, for numerous darts fly against him from bold hands,

<sup>1</sup> The sides round the bottom (*δεφρος*) of the car.

<sup>2</sup> From the spear—he lost no time in delay—or fought incessantly.



and blazing torches, which he dreads, though dashing on; and in the morning he stalks away with grieving mind: so  
 555 Ajax, afflicted in his heart, then retired, much against his will, from the Trojans; for he feared for the ships of the Achæans. And as when a lazy<sup>1</sup> ass, upon whom many sticks have already been broken<sup>2</sup>, going a-field, forces his way in spite of the boys, and entering in crops the high  
 560 grain; and the boys beat him with sticks, but their strength is feeble; and with difficulty they drive him out, when he is satiated with food: so then at length the bold Trojans and allies, summoned from afar, pressed constantly upon Ajax, the mighty son of Telamon, striking the middle of  
 565 his shield with missile weapons. And Ajax, sometimes wheeling about, exerted<sup>3</sup> his vigorous force, and checked the phalanxes of the Trojans, the tamers of horses, and sometimes he turned himself to fly. But he prevented all from advancing to the swift ships, and stopping, he raged  
 570 between the Trojans and Achæans. And the spears from daring hands, rushing forward, stuck, some in his ample shield; and many, though eager to be glutted with his flesh, fell<sup>4</sup> on the ground between, before they reached *his* white body.

But as soon, however, as Eurypylus, the noble son of  
 575 Euæmon, perceived him to be hard pressed with many darts, advancing, he stood beside him, and hurled his shining spear; and struck Apisaon, the son of Phausias, shepherd of the people, in the liver, under the midriff; and at once relaxed his limbs. And Eurypylus sprang  
 580 upon him, and stript the armour from his shoulders. But then, as soon as the godlike Alexander observed him stripping off Apisaon's armour, he instantly drew his bow at Eurypylus, and struck him with an arrow upon the right thigh; and the reed was broken, and it gave severe pain to the thigh. And he fell back into the column of his com-

<sup>1</sup> Persevering—dogged—rather, obstinate.<sup>2</sup> Been broken around it.<sup>3</sup> Was mindful of.<sup>4</sup> Stood—*i. e.* fell, or pitched into the ground.

rades, avoiding fate, and shouting, cried with a loud voice 585 to the Danaans:

“O friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, rally, and stand<sup>1</sup>, and ward off the pitiless day from Ajax, who is overwhelmed with darts; nor do I think that he can escape from dire-sounding war. But by all means stand against 590 *the foe*, round the mighty Ajax, the son of Telamon.”

So spake the wounded Eurypylus, and beside him they stood close together<sup>2</sup>, resting their shields upon their shoulders, and lifting up their spears. And Ajax met them, and, wheeling about, stood *firm*, when he reached the column of his comrades. Thus they indeed combated 595 like to a consuming fire.

In the mean time the mares of the son of Neleus, sweating, bore Nestor from the battle, and carried Machaon, shepherd of the people. And the noble Achilles, swift of foot, looking forth observed him; for he stood upon the prow of *his* large ship, gazing at the dire struggle 600 and lamentable rout. And immediately he addressed Patroclus, his comrade, calling from the ship; and he, hearing him within the tent, came forth like Mars: and it was the commencement of misfortune to him<sup>3</sup>. Him first the gallant son of Menœtius addressed:

“Why dost thou call me, Achilles, and what need 605 hast thou of me<sup>4</sup>?” And to him, the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said:

“Noble son of Menœtius, dear to my soul, now I think that the Achæans will stand supplicating round my knees; for a necessity, no longer bearable, comes upon them. But go now, Patroclus, beloved of Jove, ask Nestor what 610 man is this *whom* he brings wounded from the battle. Behind, indeed, he wholly resembles Machaon, the son of

<sup>1</sup> Rallying, stand.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* to shield Eurypylus.

<sup>3</sup> As is seen in the sequel. Patroclus, assuming the arms of Achilles, goes out to repel the assailing Trojans. He at first carries death and destruction with him, his appearance, as Achilles, creating the utmost confusion; but he is afterwards attacked and killed by Hector.

<sup>4</sup> In what respect does need of me come to thee.



Æsculapius, but I have not seen the man's face<sup>1</sup>: for the horses passed me, hastening forward."

615 Thus he spake, and Patroclus was obedient to his beloved comrade, and set out to run along the tents and ships of the Achæans.

But when they<sup>2</sup> (*Nestor and Machaon*) came to the tent of the son of Neleus, they themselves alighted on the fertile soil, and Eurymedon, the attendant of the old man, took  
620 the horses from the car; and they dried off the sweat from their tunics<sup>3</sup>, standing towards the breeze beside the shore of the sea, and then, entering the tent, sat down upon couches. And for them did fair-haired<sup>4</sup> Hecamede prepare a mixture<sup>5</sup>—she whom the old man brought from Tenedos,  
625 when Achilles laid it waste, the daughter of the brave Arsinöus,—whom the Achæans selected for him, because he excelled all in counsel. First she brought out for them a handsome, black-footed polished table; and upon it a brazen tray, and on it an onion, a relish with the beverage, and new  
630 honey, and the fruit of the sacred corn<sup>6</sup> beside it. Likewise a splendid cup near them, which the old man brought from home, stuck full of golden studs. And its handles were four, and round each two golden pigeons were feed-  
635 ing, and it had two bottoms<sup>7</sup>. Another indeed with difficulty would have lifted it, when full, from the table; but the aged Nestor raised it with ease. In it the lady, like to the goddesses, had made a mixture for them of Prameian wine, and grated over it goat-milk cheese with a brazen  
640 rasp, and sprinkled white flour upon it; and bade them drink, as soon as she had prepared the beverage. And after by drinking they quenched the parching thirst, they amused themselves with conversation, talking to each other. And Patroclus stood at the doors, a godlike man.

<sup>1</sup> Eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Nestor and Machaon.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* they cooled themselves—let their tunics dry on their bodies in the cool air.

<sup>4</sup> Or well-curled.

<sup>5</sup> See the ingredients, 638—640.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* bread or cakes.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* it was an *αμφικυπελλον*—a double cup. It would stand on either end, and each had two handles.



And the old man, perceiving him, rose from his splendid seat, and, taking him by the hand, led him in, and bade him be seated. But Patroclus, on the other side, declined, and uttered *this* speech :

“ No sitting is there for me, O Jove-supported sage ; nor wilt thou persuade me. To be revered and feared is he who sent me forth to inquire who was this, whom thou wast bringing in wounded ; but I myself know, for I see it is Machaon, shepherd of the people. And now, to make my report, I, with the news<sup>1</sup>, will go back to Achilles ; for well dost thou know, O Jove-supported sage, what an irascible man he is—he would soon find fault even with the faultless.”

And him answered then the Gerenian chief, Nestor :  
 “ Why then does Achilles thus compassionate the sons of the Achæans, as many as have been now wounded with weapons ? Nor knows he at all how much of sorrow has arisen throughout the army ; for the bravest lie in the ships, wounded with spears or arrows. The brave Diomedes, son of Tydeus, has been struck with an arrow, and spear-skilled Ulysses wounded, and Agamemnon. Eurypylus also has been shot in the thigh with an arrow ; and this other I have just brought from battle, struck with an arrow from a bow-string : yet Achilles, brave as he is, cares not for the Danaans, nor pities them. Does he wait until at last the swift ships by the sea, in spite of the Argives, be consumed with hostile fire, and we be slain in succession ? For my strength is not as it formerly was, in my flexile limbs. Would that I were as young, and my might as firm, as when a contest took place between the Eleians and us, about the driving away of *some* oxen, when, making<sup>2</sup> reprisals, I slew Itymoneus, the brave son of Hypeirochus, who dwelt in Elis : for he, defending his cattle, was smitten among the first by a javelin from my hand, and there fell, and his rustics fled in confusion. And we drove from the

<sup>1</sup> A messenger.

<sup>2</sup> Driving.

of Augeas, and possessed his eldest daughter, the yellow-  
 740 haired Agamede, who was acquainted with all the medicinal plants which the wide earth produces<sup>1</sup>. Him, as he came against me, I smote with my brazen spear. And he fell in the dust; and, springing into his car, I stood then among the foremost combatants: and the bold Epeians fled in all directions in terror, when they beheld the man fallen, 745 the leader of their horse, who was their bravest in battle<sup>2</sup>. But I rushed upon them like to a black storm; and I took fifty chariots, and in each around two men bit the ground with their teeth, subdued by my spear. And now indeed I should have slain the young Molions, the sons of Actor<sup>3</sup>, 750 had not their father, the wide-ruling Neptune, covering them with thick cloud, preserved them from the war. Then Jupiter bestowed great glory upon the Pyliaus, for so far we followed over the shield-covered plain, both slaying them, and gathering up rich armour, until we had driven 755 our horses to Buprasium, very fertile in corn, and to rocky Olenia and to Aleisium, where is the famous<sup>4</sup> Hill—from thence Minerva turned again the army. There having killed the last man, I left him; and the Achæans drove back<sup>5</sup> their horses from Buprasium to Pylus; and all gave 760 glory to Jove, of the gods, and to Nestor, of men. Such was I—if ever indeed I was<sup>6</sup>—along with men. But Achilles will enjoy alone his valour: truly I think that he will hereafter greatly lament, when the people have perished. O my friend, thee Menœtius surely thus commanded on 765 that day when he sent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon. For being both of us within, I and the noble Ulysses, we well heard every thing in the halls, how he charged thee: for we had come to the excellent<sup>7</sup> mansions of Peleus, collecting an army in fertile Achæis. There

<sup>1</sup> As many as.<sup>2</sup> Was the best to fight.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* their reputed father.<sup>4</sup> Is called—*i. e.* has the name of Κολωνη, or Hill—appellatively, from some special occasion not assigned.<sup>5</sup> Held back.<sup>6</sup> See I. 180.<sup>7</sup> "To the conveniently habitable."



then we found the hero Menœtius within, as well as thee, 770  
 and Achilles beside thee; and the aged chief, Peleus, was  
 burning the fat legs of an ox to Jove, who delights in thun-  
 der, within the court-yard of his palace<sup>1</sup>, and held a golden  
 cup, pouring the dark wine over the blazing sacrifice. You  
 were both then busied about the flesh of the ox, and we at 775  
 the time stood in the vestibule; but Achilles, astonished,  
 leapt up, and, catching *us by* the hand, led *us* in, and bade  
 us be seated; and put before us the feasts of hospitality,  
 which are proper for guests. And when we had satisfied  
 ourselves with eating and drinking, I began a speech, ex- 780  
 horting you to accompany us. Ye were both very willing,  
 and they both gave you many injunctions<sup>2</sup>. The aged  
 Peleus indeed bade his son Achilles always to be bravest,  
 and be conspicuous above others: and to thee again Menœ-  
 tius, the son of Actor, thus gave charge: 'My son, by 785  
 birth indeed Achilles is thy superior; but thou art the  
 elder: and though he is much better in strength; do  
 thou give him good advice, and suggest to him, and  
 direct him, and he will surely be advised for *his* good.'  
 Thus did the old man command thee, but thou art forget-  
 ful: still even now mention these things to the warlike 790  
 Achilles—perchance he may be persuaded. For who  
 knows but, advising him, thou mayst, with the god's assist-  
 ance<sup>3</sup>, move his mind? For the persuasion of a friend is  
 good. But if within his heart he avoid some oracle<sup>4</sup>, and  
 his divine mother have stated any thing to him from Jove,  
 let him at least send thee forth; and with thee let the 795  
 rest of the army of the Myrmidons follow, that thou mayst  
 be some aid to the Danaans. Let him likewise give thee  
 his beautiful armour to wear in battle, that the Trojans,  
 taking thee for him, may abstain from battle, and the  
 brave sons of the Achæans, now exhausted, may breathe 800  
 again, and there be a little rest for them from war. And

<sup>1</sup> Literally "the grass"—that plot of grass within the court.

<sup>2</sup> Charged you much.

<sup>3</sup> With a god.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* on account of oracle—or especial intimation from his mother.



easily will you, *who are* fresh in battle, drive back wearied men towards the city, from the ships and tents."

Thus he spake, and he roused the spirit within *his* breast; and he set out to run along the ships to Achilles, 805 the descendant of Æacus. But when now Patroclus, running, arrived at the ships of the godlike Ulysses, where their forum and seat of justice were, where also were the altars of their gods erected; there Eurypylus<sup>1</sup>, the noble son of Euæmon, wounded with an arrow in the thigh, 810 limping from the battle, met him. Down ran the sweat profuse from his shoulders and head, and from his severe wound the black blood gushed; nevertheless his spirit was firm. And beholding the gallant son of Menœtius, pitied him, and, grieving, uttered *these* winged words:

815 "Alas! wretched men, leaders and chiefs of the Danaans; so then were ye, far from your friends and native land, to glut the swift dogs at Troy with your white fat? But come, tell me this, O Jove-supported hero, Eurypylus, will the Achæans still at all sustain the mighty Hector, or 820 will they now be destroyed, subdued by his spear?"

And him, in return, the prudent Eurypylus addressed: "No longer, noble Patroclus, will there be defence<sup>2</sup> for the Achæans, but they will fall back upon<sup>3</sup> the black ships. For already all, as many as were once the bravest, lie at the 825 ships, struck from a distance, or wounded in close combat, by the hands of the Trojans—whose strength ever increases. But do thou now save me, leading me to *my* black ship. And cut the arrow from my thigh, and wash the black blood from it with warm water; and spread upon it soothing 830 drugs, salubrious, which they say thou wert taught by Achilles, whom Chiron instructed, the most just of the Centaurs. For as to the surgeons, Podaleirius and Machaon, the one, I think, lies wounded<sup>4</sup> at the tents, and

<sup>1</sup> Resumed from line 595.

<sup>2</sup> Strength.

<sup>3</sup> Rush into—take refuge in them, as in M. 107.

<sup>4</sup> Having a wound.

himself in want of a skilful surgeon; and the other still 835  
abides the sharp battle of the Trojans upon the plain."

And him again the brave son of Menœtius addressed:  
"How then will these things turn out? What shall we do,  
O hero Eurypylus? I am going that I may deliver a mes-  
sage to the warlike Achilles, with which the venerable  
Nestor, the bulwark of the Achæans, entrusted me: but 840  
not even thus will I neglect thee in affliction<sup>1</sup>."

He said, and taking the shepherd of the people in his  
arms<sup>2</sup>, bore him to the tent; and his attendant, seeing  
him, spread under him bulls' hides. There, laying him  
at his length, Patroclus cut with a knife the sharp bitter  
arrow from his thigh, and washed the black blood from it 845  
with warm water. Then he put upon it a bitter root<sup>3</sup>,  
an anodyne, rubbing it in his hands, which removed all  
his agony: and the wound was dried up, and the blood  
ceased to flow.

<sup>1</sup> Afflicted.

<sup>2</sup> Under his breast.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* dried, which he broke into powder, and sprinkled on the wound,  
to stop the bleeding—operating as a styptic.

END OF ILIAD XI.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XII.

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ARGUMENT.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

THUS then was the gallant son of Menœtius dressing the wounded Eurypylus at the tents; but the Argives and Trojans still fought in masses; nor was the ditch of the Danaans likely to keep them off any longer, nor the wide  
5 rampart above<sup>1</sup>, which they had erected for *the defence* of the ships; and had drawn a fosse around—but had not given sacred hecatombs to the gods—in order that it (*the rampart*) containing them within, might protect their swift ships, and their great booty. But it was built against the will of the immortal gods, and on that account it was not  
10 long destined to stand<sup>2</sup>. As long as Hector was alive, and Achilles indignant, and the city of king Priam undestroyed; so long was the mighty wall of the Achæans firm. But when all<sup>3</sup> the bravest of the Trojans were dead, and many of the Argives were, some subdued, and  
15 some left, and in the tenth year the city of Priam was laid waste, and the Argives had departed in ships to their dear native land; then at length Neptune and

<sup>1</sup> That is, above the fosse.

<sup>2</sup> On that account it was not long time firm.

<sup>3</sup> As many as were.



Apollo took counsel to demolish the wall, bringing in the might of rivers, as many as flow into the sea from the Idæan mountains, both the Rhesus and the Heptaporus, 20 and the Caresus, and the Rhodius, and the Granicus, and the Æsepus, and the divine Scamander, and the Simoïs, where many shields and helmets<sup>1</sup> had fallen in the dust, and a race of heroes<sup>2</sup>. Phœbus Apollo turned the mouths of all these to the same spot, and for nine days directed 25 the flood against the wall; and Jove in the mean time rained incessantly, that he might the sooner render the walls overwhelmed by the sea. And the shaker of the earth, himself, with the trident in his hands, led them on; and then dispersed<sup>3</sup> among the waters all the foundations of beams and stones, which the labouring Achæans had laid. And he made all level along the rapid Hellespont, 30 and again covered the vast shore with sand, demolishing the wall; and turned the rivers to go again to the channels, where they had before poured their sweet-flowing water.

Thus were Neptune and Apollo to act thereafter; but then the battle and the shout raged around the well-built 35 wall, and the stricken beams<sup>4</sup> of the towers resounded: and the Argives, subdued by the scourge of Jove, were kept huddled together at the hollow ships, dreading Hector, the furious producer of flight; for he fought, as formerly, like a whirlwind. And as when a boar or lion, 40 raging in his might, turns upon the dogs and huntsmen, and they, drawing themselves up close like a wall, stand against him, and hurl numerous javelins from their hands; and never is his bold heart alarmed, nor is *he* put to flight, but his bravery kills him, and he frequently turns around 45 attacking the lines of men; and wherever he directs his attack, there the lines of men give way: so Hector, going along the crowd, rolled along, exhorting his companions

<sup>1</sup> Shields covered with the hides of oxen, and helmets with three cones.

<sup>2</sup> Demi-god men.

<sup>3</sup> Sent

<sup>4</sup> *ῥομφαία* mean not the spears of the enemy, but the timbers of the towers.

50 to cross the fosse. Nor did his swift-footed horses dare *it*; but neighed much, standing near the extreme brink; for the wide ditch affrighted *them*, nor indeed was it easy to come close and leap across<sup>1</sup>, or to pass it<sup>2</sup>, for the  
55 edges of it, on both sides, were elevated<sup>3</sup>, and above it was fortified with sharp palisades, which the sons of the Achæans had fixed, numerous and large, *as* a defence against hostile men. There a horse dragging a swift-gliding car, might not easily enter, but the infantry eagerly  
60 sought if they could accomplish it. Then indeed Polydamas, standing near, addressed the brave Hector:

“Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, unwisely<sup>4</sup> do we drive the fleet horses over the ditch, for it is very difficult to pass; since sharp palisades stand in it,  
65 and near them is the wall of the Achæans. There it is impossible for the car-men to descend, or to fight *on the other side*; for *the place* is narrow, where I think they will get wounded. For if indeed the high-thundering Jove, designing evil against them, dooms them wholly to destruction, and wishes to assist the Trojans, then should I be willing that  
70 this be done at once, that the Achæans perish here inglorious, *far* from Argos. If however they turn again, and a repulse from the ships be *the consequence*, and we get hampered in the deep<sup>5</sup> ditch, I do not suppose that then even a messenger will return back to the city, should the  
75 Achæans rally again. But come, let us all be persuaded to do as I shall advise. Let our drivers keep our horses at the ditch, and let ourselves on foot, with our weapons, armed, all follow Hector in a body; and the Achæans will not await us, if indeed the ends of destruction hang over them<sup>6</sup>.”

80 Thus spake Polydamas; and the safe counsel pleased Hector: and immediately he leaped with his armour from

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* they could not get close to the edge—to spring from it. The soil was thrown up at the edge of the ditch.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* by going into the ditch, and climbing up on the other side.

<sup>3</sup> Stood covered—or surmounted.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* to attempt to do so.

<sup>5</sup> Dug.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* if final destruction—if they were destined to perish.



his car to the ground. Nor did the other Trojans remain assembled in the cars, but sprang from them as soon as they beheld the noble Hector alight. Then each commanded his own driver to hold the horses in good order 85 there at the ditch, and they, separating, arranging themselves, drawn up in five divisions, followed along with their leaders. Some then went with Hector and the noble Polydamas, who were most numerous and brave, and most resolute, to break<sup>1</sup> down the wall, and fight at 90 the hollow ships. And Cebriones followed, a third; for Hector left another, of less note than Cebriones, with his car. And the second division<sup>2</sup> Paris commanded, and Alca-  
thous, and Agenor. And the third Helenus and the godlike Deiphobus, two sons of Priam, and their third was the 95 hero Asius—Asius Hyrtacides, whom fiery, large horses brought from Arisba, from the river Selleeis. And Æneas, the brave son of Anchises, led the fourth; along with him were the two sons of Antenor, Archilochus, and Acamas, well skilled in every *kind of* fight. And Sar- 100  
pedon commanded the noble allies, and took, as *his lieutenants*, Glaucus and the warlike Asteropæus; for they appeared to him, next to himself, to be decidedly the bravest of the rest; but he himself surpassed all. And when then they had formed a close phalanx<sup>3</sup> with shields<sup>4</sup>, they 105  
advanced, full of courage, straightway against the Danaans, nor did they think the Danaans would sustain them, but would rather fall back on the black ships.

There the rest of the Trojans and allies, summoned from afar, obeyed the counsel of the good Polydamas; but Asius, son of Hyrtacus, prince of heroes, would not leave 110  
his horses and attendant driver, but with them advanced towards the swift ships—foolish man<sup>5</sup>—never was he,

<sup>1</sup> Having broken to fight.

<sup>2</sup> Others—the next.

<sup>3</sup> Fitted each other—joined together with shields—forming a line or rampart of shields.

<sup>4</sup> Made or worked bulls—i. e. shields covered with bulls' hides.

<sup>5</sup> νηπιος—like a fool—or foolishly.



escaping his evil destiny, to return again, exulting, with  
 115 his steeds and car from the ships to lofty Ilium. For  
 his unlucky fate first overwhelmed him, by the spear of  
 Idomeneus, the illustrious son of Deucalion. For he  
 rushed towards the left of the ships<sup>1</sup>, where the Achæans  
 returned<sup>2</sup> from the plain with their horses and cars.  
 120 Thither he drove his coursers and his car, nor at the gates  
 found he the ports shut, or the long bar up<sup>3</sup>, but the men  
 kept them wide open, that they might receive safe<sup>4</sup> any  
 of their comrades, flying from battle towards the ships.  
 In high spirits<sup>5</sup> he thither his steeds drove straight, and  
 125 his men, shouting aloud, followed along with him; for  
 they supposed that the Achæans would no longer sustain  
 them, but fall back upon the black ships<sup>6</sup>—fools, for at  
 the gates they found two of the bravest men, the bold  
 sons of the warlike Lapithæ, the one a son of Pirithous,  
 130 the gallant Polypætēs, the other Leonteus, equal to man-  
 slaying Mars. These indeed stood in front of the lofty  
 gates, as on the mountains stand high-topped oaks, which  
 abide the wind and rain at all seasons<sup>7</sup>, fixed firm by their  
 135 large and wide-spreading roots; so they, trusting to their  
 prowess<sup>8</sup> and strength, awaited the mighty Asius coming  
 on, and fled not. And lifting high their shields<sup>9</sup>, king  
 Asius<sup>10</sup>, and Iämenus, and Orestes, and Acamas, the son  
 of Asias, and Thoös, and Enomaius, advanced with  
 140 loud shouting direct towards the well-built wall. But  
 they<sup>11</sup> meanwhile, remaining within, were exhorting the  
 well-armed Achæans to fight in defence of the ships;  
 and when they perceived the Trojans rushing to the

<sup>1</sup> Not the left of Asius—but of the ships. The ὁδὸς ἐπὶ πηλασίου of H. 340—near the station of Ajax and Idomeneus.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* where they *usually* did—the one common entrance.

<sup>3</sup> The leaves of the gate opened inwards and were secured by a bar.

<sup>4</sup> If they might save.

<sup>5</sup> Thinking *highly*.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* take refuge in them, and attempt to escape.

<sup>7</sup> All days.

<sup>8</sup> Hands.

<sup>9</sup> Dry bulls—*i. e.* hides—shields.

<sup>10</sup> οἱ ἀμφὶ Ἀσίον, &c.—*i. e.* Asius and his troops.

<sup>11</sup> Polypætēs and Leonteus.

wall, and there was a cry and a rout of the Danaans, both darting out, fought before the gates, like two 145 wild boars, which catch the coming tumult of men and dogs in the mountains, and, advancing obliquely to the attack, break down the wood about them, cutting it off by the roots; and in their jaws is a grinding of teeth, till some one, having hurled *a spear*, deprive them of life. 150 So rang the shining brass upon the breasts of these men, struck in front, for they fought very bravely, trusting to the troops above<sup>1</sup>, and to their own valour. And they<sup>2</sup> hurled stones<sup>3</sup> from the well-constructed towers, in de- 155 fence<sup>4</sup> of themselves, the tents, and the rapid-moving ships. And as snow-flakes fall to the ground, which a high wind, whirling along the shady clouds, pours down thick upon the fertile earth; so poured the weapons from the hands both of the Achæans and of the Trojans; 160 and the helmets and bossed shields, struck with large stones, rattling rang<sup>5</sup>. Then indeed Asius, son of Hyrtacus, groaned, and struck both his thighs, and bitterly uttered this speech:

“Father Jove, and thou too art now become wholly a liar; for I never thought<sup>6</sup> the Achæan heroes would abide 165 our might and invincible hands. But they, as wasps streaked in the middle<sup>7</sup>, or bees, *which* make their nests by some mountain path, nor quit their hollow mansion, but, awaiting their pursuers<sup>8</sup>, fight for their young; so 170 these, though being only two, will not retire from the gates until they be either slain or taken.”

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* on the wall.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* the men on the wall on each side of the gate.

<sup>3</sup> Stones such as fill the hand.

<sup>4</sup> Defending.

<sup>5</sup> Sounded a dry *sound* around.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* relying upon some supposed assurances from Jove of the contrary.

<sup>7</sup> *μεσον αιολοι*—*αιολος* will express a quick, glancing motion, and may apply to the rapid movement of the wings, which seem as if they were in the middle of the insect. But more probably the phrase refers to the shape of it, and difference of colour.

<sup>8</sup> Hunters—*i. e.* those who are in pursuit of their honey.



235 themselves taken thy senses from thee<sup>1</sup>, who bidst me be forgetful of the counsels of high-thundering Jove, which he himself undertook for me, and confirmed. And thou exhortest me to pay obedience to winged<sup>2</sup> birds—to them I turn not, nor regard at all, whether they fly to the  
 240 right towards the morning and the sun, or to the left towards the darkening west. But let us be obedient to the counsel of mighty Jove, who rules over all mortals and immortals. The one best augury is to fight for our  
 245 country. Why fearest thou war and battle? For if even all the rest of us should perish round the ships of the Argives, thou needst not be afraid of perishing, for thy heart is neither staunch nor warlike. But if thou shalt skulk from the combat, or turn another from battle, dissuading *him from*  
 250 *it* with thy words, forthwith, struck with my spear, shalt thou lose thy life."

Thus then having spoken, he led on; and they followed him with a mighty shout. And Jove, delighting in thunder, sent a storm of wind from the Idæan heights, which  
 255 bore the dust right towards the ships; and he damped the spirit of the Achæans, and bestowed glory upon the Trojans and Hector. Trusting then to his prodigies and *their own* valour, they endeavoured to break down the vast wall of the Achæans. They tore down the embrasures of the towers, and demolished the battlements, and wrenched away the projecting piles, which the Achæans had placed  
 260 first in the earth, to serve as supports of the towers. These then they tore down, and hoped to break down the wall of the Achæans.

The Danaans however did not yet retire from their position; but covering the breastworks with their shields<sup>3</sup>, they shot from behind them, the enemies, as they came  
 265 up to the wall. And both the Ajaxes ranged in every direction upon the towers, exhorting *the troops*, and rousing the valour of the Achæans. One *they encouraged*

<sup>1</sup> The speech so far is the same as that of Paris to Alexander, H. 357—360.

<sup>2</sup> Which expand their wings.

<sup>3</sup> Ox-hides.



with kind, another they railed at with severe words, whomsoever they beheld at all relaxing in the battle:

“O my friends, the best, the middling, and the worst of the Argives—for all men are not alike in war—now is there 270 work for all; and ye yourselves perhaps know that. Let no one turn back towards the ships, listening to the threatener (*Hector*); but go forward<sup>1</sup> and exhort each other, that Olympian Jove, the darter of lightning, may grant 275 us to repulse the battle, and pursue the enemy to the city.”

Thus they, shouting in front, excited the Achæans to combat<sup>2</sup>. And as flakes of snow fall thick upon a wintry day, when provident Jove has begun to snow upon 280 mankind, producing his arrows, and, having lulled the winds, he pours them<sup>3</sup> down without ceasing, till he covers the tops and highest peaks of the lofty mountains, and the lotus-plains and rich works of men; and likewise they are poured upon the bays and promontories of the hoary sea, but the approaching wave melts<sup>4</sup> them; and all other 285 things are covered beneath, when the shower of Jove comes down heavily; so flew the stones of these hurling thick on both sides, some against the Trojans, and others from the Trojans against the Achæans; and along the whole wall rose the tumult. Nor even then would the Trojans and illustrious 290 Hector have ever burst open the gates of the wall, and the long bar, had not the provident Jupiter urged on his own son, Sarpedon, against the Argives, like a lion against curly-horned oxen. And he immediately held before him his shield on all sides equal, beautiful, brazen, plated; which 295 the smith had plated over, and underneath fastened together numerous bulls' hides, with closely-connected golden wires round its orb. This then holding before him, he advanced on, brandishing two spears, like a mountain-bred

<sup>1</sup> *L. s.* rather keep your face to the enemy.

<sup>2</sup> Stirred up the battle of the Greeks.

<sup>3</sup> His *εηλα*—snows, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Checks.

300 lion, which has been long in want of food, and his bold spirit prompts him, in order to get at the sheep, to go in even to the close fold. For even if he find there the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks with dogs and spears, he cannot bear to fly without attempting the fold; but, 305 springing in, either snatches up one, or is himself wounded among the first by a javelin from a swift hand. So then did his spirit impel the godlike Sarpedon to attack the wall, and to burst through the bulwarks; and instantly he addressed Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus:

310 “Glaucus, why are we most honoured in Lycia, in seat<sup>1</sup>, in meats, and in full cups, and why do all look to us, as to gods? Why possess we also a large and beautiful tract of vine-bearing and corn-bearing land by the banks of Xan- 315 thus? For this—it now behoves us, advancing among the foremost Lycians, to stand firm, and to encounter burning battle; in order that some of the closely-armed Lycians may say, ‘not ingloriously<sup>2</sup> do our kings govern Lycia, 320 and eat the fat sheep, and the choice sweet wine; but their valour likewise is excelling, for they fight among the foremost Lycians.’ O my friend, if by avoiding this war, we could be for ever exempt from old age and death<sup>3</sup>, neither 325 would I myself combat in the van, nor urge thee into glorious battle. But now, notwithstanding ten thousand fates of death press upon us, which it is not possible for a mortal to escape or shun, let us go on—either we shall give glory to some one, or some one to us.”

Thus he spake, nor did Glaucus shrink, or refuse, but 330 both went on, leading a vast body of Lycians. And seeing them, Menestheus, the son of Peteus, shuddered, for they advanced towards his tower<sup>4</sup>, bringing destruction. And he looked round along the rampart<sup>5</sup> of the Achæans, if he

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in council—or, more likely, at the head of the table.

<sup>2</sup> Or, unworthily.

<sup>3</sup> Without old age, and immortal.

<sup>4</sup> *τον πύργον*—i. e. the portion of the wall, where he was stationed.

<sup>5</sup> *πυργον*—i. e. plainly, the wall.



might see any of the leaders who could repel the battle from his comrades; and observed the two Ajaxes, inex-<sup>335</sup>haustible by war, standing, and Teucer, just come from his tent, near at hand. Yet it was not at all in his power to be heard when shouting; for so great was the din; and the clash of stricken shields, and of horse-haired helmets, and of the gates, reached to heaven. For all were closed,<sup>340</sup> and they, standing beside them, endeavoured to burst<sup>1</sup> them open by force, and enter. But he hastily despatched the herald Thoötes to Ajax:

“Go, noble Thoötes, run and call<sup>2</sup> the Ajaxes—both in preference, for that would be best of all—since fatal ruin<sup>345</sup> will soon reach us here. For so much upon us press the leaders of the Lycians, who, before, have ever been impetuous in hard conflicts. But if to them also there labour and contest arise, let the brave Telamonian Ajax alone come, and with him let Teucer follow, well skilled in the<sup>350</sup> bow.”

Thus he spake, nor did the herald, having heard him, disobey, but ran<sup>3</sup> along the wall of the brazen-mailed Achæans, and proceeding, stood beside the Ajaxes, and immediately addressed them:

“Ye Ajaxes, leaders of brazen-mailed Achæans, the beloved son of Jove-supported Petecus, adjures you to go<sup>355</sup> thither, that ye may share<sup>4</sup> his toil, though ever so little, *a while*—both indeed in preference, for that would be far the best of all—since fatal ruin will soon come there—to such a degree press on him the leaders of the Lycians, who before have ever been impetuous in hard conflicts.<sup>360</sup> But if here also war and struggle arise, let the brave Telamonian Ajax alone come, and with him let Teucer follow, well skilled in the bow.”

Thus he spake, nor did the mighty Telamonian Ajax re-

<sup>1</sup> Bursting, to enter, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Running, call, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Went to run.

<sup>4</sup> Meet, oppose.



365 fuse. Instantly he addressed the son of Oileus in these winged words:

“Ajax, here standing, do thou and the gallant Lycomedes exhort the Danaans to fight bravely; and I will go thither and share the battle; and will return again when I shall have well assisted them.”

370 Thus then having spoken, Telamonian Ajax departed, and with him went Teucer, his brother, and the son of the same father; and, along with them, Pandion carried the bent bow of Teucer. As soon as they, going along within the wall, reached brave Menestheus's tower—and they came up to them when they were hard pressed, for the  
375 gallant leaders and chiefs of the Lycians were mounting upon the bulwarks like to a dark whirlwind—then they set to to battle against them, and the shout arose. And Telamonian Ajax first slew a man, a comrade of Sarpedon, the  
380 brave Epicles, striking him with a rugged stone, one which, within the wall, large, lay at the top, by the battlement. A man would not easily raise it with both hands, not even although in his prime, one of such as men now are; but he, lifting it on high, threw it, and burst the four-coned helmet, and crushed along with it at once all the bones of the  
385 scull: and he, like to a diver<sup>1</sup>, fell from the lofty tower, and his soul left his bones. Teucer likewise, from the high wall, wounded, with an arrow, Glaucus, the brave son of Hippolochus, *as he was* rushing on, *in the part* where he saw his arm bared; and made him cease from  
390 combat. And he sprang back from the wall, concealing himself, that none of the Achæans might perceive him wounded, and exult over him with words. And grief came upon Sarpedon, on account of the departure of Glaucus<sup>2</sup>, for he perceived it at once; but yet he was not neglectful of the contest; for he struck Alcmaon, the son of Thes-  
395 tor, hitting him with his spear, and tore out the spear

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* head foremost.

<sup>2</sup> Glaucus departing.

again; and Alcmaon, following the weapon, fell prone, and his armour, diversified with brass, rattled about him. Sarpedon then seizing the battlement with his strong hands, pulled, and it all gave way together; and the wall was laid bare from above, and it made a way for many<sup>1</sup>. Then 400 Ajax and Teucer together charging, the one smote him with an arrow upon the splendid belt<sup>2</sup> of his huge shield, around his breast; but Jupiter averted the fate of his son, that he might not be slain at the sterns of the ships. But Ajax, springing upon him, struck his shield; and the spear 405 pierced quite through, and forcibly repelled him, while rushing on. And then he fell back a little from the battlement, but did not altogether retreat, because his spirit hoped yet to bear away glory. And, turning round upon the godlike Lycians, he exhorted them:

“O Lycians, why thus do ye abate your vigorous exertions? It is difficult for me, strong as I am, alone, 410 breaking down *the wall*, to make a way to the ships. But follow along with me; the effect<sup>3</sup> of numbers is better<sup>4</sup>.”

Thus he spake; and they, through fear of their sovereign's rebuke, pressed on with more alacrity round their counselling king. And the Argives, on the other side, 415 strengthened their columns within the wall, and their work seemed great. For neither could the gallant Lycians, bursting through the wall of the Danaans, make their way to the ships, nor were the warlike Danaans ever able to drive back the Lycians from the wall, since first 420 they approached it. But as two men, holding measures in their hands, dispute, in a common<sup>5</sup> field, respecting their boundaries, and contend in a small space about their equal

<sup>1</sup> But they were prevented from passing through by Ajax.

<sup>2</sup> The *τελαμων* here seems to be the belt, by which the shield was suspended, and which went across the breast—in the same manner as the sword-belt, only in a contrary direction.

<sup>3</sup> Work.

<sup>4</sup> The more we are the better our chance of success.

<sup>5</sup> A portion of which—that upon which they stand—is claimed by both.



share<sup>1</sup>; so did the battlements separate these *warriors*, and  
 425 each struck the circular ox-hide shields and light bucklers  
 on their breasts. And many were wounded upon the body  
 with the ruthless brass—both he of the combatants whose  
 back, being turned, was exposed, and many quite through  
 430 the shield itself. The towers and battlements were every  
 where sprinkled on both sides with the blood of heroes, from  
 the Trojans and Achæans. Yet not thus could they put  
 the Achæans to rout<sup>2</sup>; but they held themselves, as an in-  
 dustrious<sup>3</sup> and just woman *holds* scales, who, balancing<sup>4</sup>  
 both the weight and the wool, weighs them, making them  
 435 equal on both sides, that she may procure a miserable sup-  
 port<sup>5</sup> for her children. Thus equally was their battle and  
 war suspended, before *the time* when Jove gave superior  
 glory to Hector, the son of Priam, who first leaped within  
 the wall of the Achæans, and shouted with a loud voice,  
 exclaiming to the Trojans:

440 “Push on, ye horse-taming Trojans; burst through the  
 wall of the Argives, and hurl the blazing fire among the  
 ships!”

Thus he spake, cheering them on; and they all heard  
 him with their ears, and advanced in great numbers right  
 towards the wall; and then mounted the battlements, hold-  
 445 ing their sharp-pointed spears. And Hector, seizing, bore  
 along a stone, which stood before the gates, thick at the  
 bottom, but above it was sharp; and it not two, the best  
 men of the people, such as men now are, could easily raise  
 with levers from the ground upon a waggon; but he, though  
 450 alone, with ease brandished it, for the son of the crafty  
 Saturn had rendered it light to him. And as when a  
 shepherd carries without difficulty the fleece of a ram,  
 taking it in one hand, and but a small weight presses him;  
 so Hector, raising the stone, bore it right against the pan-

<sup>1</sup> ἰσῆς, scil. μοίρας.

<sup>2</sup> Cause a flight of the Greeks.

<sup>3</sup> One who works for her livelihood.

<sup>4</sup> Holding.

<sup>5</sup> Reward.



nels<sup>1</sup> which strengthened the gates, very closely compacted, with double leaves, and lofty, and two cross bars held them 455 within, and to them one bolt was fitted<sup>2</sup>. Advancing, he stood very near, and, with his legs well apart, applying all his force, that the weapon might not be without effect, struck them in the middle. And he tore away both hinges, and the stone fell within through its weight: and the gates 460 crashed around; nor did the bolts withstand it, and the pannels were split asunder in different directions by the force of the stone. And then the illustrious Hector rushed in, resembling swift night in his aspect; and he glittered in terrible brass, which he had on around his body. And he 465 held two spears in his hands, nor could any one, opposing, restrain him, except the gods, after he had leaped within the gates; and his eyes flashed with fire. And, turning, he animated the Trojans throughout the crowd to climb over the wall, and they obeyed him exhorting *them*. And immediately some crossed the wall, and others poured in by the fabricated<sup>3</sup> gates; and the Danaans fled in terror to 470 the hollow ships, and a mighty tumult ensued.

<sup>1</sup> As if they were both secured by one bolt—of course things of which no type exists, must be more or less obscure.

<sup>2</sup> The pannels clamped with the frame constituted the strength of the gates—but we know as little of the carpentry as of the fitting of the bars and bolts.

<sup>3</sup> Made—as the effect of labour and art—strength is probably the idea meant to be conveyed.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XIII.

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ARGUMENT.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who, losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus, having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathous, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathous.

BUT Jupiter, when he had brought<sup>1</sup> the Trojans and Hector to the ships, left them to sustain beside them labour and toil incessantly: and himself turned<sup>2</sup> from them his shining eyes, looking away towards the land of the  
5 equestrian Thracians and the close-fighting Mysians, and the noble Hippemolgi, who live upon milk<sup>3</sup>, and are in-offensive<sup>4</sup> and most just. And he no longer now turned

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* enabled them to break through the rampart, which protected the ships.

<sup>2</sup> *παλιν τρεπ.*—from W. to N.

<sup>3</sup> Eaters of milk.

<sup>4</sup> *αἰων*—*i. e.* if from *βία*; but if from *βιος*—poor, or, possibly, long-lived.

his glittering eyes to Troy; for he did not expect<sup>1</sup> in his mind that any one of the immortals would go to aid either the Trojans or the Danaans.

But king Neptune was not unobservant<sup>2</sup>; for he sat aloft 10 upon the highest summit of the woody Thracian Samos, admiring<sup>3</sup> the war and the battle. For from that spot all Ida was visible, and the city of Priam was visible, and the ships of the Achæans. There was he sitting, having come 15 from the sea, and he pitied the Achæans, subdued by the Trojans; and strongly blamed Jove. And presently he descended from the rugged mountain, rapidly advancing on foot; and the high hills and woods trembled beneath the immortal feet of Neptune, as he walked. Thrice he 20 strode, advancing, and with the fourth *stride* he reached his point, Ægæ; for there in the depths of the sea, noble mansions, golden, splendid, ever incorruptible, had been built for him. Coming thither, he harnessed<sup>4</sup> to the car his brazen-footed horses, swiftly flying, with golden manes<sup>5</sup>. And he clad his body in gold<sup>6</sup>; and took his golden lash, 25 beautifully fabricated, and mounted his car. And he drove<sup>7</sup> over the billows, and whales sported beneath him in all directions from their recesses, and they recognised their king<sup>8</sup>. And the sea made way<sup>9</sup> with joy; and they flew very rapidly, nor was the brazen axle wetted beneath. 30 And his good-springing horses bore him to the ships of the Achæans.

And there is an ample cave in the abysses of the deep sea, between Tenedos and the rugged Imbrus. There Neptune, the shaker of the earth, stopped his horses, loosing them from the car, and cast beside *them* ambrosial 35

<sup>1</sup> Or, had no apprehensions.

<sup>2</sup> But king Neptune did not keep a blind look out.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* contemplating with admiration.

<sup>4</sup> *τετυκτο*—strictly the word only applies to the *reins*.

<sup>5</sup> Being haired, or maned with golden manes.

<sup>6</sup> He put on gold around his flesh—*i. e.* he put on his golden mail.

<sup>7</sup> He went to drive.

<sup>8</sup> Nor did they not recognise their king.

<sup>9</sup> Stood apart.



food to eat. And round their feet he threw golden chains, invincible, insoluble, that they might there steadily await their king's return; and he departed towards the army of the Achæans.

And now the Trojans, in crowds, like to a flame or a  
40 storm, insatiably eager, followed Hector, the son of Priam, with noise and tumult; for they hoped to capture the ships of the Achæans, and slay all the Achæans on the spot. But the earth-encircling, earth-shaking Neptune, coming from the deep sea, roused the Argives, in the person<sup>1</sup>, and  
45 with the indomitable voice of Calchas. The Ajaxes first he addressed, though prompt themselves:

“ Ajaxes, mindful of valour, not of direful flight<sup>2</sup>, ye will preserve the people of the Achæans. For in other  
50 places I dread not the strong<sup>3</sup> hands of the Trojans, who in crowds are crossing the vast rampart, for the well-armed Achæans will keep them in check. But here, however, I am grievously afraid lest we suffer aught, where, like a flame, leads on that maddened Hector, who boasts to be a  
55 child of almighty Jove. But may one of the gods thus put it in your minds<sup>4</sup> to stand firmly yourselves, and to exhort others—by that means ye may drive him, impetuous as he is, from the ships, though the Olympian himself urge him on.”

The earth-circling Neptune said, and, striking both with  
60 his sceptre, filled them with resolute courage, and made their limbs light—their feet below<sup>5</sup>, and hands above. But himself, as a swift-winged hawk springs to fly—one which, rising from a rugged lofty rock, rushes forward to pursue  
65 another bird over the plain—so from them darted the earth-shaking Neptune. And of the two, fleet Ajax, the son of Oileus, recognised him first, and immediately then addressed Ajax, the son of Telamon:

<sup>1</sup> Making himself in person and voice like Calchas.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* by exerting your valour, and not thinking of flight.

<sup>3</sup> Untouched, or that cannot be touched—*i. e.* not easily repelled.

<sup>4</sup> So make it in the minds to you.

<sup>5</sup> Understand *επερθε*. Comp. 75 of this book.

“*Courage!* Ajax, for one of the gods who occupy Olympus, in the form of the prophet, exhorts us to fight beside the ships. That is not Calchas, the prophetic augur, for I readily knew him from behind by his feet and legs<sup>1</sup>, as he went away; and indeed the gods *are* easily known. And in myself the spirit in my bosom is more excited to war and to fight, and my feet beneath and hands above keenly desire it.” 70 75

And to him the Telamonian Ajax, answering, said: “So also now do my strong hands desire to grasp the spear, and my courage rises, and by both my feet under me am I urged along—and I eagerly desire, even alone, to combat with Hector, the insatiably eager son of Priam.” 80

Thus they such words spoke to each other, with the desire of battle which the god had infused into their minds. And in the mean while the earth-shaker roused the Achæans in the rear, who were recruiting their vigour<sup>2</sup> at the swift ships; for their limbs were at the same time enfeebled with toilsome labour, and grief was in their minds, beholding the Trojans, who, in great numbers, had surmounted the vast rampart. Beholding them, they shed tears beneath their brows, for they said they should not escape destruction: but the shaker of the earth going amongst them, easily roused the brave phalanxes. To Teucer and Leitus he came first, exhorting them, and to the hero Peneleus, and Thoas, and Deipyrus, and to Meriones and Antilochus, skilful in war. These, encouraging, he addressed in winged words: 85 90

“O shame! Argives, young men; I trusted to you, by fighting, to preserve our ships; but if ye relax in the destructive battle, now is the day come to be subdued by the Trojans. Ye gods, a marvel great do I behold with my eyes—shocking, what I never expected would come to pass—the Trojans approaching our ships—they who formerly resembled the flying stags, which in the 95 100

<sup>1</sup> Traces of legs and feet—*i. e.* his step and gait.

<sup>2</sup> Their heart.



- forest, roaming there, feeble and not *fit* for combat, are the prey of lynxes, pards, and wolves. So the Trojans  
 105 formerly would not stand even for a little against the courage and strength of the Achæans. But now, far from their city, they combat at the hollow ships, through the cowardice<sup>1</sup> of our commander, and the indifference<sup>2</sup> of the troops<sup>3</sup>; who, quarrelling with him, will not defend the  
 110 swift ships, but are slain among them. Yet although in reality the hero, the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, be altogether in fault, because he insulted the swift-footed son of Peleus, still it is not for us to abandon  
 115 the battle. But let us rather repair *the evil*; the hearts of the brave are the repairers. Not with honour relax ye from *your* brave exertions, the bravest as ye are in the army; nor would I quarrel with a worthless fellow, who skulked from combat; but with you I am indignant  
 120 at my heart. O my friends, soon will ye create some greater evil by this indifference: do then each of you in your own hearts think of your own shame, and the censure of *mankind*<sup>4</sup>; for now begins the mighty struggle. Now the gallant Hector, victoriously, wars at the ships, and has broken the gates and long bar.”  
 125 Thus then did the earth-shaker, exhorting, rouse the Achæans. And round the two Ajaxes stood firm phalanxes, which not even Mars, coming amongst them, would have found fault with<sup>5</sup>; nor Minerva, the stirrer up of the people; for the bravest, selected, awaited the Tro-  
 130 jans and the noble Hector, joining spear to spear, shield to shield, in closest order<sup>6</sup>. Then shield supported shield, helmet helmet, and man man; and their helmets, crested with horsehair, touched each other with their splendid

<sup>1</sup> Or iniquity.<sup>2</sup> Or secession.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* of Achilles—or rather, the troops generally—as if they had become indifferent to the contest from their disapprobation of Agamemnon's conduct towards Achilles.<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the shame and blame that will follow your own negligence.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* would have beheld with admiration.<sup>6</sup> From the roots.



cones as they nodded<sup>1</sup>, so close they stood to one another; and quivering spears were brandished from their daring hands, and their minds were alert<sup>2</sup>, and they burned to fight. But the collected Trojans first made the attack, and Hector led impetuous against them. As from a rock a stone, destructive in its course, which a wintry torrent hurls from the mountain top, bursting with a mighty flood the barriers of a rugged rock, flies bounding along, and the forest resounds beneath it: and irresistibly it runs unchecked till it reach the plain, and then rolls no longer, impetuous as it was—so Hector for a time threatens to come with ease as far as the sea, to the tents and ships of the Achæans, slaughtering. But when now he met with the firm phalanxes, he stopt, being come in close contact; and the opposing sons of the Achæans, striking him with their swords and double-pointed spears, drove him from them; and, retiring, he was battered; and *he* cried, shouting aloud to the Trojans:

“Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardan warriors, stand firm. Not long will the Achæans withstand me, although they have drawn<sup>3</sup> themselves up like a rampart. But I think they will retreat from my spear, if in truth the best of the gods, the high-thundering husband of Juno, urges me on.”

So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each. And Deiphobus, the son of Priam, went amongst them, proudly, and held his shield equal on all sides, before him, proceeding with light step, and advancing covered with his shield<sup>4</sup>; and Meriones took aim with his shining spear, and struck—nor missed—the bull’s-hide shield every where equal; but it pierced not through, for the long spear, far before, was broken at the extremity. And Deiphobus held away from him his bull’s-hide shield, and

<sup>1</sup> Of them nodding.

<sup>2</sup> They thought straight—or their minds were right onward—*i. e.* they were eager to advance.

<sup>3</sup> Having drawn.

<sup>4</sup> Going on lightly with his feet, and under his shield putting one foot before the other.

dreaded in his mind the spear of the warlike Meriones;  
165 but that hero fell back into the column of his comrades,  
and was grievously enraged on both accounts, as well for  
the *loss of* the victory, as for the spear which he had  
broken. And he set out to go along the tents and ships  
of the Achæans to fetch a long spear which had been left  
by him in his tent; and the rest fought and a mighty  
tumult arose.

170 And Telamonian Teucer first slew an hero, the war-  
rior Imbrius, the son of Mentor, rich in steeds; and he  
dwelt at Pedæum before the sons of the Achæans arrived,  
and had married Medesicaste, a spurious daughter of  
Priam. But when the ships of the Danaans, with oars  
175 on both sides, arrived, he came back to Ilium, and was  
conspicuous among the Trojans; and dwelt with Priam,  
who honoured him equally with his sons. Him then the  
son of Telamon smote under the ear with his long spear,  
and wrenched it out again; and he, on the other hand, fell  
like an ash, which, on the summit of a mountain con-  
180 spicuous from afar, cut down with an axe<sup>1</sup>, brings its  
young foliage to the earth. So he fell, and his armour,  
diversified with brass, rang about him. And Teucer ran  
in, eager to strip him of his armour; and Hector hurled  
his shining spear at him *thus* running. But he however,  
seeing the brazen spear coming in front, swerved a little;  
185 and *Hector* wounded on the breast, with his spear, Am-  
phimachus, the son of Cteas, *who was* the son of Actor,  
advancing to the battle; and, falling, *he* gave a crash, and  
his arms rang upon him. And Hector rushed to tear  
from the head of the brave Amphimachus the helmet fitted  
to his brows; but Ajax hurled with his shining spear at  
190 Hector, while rushing in. Yet it never reached his  
person, for indeed he was all covered with terrible brass;  
but he smote the boss of his shield, and drove him himself  
back with great violence; and he fell back from both  
bodies, and the Achæans dragged them off—Stichius and

<sup>1</sup> With brass.



the noble Menestheus, the leaders of the Athenians, took 195  
Amphimachus to the army of the Achæans; and the two  
Ajaxes, eager for impetuous combat, Imbrius. As two  
lions bear a goat through the thick underwood, snatching  
it from dogs with jagged teeth<sup>1</sup>, holding it high above the  
earth in their jaws; so the two warriors, the Ajaxes, 200  
holding him (*Imbrius*) aloft, stript off his armour; and  
the son of Oileus, enraged on account of Amphimachus,  
cut off his head from his soft neck, and rolling it, sent it  
like a ball through the crowd, and it fell in the dust before 205  
the feet of Hector.

Then indeed was Neptune grieved at the heart for his  
grandson, fallen in dreadful combat; and hastened<sup>2</sup> past  
the tents and ships of the Achæans, exhorting the Da-  
naans, and prepared disasters for the Trojans. And the  
spear-famed Idomeneus met him, returning from a com- 210  
rade who had lately come to him from the battle,  
wounded in the ham with a sharp spear, whom his com-  
rades had carried in, and he, having given directions to the  
surgeons, was returning from his tent: for he still desired  
to participate in the combat. And him king Neptune 215  
addressed, assimilating his voice to that of Thoas<sup>3</sup>, the son  
of Andræmon, who governed the Ætolians throughout all  
Pleuron and the lofty Calydon, and who was honoured by  
the people as a god:

“Idomeneus, commander<sup>4</sup> of the Cretans, where are  
gone the threats with which the sons of the Achæans 220  
threatened the Trojans?”

And to him, in reply, Idomeneus, the leader of the  
Cretans, said: “No man, O Thoas, as far as I know, is  
now at least in fault; for we are all skilful in warring.  
Neither does dispiriting fear detain any one, nor does any  
one, yielding to sloth, avoid the dire battle; but thus, it 225  
seems, some how or other, to be agreeable to the all-

<sup>1</sup> i. e. from the dogs which had the care of the flocks.

<sup>2</sup> Assimilating himself, as to voice, to Thoas.

<sup>3</sup> βῆ υἱαί.

<sup>4</sup> Counsellor.



powerful son of Saturn, that here, far from Argos, the Achæans should perish inglorious. But, Thoas—for of old thou also wert warlike, and didst rouse up another  
230 when thou sawest him negligent—therefore neither now desist thyself, but exhort each man.

And him answered then Neptune, the shaker of the earth: “Never may that man, O Idomeneus, more return from Troy, but let him here be the sport of the dogs, whosoever of his own will shall this day desist from fight-  
235 ing. But come, fetch thy weapons and come hither; for it behoves us to be active together<sup>1</sup>, that, though but two, we may be of some service. The combined force of men, even of the very unwarlike, is something—and we both know how to fight even with the brave<sup>2</sup>.”

So saying, the god departed again to the battle<sup>3</sup> of  
240 heroes. But Idomeneus, when now he had arrived at his well-constructed tent, put on *his* rich armour around his body, and seized two spears; and hastened to go like to a thunder-bolt, which the son of Saturn, seizing in his hand, hurls from the glittering Olympus, showing a sign to  
245 mortals; and its rays are brilliant: so shone the brass around his breast as he ran<sup>4</sup>. And then Meriones, his brave comrade, met him while yet near the tent; for he was going to fetch a brazen spear; and the mighty Idomeneus<sup>5</sup> addressed him:

250 “Meriones, son of Molus, swift of foot, dearest of my comrades, why comest thou thus, quitting the war and the battle? Art thou at all wounded, and does the point of a spear afflict thee? Or comest thou after me with some message<sup>6</sup>? For I myself am not desirous to sit within my tent, but to fight.”

255 And to him, in reply, the prudent Meriones said: “Idomeneus, commander of the brazen-mailed Cretans,

<sup>1</sup> To hasten these things.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* we are capable of fighting, &c.

<sup>3</sup> ἀμπαρον for ἀνα παρον—to the toil.

<sup>4</sup> Of him running.

<sup>5</sup> The might of Idomeneus addressed.

<sup>6</sup> Supply *ἐνεκα*.

I come, if any spear be left thee in thy tents, to fetch *it*; for we have just broken what I had before, in striking<sup>1</sup> the shield of the bold Deïphobus."

And to him, in reply, Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, said: "Spears certainly, if thou wish them, one and 260 twenty thou wilt find standing in the tent against the shining walls—Trojan ones, which I have taken from the slain; for I never think, standing afar off, of fighting<sup>2</sup> with foe-men. Therefore I have spears and bossy shields, and 265 helmets, and corselets, brightly shining."

And to him, in reply, the prudent Meriones said: "In my tent too<sup>3</sup> and black ship are many spoils of the Trojans; but they are not near *enough* to take them. For neither do I think that I am forgetful of valour<sup>4</sup>, but stand among the foremost in glorious<sup>5</sup> battle, whenever 270 the contest of war arises. By others of the brazen-mailed Achæans I may not have been observed fighting; but I think thou must thyself have seen me<sup>6</sup>."

And to him, in reply, Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, said: "I know what thou art as to valour: why needst 275 thou say these things? For if now all the bravest of us at the ships were selected for an ambuscade—where the courage of men is especially perceived—where the coward, and he who is brave is made apparent—for the colour of the coward varies<sup>7</sup> from this to that, nor is his heart 280 repressed within his bosom, so as to sit quietly, but he cowers, and sits upon both his feet, and his heart greatly palpitates within his breast, expecting death; and there is a chattering of his teeth;—but the colour of the brave man neither changes, nor is he at all disturbed, after he 285 first sits down in the ambuscade of heroes; and he prays to mingle, as soon as possible, in direful fight—*no one*, in that case, would disparage thy courage and might. For

<sup>1</sup> Having struck.

<sup>2</sup> For I do not think to war.

<sup>3</sup> To me at *my* tent.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* am without it.

<sup>5</sup> Giving glory to men.

<sup>6</sup> Meriones was his second in command.

<sup>7</sup> Is turned, or turns.



if, labouring *in the battle*, thou wert wounded from a distance, or smitten in close fight, the weapon would not fall  
 290 upon thy neck behind, nor upon thy back; but either pierce thy breast, or thy belly, as thou wert rushing forward<sup>1</sup> in the conflict of foremost combatants. But come, let us no longer talk of these matters, standing<sup>2</sup> like fools, lest perhaps some one chide us too severely; but, go to the tent, and choose thee a strong spear."

295 Thus he spake, and Meriones, equal to swift Mars, speedily took from the tent a brazen spear; and went, very eager for war, after Idomeneus. And as man-destroying Mars enters the battle, and with him follows Terror, his dear son, at the same time, powerful and  
 300 fearless, who strikes fear even into the resolute warrior—they<sup>3</sup> indeed, from Thrace, had armed against the Ephyri or the brave Phleggyans; for they listened not to both, but gave glory to one or the other. Such advanced to battle  
 305 Meriones and Idomeneus, leaders of heroes, armed in glittering brass: and Meriones first addressed him in these words:

"Son of Deucalion, where dost thou purpose to enter the throng? To the right of all the army, or at the centre—or upon the left? Since no where in the battle  
 310 do I think that the long-haired Achæans so much require support<sup>4</sup>."

And to him again in return Idomeneus, the leader of the Cretans, said: "At the ships in the centre there are also others to assist them, and the two Ajaxes<sup>5</sup> and Teucer, who is the best of the Achæans in archery, and is also  
 315 brave in standing fight; they will harass, to satiety<sup>6</sup>, Hector, the son of Priam, though eager for battle, and be he ever so stout. It will be a hard task for him, although

<sup>1</sup> Of thee, rushing forward.

<sup>2</sup> Standing—*i. e.* doing nothing.

<sup>3</sup> Mars and Terror.

<sup>4</sup> In want of—defective in war—*i. e.* inferior in force.

<sup>5</sup> The Ajaxes had quitted the left to go to the assistance of Mnestheus.  
 M. 373.

<sup>6</sup> αἰών.



burning to fight, to overpower their might and strong hands, and set fire to the ships, unless the son of Saturn himself cast a flaming torch upon the swift ships. Nor 320 indeed will the mighty Telamonian Ajax yield to *any* man, who is a mortal, and eats the fruit of Ceres, and is penetrable to brass and huge stones. Not even would he give way to the warlike<sup>1</sup> Achilles, at least in standing *fight*, though he is by no means able to contend with him with 325 his feet. On with us, therefore, to the left of the army, that we may quickly know whether we shall give glory to any one, or any one to us."

Thus he spake. And Meriones, equal to rapid Mars, began to proceed until they came to *that part* of the army whither he had bidden him. But the *enemy*, when *they* 330 beheld Idomeneus, in his might resembling a flame—both himself and his comrade in curiously-wrought armour—exhorting each other along the crowd, they all advanced against him, and their battle was hand to hand at the sterns of the ships<sup>2</sup>. And as when storms sweep along, *driven* by roaring winds, on a day when the dust upon 335 the roads *is* very abundant, and they (the winds) at the same time raise<sup>3</sup> a large cloud of dust; so came on the battle of these together, and<sup>4</sup> they were eager in their minds to slaughter one another throughout the throng with sharp brass. And the combat, deadly to mortals, by the long spears which they held sharpened<sup>5</sup>, grows horrible; 340 and the brazen splendour from the glittering helmets, the newly-burnished corselets, and shining shields, coming together, dazzled *their* eyes. Truly very brave-hearted would he have been, who, beholding *their* toil, could then have rejoiced, and not been disturbed.

The two mighty sons of Saturn, favouring the different 345 sides, prepared sad griefs for the heroes<sup>6</sup>. On the one

<sup>1</sup> Who by his valour breaks the ranks of the enemy.

<sup>2</sup> And the contest of them stood equal at the sterns of the ships.

<sup>3</sup> Make to stand.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* both parties.

<sup>5</sup> Fit for cutting bodies.

<sup>6</sup> Men *who are* heroes—heroic men.

hand Jupiter willed victory to the Trojans and to Hector, glorifying the swift-footed Achilles, nor yet did he desire to destroy entirely the Achæan people before Ilium; but  
 350 was honouring Thetis and her gallant-hearted son. On the other hand Neptune, emerging from the hoary deep, coming secretly amongst them, encouraged the Argives; for he grieved that they should be subdued by the Trojans; and was vehemently angry with Jupiter. The birth of both was the same, and their family one, but Jove was  
 355 born first, and possessed more knowledge<sup>1</sup>. For this reason also *Neptune* avoided assisting them openly, but always privately encouraged them in the army, in the shape of a man. These therefore, alternating, stretched out over both the rope of hard contest and destructive war,  
 360 infrangible, and insoluble, which relaxed the limbs<sup>2</sup> of many.

Then, though advanced in years<sup>3</sup>, Idomeneus, exhorting the Danaans, excited terror<sup>4</sup> among the Trojans, springing upon them; for he slew Othryoneus, who had come from Cabetes to Priam's<sup>5</sup>. He had lately arrived, on  
 365 the report of the war, and demanded Cassandra, the most beautiful in form of the daughters of Priam, without giving a dowry, but he had promised a mighty deed, to drive in spite of them the sons of the Achæans from Troy. And to him the aged Priam had promised her, and vowed<sup>6</sup> that he would give her; and he fought, trusting to his pro-  
 370 mises. But Idomeneus took aim at him with his shining spear, and hurling it, smote him, stalking proudly along; nor did the brazen corselet which he wore resist<sup>7</sup> it, but he fixed it in the middle of his belly; and falling, he gave a crash; and the *other* gloried over *him*, and said:

“Othryoneus! above all mortals will I extol thee, if  
 375 thou wilt now in truth accomplish all which thou hast

<sup>1</sup> And knew more things—*i. e.* had more experience—universally, in Homer, age measures knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> Knees.

<sup>3</sup> Half grey.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* had routed them.

<sup>5</sup> Being within from Cabetes—*i. e.* being a guest of Priam.

<sup>6</sup> κατενένυσε—bowed with the head.

<sup>7</sup> ηρκεσε, *scil.* ολεθρον.



undertaken for Priam, descendant of Dardanus, when he<sup>1</sup> promised thee his daughter. We likewise will promise the same things, and accomplish them for thee. And we will give thee the fairest of the daughters of the son of Atreus to wed, fetching her from Argos, if along with us thou wilt destroy the well-inhabited city of Ilium. But follow, that 380 we may settle with thee about the marriage at the sea-crossing ships; for we are by no means bad fathers-in-law<sup>2</sup>."

So saying, the hero Idomeneus dragged him by the foot through the hard battle. But Asius came as an avenger to him, on foot, before his (own) horses; and then his attendant 385 driver always kept breathing upon his shoulders; and he burned in his soul to strike Idomeneus, but he (*Idomeneus*) anticipating him, smote him with his spear in the throat, below the chin, and drove the weapon quite through. And he fell, as when some oak falls, or white poplar, or lofty 390 pine, which builders<sup>3</sup> have cut down upon the mountains with newly-sharpened axes, to become ship-timber. So he lay, stretched before his horses and chariot, gnashing his teeth, and grasping the bloody dust. And his driver was deprived<sup>4</sup> of the senses, which he before had, nor did he dare to turn back the horses that he might escape<sup>5</sup> 395 from the hands of the enemy; and him the stout Antilochus, darting, transfixed in the middle with his spear; nor did the brazen corselet which he wore resist it, but he fixed it in the middle of his belly. Then, panting, Asius fell from the well-made car, and Antilochus, the son 400 of the brave Nestor, drove away the horses from the Trojans to the well-armed Achæans.

And Deïphobus, enraged on account of Asius, approached very near to Idomeneus, and darted with his shining spear. But Idomeneus beholding it coming against him, avoided the brazen spear, for he concealed<sup>6</sup> himself behind his shield 405

<sup>1</sup> And he.<sup>2</sup> i. e. not illiberal ones.<sup>3</sup> Artificers men.<sup>4</sup> Was stricken as to, &c.<sup>5</sup> Escaping.<sup>6</sup> Was concealed.



equal on all sides, which he carried, formed of the hides of oxen and of glittering brass, furnished with two handles<sup>1</sup>. Behind this he collected himself entirely<sup>2</sup>, and the brazen spear flew over him. But the shield returned a dry sound<sup>3</sup>,  
 410 as the spear sprang close over it. Yet *Deiphobus* sent it not in vain from his heavy hand, but struck *Hypsenor*, the son of *Hippasus*, the shepherd of the people, upon the liver, below the midriff, and immediately loosened his knees under him. And *Deiphobus* gloried prodigiously over him, loudly exclaiming:

“Surely not unavenged lies *Asius*; and I think that he,  
 415 in going to the strong-gated, massy *mansion* of *Hades*, will rejoice in his mind, since I have given to him a companion.”

Thus he spake; and grief came upon the Argives at his boast<sup>4</sup>; and *it* particularly shook the soul of the warlike *Antilochus*. Yet, grieved as he was, he neglected not  
 420 his comrade, but running, protected him, and covered him over with his shield. Him then his two dear comrades, *Mecisteus*, the son of *Echius*, and the noble *Alastor*, supporting, bore to the hollow ships, *themselves* groaning deeply. But *Idomeneus* remitted not his mighty valour;  
 425 and always burned either to cover some of the Trojans with pitchy night<sup>5</sup>, or to fall himself with a crash, in repelling destruction from the Achæans. Then the hero *Alcathous*, the beloved son of princely *Æsyetas*—and he was the son-in-law of *Anchises*, for he had married *Hippodameia*, the  
 430 eldest of his daughters, whom her father and venerable mother loved from their hearts, *whilst* in their house, because she excelled all of her age in beauty, in accomplishments, and intelligence<sup>6</sup>, for which reason also the most distinguished man in wide *Troy* had married her—him then  
 435 *Neptune* subdued under *Idomeneus*, blinding<sup>7</sup> his shining

<sup>1</sup> Osiers.<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* he cowered under his shield.<sup>3</sup> As *Virgil's* “*aridus fragor*.”<sup>4</sup> He glorying.<sup>5</sup> Night of *Erebus*—*i. e.* death.<sup>6</sup> Mind—*i. e.* prudence.<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* by a sort of spell.

eyes, and fettered his fair limbs. For he was able neither to fly back nor to turn aside; and, standing motionless, like a pillar or high-topped tree, the hero Idomeneus wounded him with his spear in the middle of the breast, and burst the brazen coat around him, which before warded off destruction from his body; but it then sent forth a dry 440 sound, severed by the spear; and falling, he gave a crash, and the spear was fixed in his heart, which, palpitating, shook even the handle of the spear; and there at length the strong Mars<sup>1</sup> remitted his *force*<sup>1</sup>. But Idomeneus 445 gloried greatly over him, loudly exclaiming:

“Well, O Deiphobus, we consider, three<sup>2</sup> being killed for one, at least some equivalent<sup>3</sup>, since thou boastest in this way. But stand thyself also, friend, against me, that thou mayst know what I am<sup>4</sup>, *who* come hither, the descendant of Jove—he who, first, begot Minos, the governor of Crete; 450 and Minos, again, begot Deucalion, his illustrious son, and Deucalion begot me, king over many men in extensive Crete. And now my ships have brought me hither, an evil both to thee and to thy father, and the other Trojans.”

Thus he spake, and Deiphobus hesitated between two 455 measures<sup>5</sup>, whether, falling back, he should associate himself with one of the brave Trojans, or even alone make the attempt<sup>6</sup>; and to him, thus meditating, it appeared to be best to go in search of Æneas. And him he found standing in the rear of the army, for he was ever at enmity with noble Priam, because indeed Priam by no means honoured 460 him, though being valiant among heroes. And, standing near, he addressed him in *these* winged words:

<sup>1</sup> *Ἀρης*—attributing every thing in battle to Mars—the word represents, occasionally, valour, arms, battle, &c.—as here it does the spear.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous, for Hypsenor, whom Deiphobus had killed.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* as good a ground of boasting as any deed of thine.

<sup>4</sup> What a man I come.

<sup>5</sup> Deliberated two ways.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* against Idomeneus.



"Æneas, commander of Trojans, now does it greatly behove thee to protect thy brother-in-law, if indeed any regard <sup>1</sup>for him touches thee. But follow, let us bring aid to Alcahous <sup>2</sup>, who, being thy brother-in-law, nourished thee whilst very young in his mansions, and whom spear-skilled Idomeneus hath slain."

Thus he spake, and roused the courage in his breast, and he, greatly desirous of battle, went in pursuit of Idomeneus. Yet fear seized not Idomeneus, like a young child, but he stood firm, as when some boar in the mountains, confident in his strength, which abides the mighty tumult of men coming against him, in a desert place, and upwards bristles his back; and his eyes flash with fire, and he sharpens his teeth, eager to repulse both dogs and men. So spear-skilled Idomeneus awaited Æneas, rapid in combat, coming against him, nor retired; but shouted to his comrades, looking out to Ascalaphus, and Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, skilful in fight. Exhorting these, he addressed them in winged words:

"Hither, my friends, and succour me here all alone, for I greatly fear the swift-footed Æneas, charging, who is approaching me—who is very powerful to slay men in battle, and possesses the bloom of youth, which is the greatest advantage. For if we were of the same age, with this spirit, either he would quickly bear off great glory, or I myself should bear it off."

Thus he spake; but they all, having one determination in their minds, stood near him, leaning <sup>3</sup>their shields upon their shoulders. And Æneas, on the other side, animated his companions, casting his eyes upon Deïphobus, and Paris, and the noble Agenor, who, together with himself, were leaders of the Trojans. And them followed the

<sup>1</sup> κηδός—i. e. affinity—or regard on account of affinity.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to bring off the body.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. making a line of shields for the protection of Idomeneus.



people, as sheep follow from their pasture after the ram to drink; and the shepherd then rejoices in mind. So was the soul of Æneas gladdened in his breast, when he beheld a body of troops following himself. These therefore engaged hand to hand round Alcathous with long spears, and on their breasts rang horribly the brass, while aiming at each other in the crowd. But two warlike men, superior to the rest, Æneas and Idomeneus, equal to Mars, burned to wound each other's bodies with the ruthless brass. And Æneas first hurled his javelin at Idomeneus; but he, perceiving it coming towards him, avoided the brazen spear; and the spear of Æneas fell<sup>1</sup> quivering to the earth, for it sprang in vain from his strong hand. And Idomeneus next smote CEnomaus in the middle of the belly, and the spear burst the cavity of his corselet, and, piercing, let out<sup>2</sup> his entrails; and, falling amid the dust, he grasped the earth with his hand<sup>3</sup>. And Idomeneus plucked out the long spear from his body, but was unable to tear off the other rich armour from his shoulders, for he was pressed with weapons. For no longer were the joints of his feet firm as he rushed, either to spring after his own weapon, or avoid *that of another*<sup>4</sup>. Wherefore also in standing fight he warded off the fatal day, nor did his feet longer bear him with ease in retreating<sup>5</sup> from the battle. Against him, thus slowly retiring, Deiphobus hurled his glittering lance, for he had ever a rooted hatred towards him<sup>6</sup>. But then too he missed him, and struck with his javelin Ascalaphus, the son of Mars, and drove the strong spear through his shoulder; and, falling amid the dust, Ascalaphus grasped the earth with his hand. Not yet, however, had loudly-roaring, fierce Mars heard that his son had fallen in the gallant fight; but he sat at the time

<sup>1</sup> Went.<sup>2</sup> And drank his bowels through—or tapped them.<sup>3</sup> Palm.<sup>4</sup> Firm to him attacking, neither indeed to rush on after his own weapon, nor to avoid.<sup>5</sup> To fly.<sup>6</sup> i. e. because he had missed his aim at Idomeneus before.

beneath golden clouds upon the summit of Olympus, excluded *from the battle* by the counsels of Jove, where also  
 525 the other immortal gods were restrained from the war. In the mean time they (*Trojans and Achæans*) engaged hand to hand round Ascalaphus. Deïphobus tore the shining helmet from Ascalaphus; and Meriones, equal to swift Mars, springing *upon him*, smote *him* with his spear in the arm, and  
 530 the crested helmet, falling from his hand, rang upon the earth. And Meriones, springing forward upon him, like a vulture, plucked out the tough spear from the lower part of his arm, and retired again upon the column of his comrades. But Polites, his own brother<sup>1</sup>, throwing his hands round his  
 535 middle, carried him out of the horrid-sounding battle, till he reached his fleet horses, which awaited him<sup>2</sup> in the rear of the combat and the war, with a driver and a variegated car; which then carried him towards the city, groaning heavily, *and* exhausted; and the blood flowed from his  
 540 lately-wounded hand. But the others fought on, and a mighty clamour arose; and Æneas, rushing upon Apha-reus, the son of Calëtor, struck him with his sharp spear upon the throat, as he was turned towards him. And his head hung on one side, and his shield followed, and his helmet; and destructive<sup>3</sup> death poured around  
 545 him. And Antilochus, watching Thoas turning round, attacked and wounded him<sup>4</sup>; and cut away all the vein, which, running quite along the back, reaches the neck. All this he cut away; and Thoas fell prone in the dust, extending both hands to *his* beloved comrades.  
 550 And Antilochus sprang upon him, and stripped the armour from his shoulders, looking around; and the Trojans around, on every side, struck his wide and ornamented shield with their darts, but they were not able to graze with the dire brass the soft skin of Antilochus behind it; because the earth-shaking Neptune protected

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* of Ascalaphus.<sup>2</sup> Which stood for him.<sup>3</sup> Which takes away the soul.<sup>4</sup> Attacking, wounded him.



the son of Nestor all round, even among many weapons. 555  
 For never was he without his enemies<sup>1</sup>, but he turned himself about against them; nor did he hold his spear without motion, but ever brandished, it was whirled around; and he purposed in his mind, either to hurl it at some one afar off, or to rush upon some one close at hand<sup>2</sup>. But intending this amid the throng, he escaped not the observation of Adamas, the son of Asias, who smote him in the middle of his shield with his sharp spear<sup>3</sup>, rushing close to him; but the azure-haired Neptune weakened the spear, grudging him the life of *Antilochus*. Part of it remained there, like a stake burned in the fire, in the shield of Antilochus, and 565 the other half lay upon the ground; and he retired back upon the column of his comrades, shunning death. But Meriones, following him as he retreated<sup>4</sup>, smote him with his spear between the groin and the navel, where a wound<sup>5</sup> is particularly painful to miserable mortals. There he 570 fixed the spear in him; and he, falling<sup>6</sup>, struggled around the spear, as an ox, whom cow-herds in the mountains forcibly binding with twisted cords, lead away against his will. So he, wounded, struggled, though for a short time—not very long—until the hero Meriones, coming near, plucked the spear from his body; and darkness 575 covered his eyes. And Helenus, close at hand, struck Deïpyrus with his huge Thracian sword upon the temple, and cut away the three-coned helmet; which, being dashed off, fell upon the ground—and some one of the combating Achæans lifted it up, while rolling at his feet—and pitchy 580 night covered his eyes. Then grief seized the son of Atreus, the gallant Menelaus, and he advanced, threatening the hero, prince Helenus, and brandishing his sharp spear; and the other drew the horn<sup>7</sup> of his bow. Toget-

<sup>1</sup> i. e. they were on every side.<sup>2</sup> ἀκοντίζσαι and σχιδόν ὀρμηθῆναι.<sup>3</sup> Brass.<sup>4</sup> i. e. backward, with his face to the enemy.<sup>5</sup> ἀρῆς. See 444. of this book.<sup>6</sup> Following.<sup>7</sup> See A. 375.



585 ther then they rushed—the one was eager to launch his sharp spear, and the other an arrow from the string. Then the son of Priam smote him with an arrow at the breast, on the cavity of the corselet, but the deadly arrow glanced off. And as when from a broad winnowing fan in a large threshing floor, black-skinned beans or vetches rebound  
590 under the shrill blast and the violence of the winnower; so, strongly repelled off by the corselet of the glorious Menelaus, the deadly arrow flew afar. And then brave Menelaus, the son of Atreus, struck the hand with which he (Helenus) held *his* well-polished bow; and the brazen spear drove  
595 to the other side, through his hand, into the bow<sup>1</sup>. And Helenus retired back upon the column of his comrades, avoiding death, *and* hanging down his hand at his side, and the ashen spear was dragged along with him. And *then* the noble Agenor extracted it from his hand, and  
600 bound up *the hand* itself with well-twisted wool<sup>2</sup>—a sling, which an attendant carried for him, the shepherd of the people. But Pisander went direct against the glorious Menelaus, for evil fate led him towards the goal<sup>2</sup> of death, to be subdued by thee, O Menelaus, in dire battle. When  
605 therefore they were near, advancing against each other, the son of Atreus missed his stroke, and the spear turned aside; but Pisander smote the shield of the glorious Menelaus, and yet was unable to drive the spear quite through; for the broad shield repelled it, and the spear was broken at  
the extremity: still he exulted in his mind, and hoped for  
610 victory. But the son of Atreus, drawing his silver-studded sword, sprang upon Pisander; and he (*Pisander*) took from beneath his shield a handsome battle-axe of brass, with an olive-tree handle, long *and* well-polished; and at  
once they rushed at each other. Then he (*Pisander*) cut away the cone of the helmet, thick with horse-hair, under  
615 the very crest; but *Menelaus* smote him, while advancing, upon the forehead, above the extremity of the nose; and

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps—through the hand with the bow in it.

<sup>2</sup> A sheep's flower of wool—of which the sling was made. It was, apparently, untwisted, and applied as a bandage.

<sup>2</sup> The end.

the bones crashed, and both his eyes fell at his feet upon the ground in the dust, covered with blood: and, falling, he writhed. And the *other* (*Menelaus*) placing his heel upon his breast, stripped him of his armour, and, boasting, uttered this speech:

“‘Thus’ at length will ye leave<sup>2</sup> the ships of the Danaans 620  
possessed of fleet horses, ye treaty-breaking Trojans, insatiable of dire battle. In other injury and disgrace were ye not wanting, with which ye injured me, ye worthless dogs; nor dreaded ye at all in your minds the severe anger of high-thundering Jove, *guardian* of hospitality<sup>3</sup>, who will yet destroy for you your lofty city— 625  
*ye* who unprovoked departed, carrying off my own wedded wife and many treasures, after ye had been hospitably received at her house. Now, again, ye eagerly desire to hurl destructive fire upon our sea-crossing ships, and to slay the Achæan heroes. But ye shall yet be restrained, im- 630  
petuous as ye are, from war. O, father Jove, they say indeed that thou exceedest others, *both* men and gods, in wisdom, yet from thee do all these things proceed—how much dost thou gratify these insolent Trojans, whose force is ever iniquitous, nor can they be glutted with destruc- 635  
tive war! There is satiety of all things, of sleep, and of love, and of sweet singing, and of graceful dancing—things with which one is ever more eager to satisfy his desires, than with war; but the Trojans are insatiable in fight.”

Having thus spoken, the illustrious Menelaus, stripping 640  
the bloody armour from the body, gave *it* to his companions, and himself, advancing, was again mixed with the foremost combatants. Then Harpalion, the son of king Pylæmenes, he who had followed his beloved father to war against Troy, leapt upon him: nor returned *he* 645  
back to his native land. *He it was* who then, near at hand, struck the middle of Atrides’ shield with his lance, nor was he able to drive the brass through; but retired back

<sup>1</sup> Thus—*i. e.* by losing your chiefs one after another.

<sup>2</sup> Leave—*i. e.* give up your attempt on the ships.

<sup>3</sup> He is here alluding to the insult offered by Paris to him.



upon the column of his comrades, avoiding death, looking round on all sides, lest any one should strike<sup>1</sup> his body  
 650 with a spear. Meriones, however, sent a brazen arrow at him, departing, and struck him upon the right hip; and the arrow penetrated to the other side, through the bladder, below the bone. Sinking down, therefore, in the same place, and breathing out his life in the arms of his  
 655 beloved comrades, he lay, stretched upon the ground like a worm; and his black blood flowed and wetted the earth. Of him the brave Paphlagonians took care, and, lifting him upon a car, bore him to sacred Ilium, grieving for him; and with them went his father, shedding tears: but no vengeance for his dead son was his.

660 And Paris was greatly enraged in his soul on account of his slaughter<sup>2</sup>, for he had been his guest among many Paphlagonians; filled with anger on his account, he sent forth a brazen arrow. And there was one Euehonor, a son of the seer Polyëidus, both wealthy and brave, inhabiting  
 665 mansions at Corinth, who, well aware of his fatal destiny, had arrived in a ship. For often had Polyëidus, the good old man, told him, that he would perish in his halls of a grievous disease, or be subdued by the Trojans at the ships of the Achæans; by this<sup>3</sup> then he avoided at once  
 670 the severe fine<sup>4</sup> of the Achæans and odious disease, that he might not suffer sorrows<sup>5</sup> in his mind. Him he (*Paris*) smote below the jaw and ear; and the soul quickly departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness seized him.

Thus then they fought like to a glowing fire. But Hector, beloved of Jove, had not learned, nor at all knew,  
 675 that at the left<sup>6</sup> of the ships his people were slaughtered by the Argives, and that the victory<sup>7</sup> would soon be the Achæans'—for so much did the earth-shaking Neptune excite the Argives, and himself besides assisted with his might

<sup>1</sup> Touch.<sup>2</sup> He being slain.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by going to Troy.<sup>4</sup> Which would have been levied on him for refusing the service. Corinth was under the authority of Agamemnon.<sup>5</sup> Or the pain of disease.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* with reference to the Achæans—towards the Simois.<sup>7</sup> Glory.



—but he (*Hector*) pressed on *in the direction* where first he had sprung within the gates and wall, breaking the close ranks of the shielded Danaans. There were the ships of Ajax and Protesilaus, drawn up upon the shore of the hoary sea; but before<sup>1</sup> them the wall was built lowest<sup>2</sup>, where themselves and their horses were most impetuous in combat. And there<sup>3</sup> the Bœotians and long-robed Iaonians, the Locrians, and the Phthians, and illustrious Epeians, kept him from the ships, fiercely rushing on; but were unable to drive away from them the noble Hector, resembling a flame. Of the Athenians, some stood in the van, and among them Menestheus, the son of Peteus, had the command; and with him followed Pheidias, and Stichius, and the brave Bias. And Meges, the son of Phyleus, and Amphion, and Dracius, commanded the Epeians; and at the head of the Phthians were Medon and stout Podarces—Medon was a bastard son of the noble Oileus, and the brother of Ajax, and dwelt at Phylace, away from his native country, having murdered a man, the brother of his step-mother Eriöpis, whom Oileus had married; but the other (*Podarces*) was the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus—these in arms at the head of the brave Phthians, fought along with the Bœotians, defending the ships. But Ajax, the swift son of Oileus, never at all stood apart from the Telamonian Ajax, not even for a little time; but as in a fallow field two dark bullocks, possessed of equal spirit, drag the compacted plough, and much sweat breaks out about the roots of their horns, and the well-polished yoke alone divides them<sup>4</sup>, stepping along the furrow, and the plough cuts up the bottom of the soil; so they, joined together, stood very near to each other. Many and brave troops indeed followed the son of Telamon as comrades, who received from him his shield,

<sup>1</sup> Above.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. where Ajax was posted—there the rampart was built lowest.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. where Hector broke in, and rushed upon the ships.

<sup>4</sup> And the well-polished yoke alone between them keeps them apart.

whenever fatigue and sweat came upon his knees<sup>1</sup>. But the Locrians followed not the brave son of Oileus, for their heart remained not firm to them in standing fight, because they had not brazen helmets, crested with horse-hair, nor had they good rounded shields and ashen spears; but they accompanied him to Ilium, trusting to their bows and their slings<sup>2</sup>: with which they, frequently throwing at them, broke the phalanxes of the Trojans. Then indeed did these (*the Ajaxes*) in the van, in their curiously-wrought armour, fight against the Trojans and brazen-mailed Hector, and their *troops*, shooting in the rear, were unseen: nor were the Trojans any longer mindful of combat<sup>3</sup>; for the arrows threw them in confusions. Then would the Trojans have retreated with loss from the ships and tents to lofty Ilium, had not Polydamas, standing near, addressed the brave Hector:

“Hector, thou art incapable of yielding<sup>4</sup> to advice. Because god hath given thee, above *others*, warlike deeds<sup>5</sup>, for that reason dost thou also desire to be more skilled than others in council? But thou canst not by any means thyself obtain all things at once. For to one has god given the deeds of war; and to another dancing; and to another the harp and singing; and in another, again, the far-sounding Jove implants a good understanding in his bosom, and many men reap the advantage of it; and it preserves cities; and the possessor himself especially knows *its value*. But I will speak as appears to me to be best; for the circle<sup>6</sup> of war burns round thee on all sides, and the brave Trojans, since they have crossed the rampart, some stand aloof with their arms, and others fight, the fewer against the more, scattered among the ships. But, retiring, *do thou* summon hither all the chiefs. And there may we

<sup>1</sup> Upon him as to the knees.

<sup>2</sup> The well-twisted wool of a sheep. See 599 of this book.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* they were too much occupied in protecting themselves from the missiles of the enemy—they did not themselves attack.

<sup>4</sup> Or, there is no making thee yield, &c.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* has given thee strength and daring to perform.

<sup>6</sup> Crown.



better discuss the whole matter—whether we shall, if the deity give us power, fall upon the many-benched ships, or return back, whilst we are safe, from the ships; for indeed I fear lest the Achæans will acquit their yesterday's debt, 745 since an hero, insatiable in war, still remains at the ships, who I think will no longer abstain wholly from battle."

Thus spake Polydamas, and the prudent advice pleased Hector. And immediately *he* leaped with his armour from his car to the ground, and, addressing him, spake 750 *these winged words*:

"Polydamas, retain thou here all the bravest, and I will go there<sup>1</sup> and encounter the battle. And I will come back again forthwith, when I have given proper orders to the *troops*."

He said, and, shouting, rushed on like to a snowy mountain<sup>2</sup>, and flew through the Trojans and allies. And 755 the *others* all crowded round the valour-loving Polydamas, the son of Panthous, when they heard the shout of Hector. But he (*Hector*) ranged through the foremost combatants, seeking if he could any where find Deïphobus, and the might of prince Helenus, and Adamas, the son of Asias, and Asius, the son of Hyrtacus. Them he found no longer 760 quite unhurt, nor undestroyed, but some indeed lay at the sterns of the ships of the Achæans, having lost their lives by the hands of the Argives; and others were within the rampart<sup>3</sup>, smitten from a distance, or wounded close at hand. But quickly found he, on the left of the lament- 765 able<sup>4</sup> battle, the noble Alexander, the husband of the fair-haired Helen, encouraging his companions, and exhorting them to fight; and, standing near, *he* addressed him with insulting words:

"Accursed Paris, brave only in person, women-mad, trickster, where are Deïphobus and the might of prince 770 Helenus, and Adamas, the son of Asias, and Asius, the son of Hyrtacus? Where also is Othryoneus? Now

<sup>1</sup> *L. e.* to the left. See 675.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 701.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by the ships.

<sup>4</sup> Causing tears.



lofty Ilium all perishes from its summit—now its fearful destruction is sure.”

And to him, in return, the godlike Alexander said:  
 775 “Hector, as thou art resolved<sup>1</sup> to blame me when blameless, *I must speak*. At other times I may have seemed to skulk from battle, *but not now*; for neither did my mother bear me altogether unwarlike. For from the time thou didst stir up the battle of thy comrades at the ships, from that time, remaining here, have we engaged incessantly with  
 780 the Danaans; but *those* comrades are dead for whom thou inquirest. Deiphobus and the might of prince Helenus alone are withdrawn, both wounded in the hand with long spears; but the son of Saturn has warded off their death. But now lead on, wheresoever thy heart and soul urge  
 785 thee; and we will follow with determined minds, nor do I think that thou wilt be at all in want of valour, as far as our strength will admit<sup>2</sup>. But it is not possible, even for him who keenly desires it, to fight beyond his strength.”

So saying, the hero soothed the rage<sup>3</sup> of his brother. And onwards to the spot, where especially was the battle  
 790 and the contest, hastened<sup>4</sup> Cebriones, and the good Polydamas, Phalces, and Orthæus, and the godlike Polyphêtes, and Palmys, and Ascanius and Morys, the sons of Hippotion—who the morning before had come from fertile Ascania, to take their turn of service<sup>5</sup>; and Jove then urged  
 795 them to fight. And they marched, like to the blast of boisterous winds, which rushes down to the plain, *urged* by the thunder of father Jove, and is mingled with the ocean in a wild tumult; and in it *rise* many boiling billows of the far-sounding sea, swollen, whitened with foam, first  
 800 some, and then others after. So the Trojans, first some, in battle array<sup>6</sup>, and then others glittering in brass,

<sup>1</sup> Since *it is thy mind* to thee.

<sup>2</sup> As much strength as is present.

<sup>3</sup> φρενες.

<sup>4</sup> Βαν δ' ἔμην—αμφὶ τε Κεβριονην, &c. scil. οἱ. Those about Cebriones set out to go—i. e. Cebriones and his troops, &c.

<sup>5</sup> ἀμειβοι—successors—reliefs. The length of the war, it may be supposed, had made such an arrangement expedient for the allies.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. ἀρηροτες—i. e. in compact bodies.

followed along with their leaders. And Hector, the son of Priam, equal to man-slaying Mars, led the van, and held before him a shield, on all sides equal, thick with hides; and much brass was laid over them: and round his temples *his* refulgent helmet nodded. Stepping forward, he tried the phalanxes around on every side, if perchance they would give way to him, advancing under *cover of* his shield. Yet he disturbed not the courage of the Achæans in their breasts: and Ajax, advancing with long strides first challenged him:

“Come nearer, friend; why frightenest<sup>1</sup> thou the Ar- 810  
gives thus? We Achæans are by no means unskilful in battle—but we are subdued by the evil scourge of Jove. Thy soul hopes, without doubt, to plunder the ships; but we too have hands to repulse thee speedily<sup>2</sup>. And long before<sup>3</sup> shall your well-inhabited city be taken by our 815  
hands and destroyed. And to thee thyself, I say, the time is near, when, flying, thou shalt pray to father Jove and the other immortals, to have<sup>4</sup> beautiful horses, swifter than hawks, which shall bear thee to the city, raising up the 820  
dust on the plain.”

Whilst he was thus speaking, a bird flew over on the right—a lofty-flying eagle; and at it the people of the Achæans shouted, encouraged by the omen. And the illustrious Hector replied:

“O babbling and bull-headed<sup>5</sup> Ajax, what hast thou said? Would that I were as surely so for ever<sup>6</sup> a child 825  
of ægis-bearing Jove, and the imperial Juno had borne me, and that I were honoured as Minerva and Apollo are honoured, as that now this day brings greatly woe on all the Argives: and among them shalt thou be slain, if thou darest to abide my long spear, which shall tear for thee thy dainty person; and thou shalt glut the dogs and 830

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* triest to do so.

<sup>2</sup> To us also there are hands immediately to repulse thee.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* before you take our ships.

<sup>4</sup> That there be *to thee*, &c.

<sup>5</sup> *βούρην*—bull of the earth—brute—the epithet, doubtless, is levelled at the bulk, and implied stupidity of the hero.

<sup>6</sup> All days.

birds of the Trojans with thy fat and flesh, falling beside the ships of the Achæans."

Thus then having spoken, he led on: and they followed along with him with a mighty shout, and the troops likewise shouted in the rear. And the Argives, on the other  
835 side, raised a shout, nor were forgetful of their valour, but awaited the bravest of the Trojans, assaulting. And the cry of both reached to the heavens, and to the splendours of Jove.

END OF ILIAD XIII.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XIV.

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ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon and the other wounded chiefs, taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno, having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

AND the shouting escaped not entirely the observation of Nestor, although drinking, but he addressed these winged words to the son of Esculapius: "Think, noble Machaon, how these things will be<sup>1</sup>; greater certainly *grows* the shouting of the vigorous youth at the ships. But sit thou here now, and drink<sup>2</sup> the dark wine, until the fair-haired Hecamede has heated the warm baths, and washed away thy bloody gore; and I, going with speed to a watch tower, will gather information<sup>3</sup>."

5

So saying, he took the well-made shield of his own son Thrasymedes, tamer of horses, *which was* lying in the tent, shining with brass—for Thrasymedes had his father's shield—and seized a strong spear, pointed with sharp

10

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* what is, or is going to be the matter.

<sup>2</sup> Sitting, drink.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* and going to some look-out (some open or elevated spot), I will soon learn the cause.

brass; and stood without the tent, and soon beheld a shocking work—the *Achæans* in confusion, and the inso-  
 15 lent Trojans routing them in the rear; and the rampart of the *Achæans* beaten down. And as when the vast sea with silent wave is perturbed—foreboding thus the rapid courses<sup>1</sup> of shrill winds—and rolls neither one way nor the other, before some decisive blast comes down from  
 20 Jove; so meditated the old man, distracted in his mind between two opinions—whether he should go to the throng of Danaans, possessed of fleet horses, or towards Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, the shepherd of the people. But to him, thus reflecting, it appeared to be preferable to proceed in search of the son of Atreus. And the ar-  
 25 mies meanwhile slaughtered each other, maintaining the fight<sup>2</sup>; and the solid<sup>3</sup> brass around their bodies rang, as they were smitten<sup>4</sup> with the swords and double-pointed spears.

And the royal chiefs, as many as had been wounded with the brass, Tydides, and Ulysses, and Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, met Nestor *as they were* ascending from  
 30 the ships. For very far away from the battle were their ships drawn up upon the shore of the hoary deep; for they had dragged up the first<sup>5</sup> ships towards the plain, and had built the rampart at their sterns. For, wide as it was, the shore was by no means able to contain their  
 35 vessels<sup>6</sup>; and the people were crowded. Wherefore they dragged them up in rows<sup>7</sup>, and filled the long mouth of the whole shore, as much as the promontories enclosed. There then were they walking together, leaning upon the spear, *for the purpose of* beholding the tumult and the battle; and their heart in their bosoms was grieved. And the  
 40 aged Nestor met them, and alarmed the hearts in the breasts of the *Achæans*: and him first king Agamemnon addressing, said:

<sup>1</sup> Ways.<sup>2</sup> Fighting.<sup>3</sup> Unsubdued.<sup>4</sup> Of them struck.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* the first line.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* all in one line.<sup>7</sup> *προκροσσας*—in lines one behind the other.

“ O Neleian Nestor, great glory of the Achæans, why comest thou hither, leaving the murderous battle? I fear lest the impetuous Hector has at last made good his speech, as once he threatened *when* haranguing among the Trojans, 45 that he would not return to Ilium from the ships, before he had lighted the barks with fire, and slain ourselves also—so he harangued, and now at last all will be fulfilled. Ye gods, surely the other well-greaved Achæans, as well as Achilles, lay up wrath against me in their souls; and will 50 not fight at the sterns of the ships.”

And him the Gerenian chief, Nestor, answered: “ Truly these things are done<sup>1</sup>, nor can even the high-thundering Jupiter himself contrive them otherwise; for the wall, in which we trusted that it would be an impregnable defence 55 to the ships and to ourselves, has now fallen. And they wage a furious battle at the swift ships incessantly; nor can you any longer distinguish, though closely examining, in what quarter the Achæans, confounded, are most routed—so pell-mell are they slain, and the shout reaches the 60 heaven. Let us however deliberate what must be done<sup>2</sup>, if counsel can do aught; but I do not advise that we enter the battle; for it is not practicable for the wounded to fight.”

And to him, in reply, said Agamemnon, king of men: “ Nestor, since they are combating at the sterns of the 65 ships, and the rampart constructed avails not aught, nor the ditch at which the Danaans toiled much, and hoped in their minds that it would be an impregnable defence to the ships and to themselves—so seems it to be agreeable to all-powerful Jove, that the Achæans perish here in- 70 glorious, far from Argos. For I knew<sup>3</sup>, when he willingly gave assistance to the Achæans; and now I know that he, together with the blessed gods, glorifies them, and shackles

<sup>1</sup> These things are ready done—*i. e.* they are done and cannot be undone.

<sup>2</sup> How these matters shall be.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* I was conscious of it—I was fully convinced by certain signs of the will of the gods.



our courage and hands. But come, let us all be persuaded to do as I shall advise. Let us drag away the  
 75 ships, as many as are drawn up first near the sea, and launch them all into the vast ocean. Let us moor them to anchors in the deep, till the still night arrive, if even in it the Trojans abstain from battle, and then we will drag  
 80 out all the vessels; for there is no disgrace in flying from evil, not even in the night. It is better for a man to escape evil, flying from it, than be taken."

But him the wise Ulysses, looking sternly, addressed: "Son of Atreus, what speech is this which has escaped the barrier of thy teeth? Dastard<sup>1</sup>, would that thou didst  
 85 command some other worthless army, and ruledst not us, to whom Jove has given from youth even to old age<sup>2</sup>, to accomplish toilsome wars until we each of us perish. Dost thou then so desire to abandon well-streeted Troy, on account of which we have endured many woes? Be silent  
 90 lest some other of the Achæans hear a speech, which no man ought to have uttered<sup>3</sup>, *no one* who understands<sup>4</sup> in his mind how to give sound advice<sup>5</sup>, who is a prince<sup>6</sup>, and whom so many people obey, as thou dost govern  
 95 among the Argives. Now, however, I reprobate thy judgment in what thou hast said, who commandest us, whilst the war and battle are raging<sup>7</sup>, to drag the well-benched ships to the sea, in order that their wishes may be still better fulfilled to the Trojans, victorious though they be, and dire destruction fall upon us: for the Achæans  
 100 will not maintain the fight, if the ships are dragged down to the sea, but will look back<sup>8</sup> and shrink from combat. Then will thy plan be injurious, O prince of the people."

And him answered then Agamemnon, the king of men: "Ulysses, thou hast cut<sup>9</sup> me to the soul with thy severe

<sup>1</sup> Lost—worthy to be lost.

<sup>2</sup> Brought through his mouth.

<sup>3</sup> To speak wise things.

<sup>4</sup> The war and shout being made to stand together—being joined.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* for the means of refuge.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* through life.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* who is in his senses.

<sup>8</sup> A sceptre-bearer.

<sup>9</sup> Reached.

reproof; yet I bade not the sons of the Achæans against 105  
their will drag down the well-benched ships to the sea.  
And I wish there were any one, either young or old, who  
would suggest a better plan than this; I should be delighted  
with him <sup>1</sup>."

And the gallant Diomedes spake also among them:  
"Near is the man—we shall not seek long for him, if ye 110  
will be advised. And be none of you offended <sup>2</sup>, because I  
*who thus speak* am in age the youngest amongst you; but I  
also boast to be by birth of a noble father, Tydeus, whom  
the piled up earth covers at Thebes. For to Porthœus  
were born three distinguished sons, and *they* dwelt in 115  
Pleuron and the lofty Caledon—Agrius, and Melas, and  
the third was the noble <sup>3</sup> CENEUS, the father of my father;  
and he was conspicuous among them for *his* valour. He  
indeed remained there, but my father, roaming *from home* <sup>4</sup>,  
dwelt at Argos, for so Jove doubtless willed and the other 120  
gods. And he married one of the daughters of Adrastus,  
and he inhabited a mansion abounding in opulence <sup>5</sup>, and  
numerous corn-fields were his <sup>6</sup>, and there were many  
orchards of trees around him, and his flocks were numerous.  
And he surpassed the Achæans in the use of the spear; but  
these things ye must yourselves have heard to be true. 125  
Therefore do not, regarding me by birth worthless and im-  
potent, treat with contempt the sentiments publicly ex-  
pressed, which I shall utter with good intention <sup>7</sup>. Come,  
then, let us go to the battle, wounded as we are, since  
necessity urges <sup>8</sup>. There then let us ourselves abstain  
from combat, out of *the reach* of weapons, lest any one re- 130  
ceive wound upon wound; but, by encouraging, we will

<sup>1</sup> To me glad would he (or it) be.—*i. e.* he would be welcome.

<sup>2</sup> Do not each of you at all regard with anger, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *ἵπποτα*—horseman—a knight—a chief—as distinguished from the  
canaille.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* was an exile, on account of some homicide.

<sup>5</sup> Means of life.

<sup>6</sup> And there were corn-producing fields in abundance to him.

<sup>7</sup> Which I shall speak well.

<sup>8</sup> From necessity.



excite others, who before, indulging themselves<sup>1</sup>, stood apart and did not fight."

Thus he spake: and they all listened readily, and obeyed. And they hastened onward<sup>2</sup>, and the king of men, Agamemnon, led them.

135 Nor was the illustrious shaker of the earth an inattentive spectator, but went amongst them in the semblance of an aged man, and caught the right hand of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and, speaking these winged words, addressed him:

"Son of Atreus, now doubtless the revengeful heart of  
140 Achilles rejoices in his breast, beholding the slaughter and rout of the Achæans; for there is no common sense, in him, not the smallest<sup>3</sup>. May he, however, thus perish, and may a god cover him with disgrace. But the blessed gods are not yet altogether enraged with thee, but again the leaders and chiefs of the Trojans will doubtless yet  
145 raise the dust upon the wide plain, and thou shalt behold them flying towards the city from the ships and the tents."

So saying, he shouted aloud, rushing over the plain. As loud as shout nine or ten thousand men, beginning the  
150 contest of Mars; so loud a cry did king Neptune send from his breast; and infused great vigour into every heart among the Achæans, to war and to fight without ceasing.

And Juno of the golden throne, standing, looked with her eyes from the summit of Olympus, and immediately  
155 recognised her own brother, *who was* also her husband's brother, exerting himself in the glorious battle, and she rejoiced in her soul. Jupiter also she beheld, sitting upon the highest top of Ida, of many rills, and he was hateful to her soul. And then the large-eyed, imperial Juno, con-  
160 sidered how she could beguile the mind of ægis-bearing

<sup>1</sup> Bring gratification to their minds.

<sup>2</sup> They went to go.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* because he does not see, that he must be involved in the common ruin.



Jove<sup>1</sup>. And this plan appeared best to her mind—to set herself off to the best advantage and go to Ida, in order that he might desire to sleep beside her own person, for love, and she might pour upon his limbs and vigilant mind careless and easy sleep. And she hastened to the chamber, which Vulcan, her dear son, had made for her, and had fitted the doors close to their frames by a mysterious key; and it no other god<sup>2</sup> could open. There entering in, she closed the shining doors. First with ambrosia she washed all impurities from her lovely person, and bathed herself with rich oil, ambrosial, diffusive, that which was her perfume<sup>3</sup>; and the odour of it, though shaken in the brass-paved mansion of Jove, reached even to earth and to heaven. With this having bathed her beautiful person, and combed her hair, with her hands she wreathed her curls, bright, beautiful, ambrosial, *which fell* from her immortal head. And next she threw round her an ambrosial robe, which Minerva, adorning, had prepared for her, and put in it many embroideries; and she fastened it upon her bosom with golden clasps. And she girded herself with a zone, adorned with an hundred fringes, and in her well-perforated ears she put her triple-gemmed, beautiful pendants, and much grace shone from her. And above, the most august of the goddesses, covered herself with a veil, beautiful and newly made, and it was white as the sun; and under her shining feet she fastened her elegant sandals. And when she had arranged all her ornament around her person, she proceeded straight from the chamber; and having called Venus apart from the other gods, she addressed to her *this* speech:

“Wilt thou now be at all persuaded by me, dear child, to do what I say? Or wilt thou refuse, being angry in thy mind at this, that I assist the Danaans, and thou the Trojans?”

<sup>1</sup> And so divert his attention from the battle.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. than Juno.

<sup>3</sup> το τεῖχοςμερον.

And her answered then Venus, the daughter of Jove :  
195 “Juno, imperial goddess, daughter of mighty Saturn,  
speak thy wish<sup>1</sup>; for my soul bids me accomplish it, if  
at least I can accomplish it, and if it be accomplish-  
able.”

And the imperial Juno, meditating guiles, addressed her:  
“Give me now that loveliness and desirableness with  
which thou subduest all the immortals, as well as mortal  
200 men; for I am going to visit the boundaries of the fertile  
earth, and Oceanus, the parent of the gods, and Tethys,  
*my* mother<sup>2</sup>, who nursed and brought me up with care in  
their abodes, receiving me from Rhea, what time the far-  
sounding Jove cast down Saturn beneath the earth and the  
205 unfruitful sea. These I am going to visit, and I will put  
an end to their eternal quarrels. For now have they ab-  
stained a length of time from the bed and embrace of each  
other, because anger has fallen upon their minds. But if,  
by persuading their hearts with my words, I should lead  
them back to the bed, to be united again in love, then  
210 shall I always be called by them beloved and respected.”

And her again the smiling Venus addressed: “It is not  
possible, nor is it seemly to refuse thy request, for thou  
reclinest in the arms of Jove, the omnipotent.”

She said, and loosed from her bosom the embroidered,  
215 variegated zone; and there in it were all blandishments.  
There in it were love, and desire, and the soft converse,  
and the seduction, which steals away the senses even of  
the prudent. This then she placed in her hands, and spoke,  
and addressed her by name:

“Take *this*—put now this variegated zone, in which all  
220 things are contained, in thy bosom; and I think that thou  
wilt not return without effecting whatever thou desirest  
in thy mind.”

Thus she spake, and the large-eyed, imperial Juno

<sup>1</sup> What thou thinkest.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* nurse.



smiled, and, smiling, then put it in her bosom. Venus, the daughter of Jove, then departed to his mansion; and 225 Juno, hastening, quitted the brow of Olympus, and, having passed over Pieria and the fertile Emathia, swept over the snowy mountains of the equestrian Thracians, very lofty ridges, nor touched <sup>1</sup> the ground with her feet. And from Athos she passed over the foaming deep, and reached 230 Lemnos, city of divine Thoas, where she met with Sleep, the brother of Death; and grasped his hand, and addressed him, and called him by name:

“O Sleep, lord <sup>2</sup> of all gods and all men, if ever thou didst hear my intreaty, be now also again persuaded; and 235 I shall be for ever obliged to thee <sup>3</sup>. Close in sleep for me the bright eyes of Jove under his eye-lids, instantly after I recline with him in love; and I will give thee a gift—a handsome throne, ever incorruptible, golden. And my limping son, Vulcan, shall make it, adorning it, and he 240 shall place below thy feet a foot-stool, upon which thou mayst rest thy shining feet when feasting.”

And to him, sweet Sleep, answering, said: “Juno, 245 august goddess, daughter of mighty Saturn, *any* other of the everlasting gods I would readily lull to sleep, and even the streams of Ocean-river, who is the parent of all: but I cannot come near to Jove, son of Saturn, nor lull him to sleep, unless he himself command me. For once already he has given a lesson by his threats, on that day when that brave son of Jove <sup>4</sup> sailed from Ilium, after plundering the 250 city of the Trojans. Then I lulled the mind of ægis-bearing Jove, diffused sweetly around him; and thou didst plan mischief against him <sup>5</sup> in thy mind, rousing the blasts of tempestuous winds over the deep; and didst then carry him away apart from all his friends to the well-inhabited 255 Cos. But Jove, on waking, was enraged, dashing about the gods throughout the mansion, and me chiefly he sought of

<sup>1</sup> Caught.<sup>2</sup> Have gratitude to thee all days.<sup>3</sup> *avağ.*<sup>4</sup> Hercules.<sup>5</sup> Hercules.



all, and would have cast me down, out of sight, from the æther into the deep, had not Night, the vanquisher, of  
 260 gods and of men, preserved me. To her I went fleeing for refuge; and he restrained himself, angry as he was; for he scrupled<sup>1</sup> to do things which were disagreeable to swift Night. And now again thou urgest me to accomplish this other desperate deed."

And to him again the large-eyed, imperial Juno spoke:  
 "O Sleep, why thinkest thou these things in thy mind?  
 265 Supposest thou that the far-sounding Jove so favours the Trojans, as he was enraged on account of Hercules, his own son? But come, *oblige me*, and I will give thee one of the younger Graces to wed, and to be called thy spouse—Pasithea, whom day after day<sup>2</sup> thou ever desirest."

270 Thus she spake; and Sleep was delighted, and, answering, said to her: "Well, swear to me now by the inviolable water of the Styx, and touch with one hand the fertile earth, and with the other the marble sea—so that all the gods beneath, which are<sup>3</sup> around Saturn, may be witnesses  
 275 between us—that thou wilt give me one of the younger Graces—Pasithea, whom I myself for ever desire."

Thus he spake, nor did the white-armed goddess Juno refuse, but swore as he bade her, and named all gods who dwell under Tartarus, which are called Titanes. And  
 280 when she had sworn, and completed her oath, they both proceeded, leaving the city of Lemnos and Imbrus, mantled in a cloud, quickly making their way; and came to Ida of many streams, the mother of wild beasts, to Lectos<sup>4</sup>, where first they quitted the sea: and they both advanced over  
 285 the land, and the tops of the forests were shaken beneath their feet. There Sleep indeed remained, before the eyes of Jove should behold him; ascending a very lofty pine, which then growing the highest upon Ida, reached through the air to the clouds<sup>5</sup>. There he sat, closely covered with

<sup>1</sup> i. e. he had too much respect for her, &c.

<sup>2</sup> All days.

<sup>3</sup> Being.

<sup>4</sup> The first point of Ida—forming a sea-promontory.

<sup>5</sup> To the æther.

the pine branches, like to a shrill bird in the mountains, 290  
which the gods call Chalcis, and men Cymindis.

But Juno proceeded hastily to Gargarus, the summit of  
lofty Ida; and cloud-collecting Jove beheld her. And as  
soon as he saw her, desire took entire possession of<sup>1</sup> his  
grave senses, just as when first they were connected in 295  
love, frequenting the bed, without the knowledge of their  
dear parents. And he stood before her, addressed her,  
and called her by name :

“Juno, wherefore, hastening from Olympus, comest thou  
hither, and thy horses and car are not near, to mount?”

And him the august Juno, meditating guiles, addressed: 300  
“I am going to visit the boundaries of the fertile earth,  
and Oceanus, the parent of the gods, and the mother  
Tethys, who nursed and brought me with care to their  
mansions. Them I am going to see, and will put an end  
to their eternal quarrels. For now have they long ab- 305  
stained from the bed and embrace of each other, because  
anger has fallen upon their minds. But my steeds, which  
will bear me over wet and dry, stand near the foot of Ida  
of many streams. Now, however, on thy account have I  
come hither from Olympus, lest perchance thou might 310  
afterwards be angry with me, were I to go in silence to  
the abode of deep-flowing Oceanus.”

And her, the cloud-collecting Jove answering, addressed :  
“Juno, thou canst go thither by and bye; but come, let  
us recline, and indulge in love; for never thus did the love 315  
of goddess or of woman, diffused through my breast, so  
subdue me: neither when I loved the wife<sup>2</sup> of Ixion, who  
was the mother of Pirithous, a chief equal to the gods; nor  
when *I loved* the beautiful-footed Danaë, the daughter of  
Acisius, who bore Perseus, the most illustrious of all men; 320  
nor when I loved the far-famed daughter<sup>3</sup> of Phœnix, who  
bore to me Minos and the godlike Rhadamanthus; nor yet  
even when *I loved* Semele, nor Alcmena in Thebes—she

<sup>1</sup> Covered round.

<sup>2</sup> Dia.

<sup>3</sup> Europa.



325 who brought forth my valiant son, Hercules—and Semele bore me Bacchus, the joy of mortals; nor when *I loved* Ceres, the beautiful-haired queen: nor when the glorious Latona, nor thee thyself; as now I love thee, and sweet desire seizes me."

But the imperial Juno, meditating guiles, said to him:  
330 "O horrid son of Saturn, what words hast thou spoken? If now thou desirest to recline in love upon the tops of Ida, and every thing is visible, how will it be, if any of the eternal gods should see us sleeping, and, going amongst all the gods, should tell it? I indeed could not return to thy  
335 mansion, rising from the couch; for it would be quite unseemly. But if in truth thou wishest it, and it be agreeable to thy soul, there is thy chamber, which Vulcan, thy beloved son, formed for thee, and fitted its door close to its  
340 frame. Thither let us go and recline, since an embrace is thy pleasure."

And to her, the cloud-collecting Jove answering, said:  
"Fear not, O Juno, that any, either of gods or of men, shall behold this—with such a golden cloud will I cover us  
345 round—not even the sun shall see us through it, whose eye<sup>1</sup> is the sharpest to see."

The son of Saturn thus spake, and he caught his wife in his arms. And the divine earth produced fresh herbage under them, the dewy lotus, and the crocus, and the hyacinth, clustered and soft, which kept them high from the  
350 earth. Upon this *couch* they reclined, and clothed themselves above with a beautiful golden cloud; and radiant dew-drops fell from it.

Thus quietly slumbered the father upon the summit of Gargarus, subdued by sleep and love, and held his spouse in his arms. But sweet Sleep made haste to run to the  
355 ships of the Greeks, that he might deliver<sup>2</sup> a message to Neptune, the shaker of the earth. And, standing near, he spake to him these winged words:

<sup>1</sup> Light.<sup>2</sup> Delivering.



"Now, Neptune, with good-will give assistance to the Danaans, and bestow glory upon them, at least for a little, whilst yet Jove sleeps; for I have covered him around with soft slumber, and Juno has seduced him to recline with 360 her in love."

So saying, he departed to the illustrious tribes of men, and him he still more impelled to assist the Danaans; and immediately springing forward far among the foremost, Neptune exhorted them:

"Argives, again do we yield the victory to Hector, the son of Priam, that he may seize the ships and gain the 365 glory? He indeed thinks so, and boasts, because Achilles remains at the hollow ships, enraged in his heart. But of him there will not be great want, if the rest of us be prompt to assist one another. But come, let us all be persuaded to do as I advise. Putting on<sup>1</sup> our shields— 370 as many as are the best and largest in the army—and covering our heads with glittering helmets, and taking the longest spears in our hands, let us advance; and I will lead the way, nor do I think that Hector, the son of Priam, will await us, very impetuous though *he be*. What- 375 ever man is vigorous in fight, and has a small shield upon his shoulder, let him give it to an inferior man, and himself put on the larger shield."

Thus he spake; and they listened to him readily, and obeyed. And the kings themselves, Tydides, and Ulysses, 380 and Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, wounded as they were, marshalled the *troops*; and, going about among them all, changed their martial weapons—the brave man took<sup>2</sup> good *armour*, and to the worse they gave the worse. And when they had girded the splendid brass around their bodies, they bestirred to advance; and Neptune, the 385 shaker of the earth, led them on, grasping in his firm hand a dreadful, long-edged sword, resembling a thunder-

<sup>1</sup> The shield was suspended by a belt thrown over the shoulder.

<sup>2</sup> Put on.

bolt: and him can none engage in destructive battle, and terror restrains the heroes.

On the other side again the illustrious Hector drew up  
 390 the Trojans. Then truly the cerulean-haired Neptune  
 and the illustrious Hector excited<sup>1</sup> the severest struggle  
 of war, the one assisting the Trojans, and the other the  
 Argives. And the sea was dashed up to the tents and  
 ships of the Argives; and they engaged with a mighty  
 shout. Nor so loud does the wave of the ocean bellow  
 395 against the land, driven from the deep by the rough blast  
 of Boreas: nor so great is the roar of blazing fire in the  
 glens of a mountain, when it is raised to consume the  
 forest; nor so loud howls the wind amidst high-branched  
 oaks, (which, when particularly violent, roars loudest  
 400 there,) as was the cry of the Trojans and Achæans, shout-  
 ing awfully, when they rushed one upon the other.

And the illustrious Hector first threw with his spear at  
 Ajax, as he was turned right towards him, and hit him<sup>2</sup>  
 there, where the two belts were extended across his  
 405 breast, both that of the shield, and that of the silver-  
 hilted sword. These protected his soft skin: and Hector  
 was enraged that his swift weapon had flown in vain from  
 his hand; and he retired back upon the column of his com-  
 rades, avoiding death. At him then departing, the mighty  
 Telamonian Ajax with a stone—which stones in great  
 410 numbers, as props of the swift ships, rolled about among  
 the feet of the combatants—one of these lifting up, he  
 struck him with it upon the breast, above the orb of the  
 shield, near the neck. And, throwing, he whirled it like  
 a top<sup>3</sup>, and it spun around all the way. And as when,  
 beneath the stroke of father Jove, an oak falls uprooted,  
 415 and a terrible smell of sulphur arises from it; and con-  
 fidence<sup>4</sup> no longer possesses the man, whosoever being  
 near, beholds it, for the thunderbolt of mighty Jove is

<sup>1</sup> *ταυύσαν*—stretched—i. e. *πυραρ επίδος*, the rope of battle. Compare A. 336, and N. 359.

<sup>2</sup> Nor missed.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps, a quoit.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. but fear does.



awful: so rapidly upon the ground dropt the might of Hector in the dust; and his spear fell from his hand, and his shield followed on him, and his helmet; and his armour, variegated with brass, rung about him. Then the sons of the Achæans, loudly shouting, rushed in, hoping to drag him off, and hurled numerous javelins; but no one was able either to strike from a distance, or to smite close at hand the shepherd of the people, for the bravest warriors, Polydamus, and Æneas, and the noble Agenor, and Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, and the good Glaucus, first threw themselves round him. And no one of the rest neglected him, but held their well-orbed shields before him. And his comrades then, raising him in their hands, bore him out of the battle<sup>1</sup>, till he reached his fleet horses, which stood for him in rear of the combat and the war, with both the driver and variegated car; and they carried him, groaning heavily, towards the city.

But when now they came to the ford<sup>2</sup> of the fair-flowing river of eddying Xanthus, whom immortal Jove begot, there they removed him from his car to the ground, and poured water over him; and he breathed again, and looked up with his eyes; and, resting upon his knees, *he* threw up some black blood. And again he fell back<sup>3</sup> upon the ground, and dark night covered his eyes; for the blow still subdued his soul.

But the Argives, when they beheld Hector departing<sup>4</sup>, pressed more upon the Trojans, and were mindful of battle. Then by far the first swift Oilean Ajax, leaping forward with his sharp spear, wounded Satnius, the son of Enops, whom a Naid, a noble nymph, bore to Enops, when keeping his herds by the banks of Satnioeis. Him the spear-skilled son of Oileus, drawing near, wounded in the flank; and he fell supine, and round him the Trojans and Danaans raised a sharp contest. And against him

<sup>1</sup> Toil.<sup>2</sup> The crossing.<sup>3</sup> And again backward he was on the ground.<sup>4</sup> Going apart—i. e. from the troops.



(*Ajax*) came the spear-shaking Polydamas, the son of  
 450 Panthous, an avenger, and smote Prothoënor, the son of  
 Areilochus, upon the right shoulder. And he drove the  
 impetuous spear through his shoulder, and, falling in the  
 dust, Prothoënor grasped the earth with his hand. Then  
 Polydamas boasted mightily over him, shouting aloud:

“Again, I think, the weapon has not sprung in vain  
 455 from the strong hand of the brave son of Panthous, but  
 some one of the Argives has received it in his body; and  
 I think that he, leaning upon it, will descend to the man-  
 sion of Hades.”

Thus he spake, and there was grief among the Argives  
 at his boast<sup>1</sup>, and particularly did it shake the soul of the  
 460 warlike Ajax, the son of Telamon, for he had fallen very  
 near to him: and forthwith he hurled at him as he de-  
 parted. Polydamas himself, however, avoided black fate,  
 springing aside; but Archilochus, the son of Antenor, re-  
 ceived *the* stroke, for to him the gods had doomed destruc-  
 465 tion. Him then he struck upon the last vertebra, in the  
 joining of the head and neck, and dissevered both tendons;  
 and the head, and the mouth, and the nostrils of him, falling,  
 met the ground much sooner than his legs and knees<sup>2</sup>.  
 Then Ajax in turn cried out to the noble Polydamas:

470 “Consider, Polydamas, and tell me true; is not this  
 man worthy to be slain in exchange for Prothoënor<sup>3</sup>: he  
 appears not to me to be a base person, nor *sprung* from  
 base parents, but *to be* a brother, or a son of Antenor, the  
 tamer of horses, for he seems most like his race<sup>4</sup>.”

475 Thus he spake, well knowing *him*: and grief seized the  
 spirits of the Trojans. Then Acamas, stalking round his  
 brother<sup>5</sup>, wounded with his spear Promachus, the Bœo-  
 tian, whilst he was dragging off *Archilochus* by the feet.  
 And Acamas boasted mightily over him, shouting aloud:

“Ye Argive archers, insatiable of threats, assuredly not to  
 480 us alone will there be toil and sorrow, but thus ye also shall

<sup>1</sup> He boasting.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* he fell headlong.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* is he not a fair equivalent for Prothoënor?

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.*, there is a great family-likeness.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* to protect the body.

sometimes be slain. Mark how your Promachus sleeps, subdued by my spear, that the vengeance of my brother might not be long unpaid. Therefore shall every man wish a brother to be left in his family, an avenger of his death<sup>1</sup>."

Thus he spake; and there was grief in the Argives at his boast; and it particularly shook the feelings of the warlike Peneleus. And he rushed upon Acamas, but he awaited not the charge of king Peneleus; and he wounded Ilioneus, the son of Phorbas, rich in cattle, whom Mercury 490 most loved of the Trojans, and presented with possessions; and to him did the mother bear Ilioneus alone<sup>2</sup>. Him he then wounded below the brow, at the roots of the eye, and forced out the ball; and the spear went forward through the eye, and through the hinder part of the head; and he sat down, extending both his hands. And Pene- 495 leus, drawing his sharp sword, smote him upon the middle of the neck, and struck off his head with its helmet to the ground; and the strong spear was still in the eye. But he (*Peneleus*) spake, lifting the *head*, like the head of a poppy, 500 and addressed the Trojans, and, boasting, uttered *this* speech:

"Report for me, ye Trojans, to the beloved father and mother of the illustrious Ilioneus, that they may lament him in their halls; for neither will the wife of Promachus<sup>3</sup>, the son of Alegenor, be delighted with her dear lord, coming *back*, when we sons of the Achæans return from 505 Troy with our ships."

Thus he spake; and pallid fear seized upon them all, and each gazed about, *seeking* where he might escape dire destruction.

Tell me now, ye Muses, possessing Olympian mansions, which of the Achæans now first bore away bloody spoils<sup>4</sup>, 510 when the illustrious shaker of the earth turned the battle<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Apoc.*—See N. 444.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* Ilioneus's mother—he was her only child by Mercury.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the death of Promachus was avenged by that of Ilioneus. The relatives of both parties will alike have to lament.

<sup>4</sup> The spoils of a man.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* made the Trojans give way.

Telamonian Ajax first, wounded Hyrtius, the son of Gyrtias, leader of the undaunted Mysians. And Antilochus stript the armour off Phalces and Mermerus. And Meriones slew Morys and Hippotion. And Teucer slew  
515 Prothoon and Periphētes. And next the son of Atreus wounded upon the flank Hyperēnor, shepherd of the people, and the spear, cutting its way<sup>1</sup>, let out his entrails; and his soul flew, expelled, through the inflicted  
520 wound, and darkness covered his eyes. But Ajax, the swift son of Oïleus, slew the most; for there was not any equal to him for speed, to press upon the flying men, when Jove sent rout amongst them<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Laying waste.

<sup>2</sup> To pursue on foot, while men are in a fright, when Jove sends flight among them.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

Jove awaking, and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo, armed with the ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

BUT when the fugitives<sup>1</sup> had passed over the palisades and the ditch, and many were subdued by the hands of the Danaans, the rest were at last checked, halting beside the cars, pale through fear, and terrified. And Jupiter awoke on the tops of Ida, beside Juno of the golden throne; and starting up he stood, and beheld the Trojans and Achæans, the former in confusion, and the Argives routing them from behind; and with them king Neptune. And he saw Hector lying upon the plain, and *his* comrades sat round him, and he was oppressed with difficult respiration, faint at heart, and vomiting blood, for not the feeblest of the Achæans had wounded him. And the father of men and gods, beholding, pitied him, and, looking awfully and sternly at Juno, addressed to her *this* speech :

<sup>1</sup> Those flying.

15 “Doubtless this is thy mischievous treachery, desperate  
 battle, and routed his troops. Truly I know not, whether  
 thou shouldst not first again reap the fruits of thy per-  
 nicious machinations, and I chastise thee with stripes.  
 What, dost thou not remember, when thou wert sus-  
 20 and bound round thy hands a golden chain, insoluble?  
 And thou didst hang in the air and clouds, and the gods  
 were touched with sorrow in lofty Olympus; but were  
 unable to loose thee, though standing near<sup>1</sup>: and whom<sup>2</sup>  
 I laid hold of, seizing<sup>3</sup>, I hurled from the threshold of  
 25 heaven, till he reached the earth, scarcely breathing. Nor  
 even thus did my vehement grief for the divine Hercules  
 leave my soul; whom thou, prevailing upon the storms,  
 with the help of the north wind, didst send over the un-  
 fruitful sea, plotting mischief against him, and then didst  
 30 bear him out of his course to the well-inhabited Cos.  
 From thence indeed I rescued him, and brought him back  
 again to Argos, the feeder of horses, after conflicting with  
 great toils. These things I again recall to thy memory,  
 that thou mayst desist from thy tricks; in order that thou  
 35 mayst know whether love and the couch avail thee, in  
 which coming apart from the gods, thou wert mingled  
 with me, and seduced me.”

Thus he spake; and the large-eyed imperial Juno shud-  
 35 dered, and, addressing him, uttered these winged words:

“Let the earth and the wide heaven above now know this,  
 40 and the water of Styx gliding beneath, which is the greatest  
 and most terrible oath among the blessed gods; and let  
 thy own sacred head *know*, and our own nuptial couch—  
 45 and that I would never falsely invoke—that not through  
 my impulse does Neptune, the shaker of the earth,  
 harass the Trojans and Hector, and assist the others.”

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* though they came to help thee.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* dost thou not remember, whom I, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by the leg—meaning Vulcan. Compare A. 521.



But him doubtless his own soul incites and urges; and he felt compassion, beholding the Achæans oppressed at the ships. Nevertheless even to him I would give 45 advice, to go where thou, O cloud-collector, ledest the way<sup>1</sup>."

Thus she spake; and the father of men and gods smiled, and, replying, addressed to her these winged words:

"If now thou wilt henceforth, O large-eyed imperial Juno, sit among the immortals thinking in unison<sup>2</sup> with 50 me, then will Neptune, even if he wish otherwise, immediately change his mind according to thy will<sup>3</sup> and mine. But if now thou speakest really and truly, go now amid the companies of gods, and desire<sup>4</sup> Iris to come 55 hither, and Apollo, famed for his bow, that she may go among the people of the brazen-mailed Achæans, and tell king Neptune, ceasing from battle, to repair to his own abodes; and that Phœbus Apollo may rouse up Hector to battle, and breathe vigour into him again, and make 60 him forget the pains which now torture his soul; and again let him repel the Achæans, stirring up base panic amongst them; and let them rush to the many-benched ships of Achilles, the son of Peleus, flying for refuge. And he (*Achilles*) shall stir up his comrade Patroclus; and 65 him shall the illustrious Hector slay with his spear in front of Ilium, after he has cut off many other youths, and among them my son, the noble Sarpedon; and enraged on his account, the noble Achilles shall slay Hector. After that I will then effect a repulse for thee from the ships, utterly, till the Achæans, by the counsels of 70 Minerva, capture lofty Ilium. But, however, I will not cease from mine anger, nor will I here suffer any of the other immortals to aid the Danaans, until the desire of Pelides be completed; as I at first promised to him, and 75 confirmed with my head, on that day when the goddess

<sup>1</sup> i. e. to do nothing contrary to thy will.

<sup>2</sup> Heart.

<sup>3</sup> Equally.

<sup>4</sup> Call.



Thetis touched my knees, intreating me to honour Achilles, the destroyer of cities."

Thus he spake, nor did the white-armed goddess Juno disobey, but went from the Idæan mountains towards  
80 the lofty Olympus. And as when flashes<sup>1</sup> the mind of a man, who, having traversed over many a land, thinks within his prudent heart, "I was here, or I was there," and considers of a multitude of things; so quickly up flew the eager imperial Juno<sup>2</sup>. And she reached the high  
85 Olympus, and went in among the immortal gods, assembled together in the house of Jove: and they seeing her, all rose up and welcomed her with their cups. The rest, however, she noticed not, but received a cup from the fair-cheeked Themis; for she first came running to meet her, and, addressing her, had spoken these winged words:  
90 "Wherefore, O Juno, hast thou ascended, and art like one panic-struck? Has the son of Saturn, who is thy husband, greatly alarmed thee?"

And to her the white-armed goddess Juno then replied:  
"Do not, O goddess Themis, ask me these things; thou  
95 thyself also knowest how despotic and cruel a soul is his. But preside thou over the gods in the mansions at the equal feast, and thou shalt hear these evil things along with all the immortals, what they are which<sup>3</sup> Jupiter denounces. Nor do I at all think that he will equally give pleasure to the soul of all, either mortals or gods, although some feast even now with a light heart."

100 The august Juno, having thus spoken, then sat down; and the gods were offended<sup>4</sup> throughout the mansion of Jove. And she smiled with her lips, although the forehead above her dark brows was not cheerful; and, full of indignation, spake amongst them all:

"*We are* fools who thus madly<sup>4</sup> are enraged with Jove  
105 or still desire to restrain him, approaching near, either by

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* from thought to thought.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* she flew as quick as thought.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* at the conduct of Jove.

<sup>3</sup> *ταυτα—οια κακα εφη.*

<sup>5</sup> Without reason.

words or by force; whilst he, sitting apart, cares not, nor regards us; for he knows that he is beyond compare the most mighty in strength and power among the immortal gods. Wherefore bear ye whatever evil he sends upon each of you; for now already, I fear, misfortune has 110 been wrought for Mars, since his son has perished in battle, Ascalaphus, the dearest to *him* of mortals, whom impetuous Mars calls his own."

Thus she spake; and Mars struck his strong thighs with his dropt hands, and, grieving, addressed them:

"Blame me not now, ye possessors of<sup>1</sup> the Olympian 115 abodes, that I go to the ships of the Achæans and avenge the slaughter of my son, even although it be my fate, struck with the thunderbolt of Jove, to lie together with the dead amidst blood and dust."

Thus he spake, and commanded Terror and Horror to yoke his steeds; and himself girded on his shining armour. 120 Then indeed would some other more great and severe wrath and indignation have fallen<sup>2</sup> upon the immortals from Jove, had not Minerva, fearing for all the gods, sprung forth from the vestibule, and quitted her throne where she sat. And from his head she snatched the 125 helmet, and the shield from his shoulders, and taking the spear out of his strong hand, stuck it upright; and arrested impetuous Mars with these words:

"Madman! fool! thou art lost; are thine ears in truth useless<sup>3</sup> for hearing, and is thy sense perished<sup>4</sup> and thy shame? Hearest thou not what the white-armed goddess 130 Juno says, who has herself just now come from Olympian Jove? Or dost thou wish thyself, after suffering many evils, to come back by necessity to Olympus, though grieving, and to create mighty ills to all the rest of us? For he will 135 immediately leave the bold Trojans and Achæans, and will come against us, to raise a storm in Olympus; and will

<sup>1</sup> Ye possessing.

<sup>2</sup> Have been.

<sup>3</sup> Thus, or in this way.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* sense of shame—the reverence due to Jove.



seize us one after the other, both he *who is* guilty, and he *who is* not. Wherefore I charge thee now to lay aside thy rage on account of thy son, for already some one, even  
 140 superior to him in might and valour<sup>1</sup>, has either been slain, or will hereafter be slain<sup>2</sup>; and it were a hard task to free *from death* the generation and offspring of all men."

So saying, she seated the impetuous Mars upon his throne. And Juno summoned from without the house Apollo  
 145 and Iris, who is the messenger between the immortal gods, and, addressing them, uttered these winged words:

"Jove orders you to repair with all haste to Ida; and when ye arrive and look upon the countenance<sup>3</sup> of Jove, *let me recommend you to do*<sup>4</sup> whatever he may charge and command."

The imperial Juno, having thus spoken, then went back  
 150 and sat upon her throne; but they, hastening, flew, and arrived at Ida of many streams, the mother of wild beasts. And they found the far-sounding son of Saturn sitting upon the summit Gargarus, and an odoriferous cloud encircled him round. And coming before the cloud-  
 155 collecting Jove, they stopt; nor was he, beholding them, displeased in his mind, that they had obeyed with alacrity<sup>5</sup> the words of his wife. And first he addressed Iris in winged words:

"Haste, begone, Iris, deliver all these words to king Neptune, nor be a false messenger. Command him to  
 160 relinquish the battle and the war, and repair<sup>6</sup> to the companies of gods, or to the vast sea. If, however, he will not be obedient to my words, but shall disregard them, let him then reflect within his mind and within his soul that he is not able, powerful though he be, to sustain me

<sup>1</sup> Better than him in force and hands.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* others, better than he, have perished, and will perish.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* are in his presence.

<sup>4</sup> *ερδειν*—depends not on *κελετο*, but on *μεμνησο*, or something similar—it is Juno's own injunction, suggested by her fears, and her own resolution no longer to oppose Jove.

<sup>5</sup> Quickly.

<sup>6</sup> Relinquishing to repair.



coming against him; for I know<sup>1</sup> well that I am superior 165  
to him in might, and before him by birth: but his heart  
fears not to profess him equal to me, whom even the  
rest dread."

Thus he spake, nor did the wind-footed, swift Iris dis-  
obey; but descended from the Idæan mountains to sacred  
Ilium<sup>2</sup>. And as when snow or cold hail rushes from the 170  
clouds by the violence of the cloud-dispelling<sup>3</sup> north; so  
quickly swift Iris flew along with eagerness, and standing  
near the illustrious Neptune, addressed him:

"Azure-haired shaker of the earth, I have come hither,  
bringing a certain message to thee from the ægis-bearing 175  
Jove. He commands thee to relinquish the battle and the  
war, and repair either to the companies of gods, or to the  
vast sea. But if thou wilt not be obedient to his words,  
but shalt disregard them, he threatens that he will come  
hither himself to fight against thee; and he advises thee to 180  
avoid his hands, because he declares that he is far superior  
to thee in might, and before thee by birth; yet thy heart  
is not afraid to profess itself equal to him, whom even the  
rest dread."

And to her the illustrious Neptune, greatly indignant,  
said: "Gods! powerful as he is, surely he speaks too 185  
proudly<sup>4</sup>, if he by force will restrain me, who am of equal  
honour with himself, against my will. For we are three  
brothers, sons of Saturn, whom Rhea bore—Jupiter, and  
I, and Pluto, who governs the infernal *powers*, the third:  
and all things were divided into three portions, and each  
received by lot his authority<sup>5</sup>. I indeed, when *the lots* 190  
were shaken<sup>6</sup> obtained, *as mine*, to dwell for ever in the  
hoary sea, and Pluto obtained the pitchy darkness; and  
Jove obtained the wide heaven in the air and in the  
clouds. But the earth is still the common *property* of all,

<sup>1</sup> φημι—say.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to the scene of battle before Troy.

<sup>3</sup> Clearing the atmosphere.

<sup>4</sup> Above his weapons—beyond what his authority, or power, entitles him.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. his share of the universe.

<sup>6</sup> παλῶν, or κληρῶν, understood.

and the lofty Olympus. Wherefore I shall not walk<sup>1</sup> at  
 195 the pleasure of Jove, but powerful though he be, let him  
 remain quiet in his third part; and let him by no means  
 terrify me, as *if I were* a coward, with his hands. For it  
 would be better for him to address with his terrible words  
 the daughters and sons whom he has himself begotten,  
 who of necessity will listen to his commands<sup>2</sup>."

200 And to him then the wind-footed, swift Iris replied:  
 "O cerulean-tressed shaker of the earth, shall I really  
 thus bear back from thee this fierce and bold speech to  
 Jove? Or wilt thou change it aught? The minds of the  
 prudent indeed are flexible. Thou knowest that the  
 Furies<sup>3</sup> ever wait upon the elder."

205 And to her, again, the earth-shaking Neptune said:  
 "Iris, goddess, that speech thou hast very properly  
 spoken<sup>4</sup>; and it is good that a messenger should under-  
 stand suitable things<sup>5</sup>. But this strong indignation oc-  
 cupies<sup>6</sup> my heart and soul, when he chooses to threaten  
 210 with angry words me, his equal in authority, and appointed  
 by the same fate. But, however, now, indignant as *I am*,  
 I will yield. Though I will tell thee another thing, and I  
 will utter that threat from my soul. If, contrary to my  
 will<sup>7</sup>, and to *that* of Minerva, the plunderer, of Juno, and  
 215 of Mercury, and of king Vulcan, he shall spare the lofty  
 Ilium, and will not destroy it, nor give great victory to  
 the Argives; let him know this, that incurable animosity  
 will exist between us."

So saying, the shaker of the earth quitted the Achæan  
 army, and, proceeding, entered the deep; and the Achæan  
 220 heroes missed<sup>8</sup> him. And then the cloud-collecting Jove  
 addressed Apollo:

"Go now, my beloved Phœbus, to Hector, armed in

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* act—I will not obey.

<sup>2</sup> Will listen even of necessity to him commanding.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the avengers of *all* wrongs.

<sup>4</sup> That is a very proper speech of thine.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* should be prudent.

<sup>6</sup> As if this was habitually the case.

<sup>7</sup> Apart from me—*i. e.* in spite of me.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* felt the loss of him.



brass; for already has the earth-encircling Neptune departed to the vast sea, avoiding our stern resentment; otherwise <sup>1</sup> *those* others, which are infernal gods, being 225 around Saturn, would surely have heard our contest. This, however, is much better for me and for himself, that he has first yielded, dreading my power <sup>2</sup>; because the *affair* would not have been concluded without toil <sup>3</sup>. But take thou in thine hand the fringed <sup>4</sup> ægis, and shaking it, 000 much terrify the Achæan heroes. Of thyself, however, 230 far-darter, let the illustrious Hector be the care. Therefore rouse up his mighty valour, until the flying Achæans reach the ships and the Hellespont. And after that I shall myself consider, both as to deed and word <sup>5</sup>, how also the Achæans may breathe again from labour." 235

Thus he spake, nor did Apollo disobey his father, but descended from the Idæan mountains, like to a swift hawk, the dove-destroyer, which is the fleetest of birds. He found the son of the warlike Priam, the noble Hector, sitting up, and no longer lying *on the ground*; for he had 240 just collected his senses, recognising his friends about him. And the difficulty of breathing and the sweat had ceased, since the will of Jove had roused him <sup>6</sup>. Then the far-darting Apollo, standing near, addressed him:

"Hector, son of Priam, why sittest thou in this enfeebled state apart from the rest? What trouble has come 245 upon thee?"

And to him the helmed Hector languidly <sup>7</sup> said: "And who art thou, best of the gods, who askest me in front? Knowest <sup>8</sup> thou not that the gallant Ajax smote me with a stone upon the breast, and caused me to 250 cease from *my* vigorous efforts, when slaughtering his comrades at the sterns of the Achæan ships? And truly

<sup>1</sup> For—*scil.* if he had not, others, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Hands.

<sup>3</sup> Without sweat.

<sup>4</sup> Adorned with fringe.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* I shall determine both the measure and its execution.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* from his fainting fit.

<sup>7</sup> Scarcely breathing.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* openly—or visibly.

<sup>9</sup> Hearst—*i. e.* knowest thou not by hearing.



I thought that I should this day behold the dead and the abode of Pluto, since I was breathing out my dear life<sup>1</sup>.”

And to him, in reply, the far-darting king Apollo said:  
 255 “ Be of good courage now—so great an assistant has the son of Saturn sent forth from Ida to stand by and aid thee—*me*, Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword; who have long defended<sup>2</sup> at once thyself and the lofty city. But come, exhort now thy numerous horsemen to drive their  
 260 fleet horses towards the hollow ships; and I, going before, will smooth the whole way for the horses, and put to rout the Achæan heroes.”

So saying, he breathed immense strength into the shepherd of the people. And<sup>3</sup> as when some stabled horse, fed at the stall, snapping his halter, scours over the plain,  
 265 beating the earth with his feet—accustomed to wash himself in the fair-flowing river—exulting, and he holds his head on high, and round his shoulders *his* mane wantons<sup>4</sup>; and, trusting in his beauty<sup>5</sup>, his knees easily bear him to the haunts and pasture of the mares: so Hector lightly  
 270 moved his feet and knees, encouraging the horsemen, after he had heard the voice of the god. But the Danaans—as dogs and rustic men hunt either a horned stag or wild goat, which a lofty rock and a thick forest protect, nor is it destined for them to catch it; but at their shouting a  
 275 bearded lion appears in the way, and speedily turns them all back, although keenly pursuing—so the Danaans, till then in troops, ever followed, striking with their swords and double-pointed spears. But when they beheld Hector, entering the ranks of heroes, they were troubled, and the  
 280 courage of all fell to the ground<sup>6</sup>.

And then Thoas, the son of Andræmon, harangued them—a *man* by far the bravest of the Ætolians, skilful

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* for I was on the point of expiring.

<sup>2</sup> Who before, or of old, defend—like the Latin *dudum* with a present tense.

<sup>3</sup> Z. 506—511.

<sup>4</sup> Is moved—waves.

<sup>5</sup> Nominative absolute.

<sup>6</sup> At their feet to all.

in the use of the missile weapon, and gallant in standing fight<sup>1</sup>; and few of the Achæans excelled him in the assembly, when the nobles contended in debate<sup>2</sup>. *He it* 285 *was* who harangued them with prudence, and said:

“Ye gods, what a mighty miracle see I with my eyes, for Hector has thus risen up again, having escaped death. Surely every body<sup>3</sup> thought he had died by the hands of Telamonian Ajax. But one of the gods has again rescued 290 and preserved Hector—he indeed who loosened the knees of many Achæans under them; as now also will I think *be again the case*; for not without high-thundering Jove stands he, thus vigorous, in the van. But come, let us all be persuaded to do as I shall advise. Let us command the multitude to retire towards the ships; and let us, as 295 many as boast ourselves to be the noblest in the army, stand, in order that, opposing, we may first check him, lifting up our spears; and I think that, although raging in spirit, he will fear to enter into the lines of the Danaans.”

Thus he spake; and they listened to him readily, and 300 obeyed. Accordingly Ajax<sup>4</sup>, and king Idomeneus, Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, equal to Mars, calling upon the chiefs, marshalled their battle against Hector and the Trojans; and in their rear the multitude retreated 305 to the ships of the Achæans. But the crowding Trojans pushed<sup>5</sup> forward; and Hector, with long strides, led them on; and Phœbus Apollo advanced before him, having his shoulders wrapt in a cloud<sup>6</sup>, and held the mighty, terrific, fringed, dazzling ægis, which Vulcan the artist had given 310 to Jove, to be borne along for the terror of men. Holding this in his hands, he led the troops. But the Argives remained collected, and a loud cry arose on both sides.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in close fight.

<sup>2</sup> *περὶ μύθων*—about words—matters of debate—*i. e.* whose advice should be adopted.

<sup>3</sup> The mind of each.

<sup>4</sup> Those round Ajax, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Struck forward.

<sup>6</sup> Clothed as to his shoulders in a cloud.



And arrows leaped from the strings, and many spears from  
 315 gallant hands, some of *which* were fixed in the body of  
 warlike youths, and many likewise midway, before they  
 had touched their fair skins, stuck in the earth, though  
 eager to glut *themselves* with a body. As long as Phœbus  
 Apollo held the ægis steady in his hands, so long much  
 did the weapons of both parties reach their mark, and the  
 320 people fell. But when, looking full in the faces of the  
 Danaans, possessed of fleet horses, he shook it, and him-  
 self, besides, shouted very loudly, he quelled<sup>1</sup> the courage  
 within their breasts, and they forgot their vigorous force<sup>2</sup>.  
 And as two wild beasts, in the stillness of the dark night,  
 325 rout a drove of oxen or a large flock of sheep, coming sud-  
 denly upon them, the keeper not being present; so were  
 the enfeebled Achæans routed: for Apollo sent fear amongst  
 them, and gave glory to the Trojans and Hector. And  
 330 then man slew man, the battle having become dispersed<sup>3</sup>.  
 Hector slew Stichius and Arcesilaüs—one the leader of the  
 brazen-mailed Bœotians, and the other the faithful comrade  
 of brave Menestheus. And Æneas slew Medon and Iasus—  
 Medon<sup>4</sup> was the illegitimate son of the godlike Oileus, and  
 335 the brother of Ajax; and dwelt in Phylace, far from his  
 native land, having killed a man, the brother of his step-  
 mother Eriopis, whom Oileus had to wife; and Iasus,  
 again, was the leader of the Athenians, and was called the  
 son of Sphelus, the son of Bucolus. And Polydamas slew  
 340 Mecisteus, and Polites Echius, in the front rank, and the  
 noble Agenor slew Clonius. And Paris wounded Deïochus  
 behind at the extremity of the shoulder, when flying  
 among the foremost combatants; and drove the brass quite  
 through.

Whilst they were stripping these of their arms, the  
 345 Achæans in the mean time, dashing<sup>5</sup> into the dug ditch  
 and palisades, fled on all sides; and, from necessity,

<sup>1</sup> Softened, assuaged.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* they no longer exerted it.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by the lines being broken. <sup>4</sup> N. 694—697.

<sup>5</sup> As unable from their numbers to get within the rampart by the gate.



entered within the rampart. And Hector, shouting aloud, exhorted the Trojans to rush upon the ships, and to quit the bloody spoils:

“And whomsoever I shall observe on the other side apart from the ships<sup>1</sup>, there I will cause his death; nor shall his brothers and sisters supply him, when dead, with 350 a funeral pile<sup>2</sup>, but the dogs shall tear him before our city.”

So saying, he impelled forward his horses with the lash upon their shoulders, animating the Trojans through the ranks; and they all, shouting along with him in a threatening manner, drove their car-dragging steeds with a mighty clamour. And in front of them, Phœbus Apollo, easily 355 throwing down the banks of the deep ditch with his feet, cast *the earth* into the middle; and bridged a road long and wide, as far as is the cast of a spear<sup>3</sup>, when a man, making trial of his strength, hurls *it*. There they poured 360 forward in troops, and Apollo before them, holding the precious ægis. And he threw down the rampart of the Achæans very easily, as a boy *does* the sand by the sea; who, when in sport he builds houses, again overturns them with his feet and hands, in wantonness. Thus, O Phœ- 365 bus, the healer, didst thou destroy the great labour and toil of the Argives, and didst send rout among themselves.

In this manner were they driven back, stopping at the ships: and exhorting each other, and lifting up their hands to all the gods, they loudly made vows each *of them*. But the Gerenian Nestor, particularly, the guardian of the 370 Achæans, prayed, stretching out his hands to the starry heaven:

“O father Jove, if ever any one in Argos, rich in grain, while burning to thee the fat legs either of ox or sheep, prayed that he might return, and thou didst promise and pledge *it*; be mindful of these things, O Olympian, and 375

<sup>1</sup> i. e. whomsoever I find to have lurked on this side of the rampart.

<sup>2</sup> Allot him a pyre. <sup>3</sup> The length of a spear's cast.

repel the fatal day; nor suffer thus the Achæans to be subdued by the Trojans."

Thus he spake, praying; and wise Jove thundered aloud, hearing the supplications of the Neleian old man. But the Trojans, as if they understood the mind of ægis-bearing  
 380 Jove, rushed still more upon the Argives, and were mindful of battle<sup>1</sup>. And they, as a vast billow of the wide sea ascends over the sides of a ship, when the force of the wind urges it—for it (*the force of the wind*) swells the waves very greatly; so the Trojans with a mighty shout  
 385 mounted over the wall. And driving in their horses, they fought at the sterns hand to hand with double pointed spears, these from their cars, and the others on high from the black ships, ascending *them*, with long poles which lay in ships, adapted for sea-engagements, compact and tipped  
 390 with brass<sup>2</sup>.

And Patroclus, as long as the Achæans and Trojans fought round the rampart<sup>3</sup>, outside the swift ships, sat in the tent of valour-loving Eurypylus, and soothed him with his conversation; and sprinkled upon the sad wound  
 395 medicines, the assuagers of dire<sup>4</sup> pains. But when he perceived the Trojans rushing within the rampart, and there was a cry and a rout of the Danaans, then indeed he groaned, and struck both his thighs with his dropped hands; and, lamenting, uttered *this* speech:

"I cannot any longer, Eurypylus, sit here beside thee,  
 400 much as thou art in want of *me*, for now a mighty contest has arisen. But let thy attendant sooth thee; and I will hasten to Achilles, that I may urge him to fight. And who knows whether, with God's help<sup>5</sup>, I may move his soul, admonishing him? The admonition of a comrade is good<sup>6</sup>."

405 Him, thus speaking, his feet then bore away. And the Achæans firmly awaited the Trojans coming against

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* exerted all their energies.

<sup>2</sup> Clothed at the mouth (or point) with brass.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* on the Trojan side of the rampart.

<sup>4</sup> With a Deiry.

<sup>5</sup> Black.

<sup>6</sup> A. 791, 792.



them, but were unable to repel them, though they were the fewer, from the ships; nor could the Trojans ever, breaking through the columns of the Danaans, reach the tents or the ships. But as a line in the hands of a 410 skilful mechanic, who is well instructed in all his art by the precepts of Minerva, marks a piece of naval timber, so was their battle and war extended equally<sup>1</sup>. Others indeed maintained the fight round other ships<sup>2</sup>, but Hector 415 pressed on against *that* of the glorious Ajax. Thus these two toiled<sup>3</sup> round one ship, nor were able, the one to drive away the other and kindle the ship with fire, nor the other to repulse him, for a divinity had brought him near. Then the illustrious Ajax smote upon the breast with his spear 420 Calëtor, the son of Clytius, whilst carrying fire to the ship; and falling, he gave a sound, and the fire-brand dropped from his hand. And when Hector perceived with his eyes his cousin falling amid the dust, in front of the black ship, he exhorted the Trojans and Lycians, loudly exclaiming:

“Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and spear-fighting Dardans, 425 retire not now from battle in this narrow pass. But save the son of Clytius, lest the Achæans spoil him of his armour, now that he has fallen in the struggle at the ships.”

So saying, he threw with his shining spear at Ajax; him he missed; but he then *smote* Lycophron, the son of 430 Mastor, the servant of Ajax, a Cytherean, who dwelt with him, since he had slain a man among the noble Cythereans. Him then he struck upon the head, above the ear, with his sharp javelin, whilst standing near Ajax: and he fell prone to the ground from the stern of the ship among the dust, and his limbs were relaxed. And Ajax shuddered, and 435 addressed his brother:

“Dear Teucer, slain now is our faithful comrade, the son of Mastor; whom, coming amongst us from Cythera, we both honoured equally with our beloved parents in our

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the troops stood up, as straight as a line.

<sup>2</sup> Near them—but not yet quite at them.

<sup>3</sup> Had labour.



440 halls: and him the brave Hector has killed. Where now are thy deadly<sup>1</sup> arrows and the bow, which Phœbus Apollo gave thee?"

Thus he spake; and he understood him; and, running, stood near him, holding in his hand his bent bow and arrow-bearing quiver; and very speedily sent his weapons  
445 among the Trojans. And he wounded Cleitus, the illustrious son of Peisenor, the companion of Polydamas, the renowned son of Panthus, *as he was* holding the reins in his hands; and his labour had been with the horses; for he drove them there, where the most numerous phalanxes were in conflict, gratifying Hector and the Trojans. But  
450 speedily upon him came destruction, which no one averted from him, eager as they were; for the fatal arrow fell upon his neck from behind, and he tumbled from the car, and his horses started back, making the empty car rattle. But king Polydamas very quickly perceived it, and first came  
455 to meet his horses. Them he gave to Astynous, the son of Protiaon, and urged him much to keep the horses near him within sight<sup>2</sup>; and himself, advancing again, mingled with the foremost combatants. And Teucer took<sup>3</sup> another arrow for Hector, armed in brass, and would have stopt the battle at the ships of the Achæans,  
460 if, striking him while fighting bravely<sup>4</sup>, he had taken away his life. But it escaped not the observant mind of Jove, who watched over Hector, and he deprived Telamonian Teucer of the glory; for he snapped the well-twisted string upon his good bow as he was pulling it against *Hector*;  
465 and the arrow, heavy with brass, was driven off in another direction, and the bow fell from his hand. And Teucer shuddered, and addressed his brother:

"Ye gods, a divinity, without doubt, cuts up the counsels of our battle, who has struck the bow from my hand, and snapped the newly-twisted string which I tied on

<sup>1</sup> Bringing death quickly.

<sup>2</sup> Looking at them.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* to shoot at Hector.

<sup>4</sup> *ἀριστεύοντα*—doing his best—or fighting bravely.

it in the morning, that it might sustain the arrows, often 470 bounding forth."

And him answered then the mighty Telamonian Ajax:  
 "Well, my friend, let thy bow and numerous arrows lie, since a god has rendered them useless<sup>1</sup>, envying the Danaans; and, taking a long spear in thine hands, and a shield upon thy shoulder, fight against the Trojans and 475 encourage the other troops. Not without labour at least, victorious as they are, let them take the well-benched ships—but let us be mindful of battle."

Thus he spake; and he laid his bow in the tents. And then he placed around his shoulders a four-fold shield, and fixed upon his gallant head a well-made helmet, crested 480 with horse-hair, and the crest nodded awfully from above. And he seized a tough spear, pointed with sharp brass, and hastened to advance, and, running very quickly, stood beside Ajax.

And when Hector perceived Teucer's arrows rendered useless, he animated the Trojans and Lycians, loudly 485 shouting:

"Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and spear-fighting Dardans, be men, my friends, and be mindful<sup>2</sup> of your best force at the hollow ships; for I have already seen with my eyes the arrows of their bravest warrior rendered useless by Jove. 490 And easily is the power of Jove perceivable among men, both among those to whom he gives<sup>3</sup> superior glory, and those whom he enfeebles and desires not to defend. So now does he weaken the strength of the Argives, and assists us. But fight in close order at the ships, and whosoever of you, wounded from afar or smitten hand to 495 hand, meets with death and destiny, let him die: it will not be inglorious for himself to die fighting for his country—but his wife will be safe, and his children, behind him, and his house and patrimony uninjured, should the Achæans depart with their ships to their own native land."

<sup>1</sup> Has poured them together—*i. e.* broken.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* exert it.

<sup>3</sup> Put into their hands.



500 So saying, he roused the strength and courage of each: and Ajax, on the other side, animated his comrades:

“For shame, Argives! now is the time<sup>1</sup> either to perish, or be saved and repel destruction from the ships<sup>2</sup>.

What, hope ye, if the helmed Hector capture the ships,  
505 that ye will each of you arrive on foot at his native land? or hear ye not Hector, who now longs to fire the ships, exhorting all *his* people? He is bidding them not to come to a dance, but to fight. And for us there is no thought  
510 or plan better than this, to mingle in close quarters our hands and valour. It is better either to die at once or live<sup>3</sup>—rather than thus for no purpose to perish, drop by drop, in dire combat beside the ships, under men weaker than *ourselves*.”

So saying, he stirred up the strength and courage of  
515 each. Then Hector slew Schedius, the son of Perimedes, prince of the Phoceans; and Ajax slew Laodamas, a commander of infantry, the noble son of Antenor. And Polydamas slew the Cyllenian Otus, the comrade of the son of Phyleus, the chief of the brave Epeians. And  
520 upon him Meges, perceiving it, rushed; but Polydamas stooped<sup>4</sup>, and he missed him; for Apollo suffered not the son of Panthus to be subdued among the foremost combatants. But he wounded the middle of Croesmus’ breast with his spear, and, falling, he gave a sound; and Meges stripped the armour from his shoulders. Meanwhile Dolops,  
525 the son of Lampus, well skilled in *the use of the spear*, sprang upon him—he, well acquainted with active fight<sup>5</sup>, whom Lampus, the son of Laomedon, the most excellent of men, begot—who then attacking him from near at hand, smote the middle of the son of Phyleus’ shield with his

<sup>1</sup> ἀρκιον—i. e. το ἀρκουν, that which is sufficient—the right or proper moment to act decisively—the crisis.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to perish is one alternative—to be saved, i. e. to conquer, and repel ruin from the ships, is the other.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. he threw himself forward.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. very capable of great exertions—or one who well knew how to employ his strength with efficacy.



spear: but the thick corselet which he wore, compact in its 530 cavities, defended him—that which Phyleus once brought from Ephyre, from the river Selleeis. For Euphetes, king of men, his host, had given it to him, to wear in battle as a defence against his enemies; and it then warded off destruction from the body of his son. But Meges struck 535 with his sharp spear the extreme cone of his brazen helmet, rough with horse-hair, and cut off his horse-hair crest; and it, newly glittering with purple, all fell to the ground in the dust. Meanwhile he (*Meges*) remaining firm, fought with the other (*Dolops*), and still hoped for victory, and the warlike Menelaus, came as an 540 assistant to him (*Meges*;) and he stood with a spear, unobserved, on *Dolops*' flank, and wounded him from behind on the shoulder; and the spear, driven with violence, passed through his breast, making its way on-ward; and he fell headlong. Both then rushed upon him to tear the brazen armour from his shoulders; but 545 Hector strenuously exhorted all his brothers, and chid the gallant Melanippus first, the son of Hicetaon<sup>1</sup>. He till then had fed his slow-footed oxen at Percōta, the enemy being far away; but when the ships of the Danaans, impelled by oars on both sides, had arrived, he came back to Troy, and distinguished himself among the Trojans; and he dwelt 550 with Priam, who honoured him equally with his sons. Him then Hector chid, and uttered this speech, and addressed him by name:

“Shall we be thus remiss, O Melanippus? Is not thy heart moved within thee for thy kinsman slain? Seest thou not how busy they are about the arms of *Dolops*? 555 But follow; for it is no longer a time to fight at a distance with the Argives, but rather we must either slay them, or they overturn the lofty Ilium, and slaughter its citizens.”

So saying, he led on, and the godlike man followed along

<sup>1</sup> A brother of Priam, Y. 238.

560 with him. And the mighty Telamonian Ajax animated the Argives:

“O my friends, be men, and put honour<sup>1</sup> in your hearts, and emulate<sup>2</sup> each other in hard battles. While men thus emulate<sup>3</sup> each other, more are saved than are slain; but when they run away, there is neither glory, nor safety<sup>4</sup>.”

565 Thus he spake, and they themselves also burned to repulse the foe. And they laid up his advice in their mind, and fortified the ships with a brazen rampart<sup>5</sup>; and Jove urged on the Trojans. And the gallant Menelaus excited Antilochus:

“Antilochus, no other of the Achæans is younger than 570 thou, nor swifter of foot—nor strong as thou for fighting. Try if thou canst spring forward and smite some hero of the Trojans<sup>6</sup>.”

So saying, he retired again, but that excited the other. And Antilochus sprang from among the foremost combatants, and hurled his shining spear, after gazing around 575 him; and the Trojans fell back from the hurling hero.

And he sent not the weapon in vain, but struck upon the breast, near the pap, Melanippus, the brave son of Hicetaon, now going into battle. And, falling, he gave a crash, and his arms rattled upon him. Then Antilochus 580 sprang upon him, like a dog, which rushes upon a wounded fawn, which the huntsman throwing at, has wounded, when leaping from its lair, and loosened its limbs under it. So upon thee, O Melanippus, sprang stout Antilochus, to strip off thine armour; but he was not unseen by noble Hector, who came against him, running through the battle.

585 And Antilochus, though a gallant warrior, awaited him not, but fled, like a mischievous wild beast, which having killed a dog or man in charge of<sup>7</sup> oxen, flies, before a

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* think of the disgrace of being conquered.—E. 529—532.

<sup>2</sup> Or, shame each other to exertion.

<sup>3</sup> *αἰδομένων—φευγοντων*—both genitives absolute.

<sup>4</sup> Strength—help—*i. e.* in and for themselves.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* they stood in a line in their brazen armour.

<sup>6</sup> Or, I wish thou wouldst, &c.—or, if thou, &c.—do.

<sup>7</sup> Around.



crowd of men be collected: so fled the son of Nestor; and the Trojans and Hector, with mighty clamour, poured 590 their woeful weapons after him. But when he came to the column of his comrades, wheeling round, he stopt. The Trojans meanwhile rushed upon the ships like carnivorous lions, and fulfilled the mandates<sup>1</sup> of Jove; who ever excited their great strength, and damped the courage of the Argives, and deprived them of glory; but he animated their *foes*. For his soul desired to bestow glory upon Hector, the son of Priam, that he might cast the fiercely-burning, unwearied fire upon the curved ships; and accomplish all the unjust prayer of Thetis. For that the counsellor Jove awaited<sup>2</sup>, to behold with his eyes the flame 600 of a burning vessel; for from that time he was going to make the Trojans<sup>3</sup> retreat from the ships, and to bestow glory upon the Danaans. Designing these things, he animated Hector, the son of Priam, although very eager himself also, at the hollow ships. And he raged, as when 605 Mars, brandishing his spear, or a destructive fire rages among the mountains, in the recesses of a deep forest. And the foam was about his mouth, and his eyes glared from beneath his stern brows; and the casque waved awfully upon the temples of Hector *while* fighting; for Jupiter himself from the æther was his assistant, and honoured and glorified him alone among the multitude of men; because he was *destined* to be of a short life: for already was Pallas Minerva impelling towards him the fatal day, under the might of Achilles. And Hector desired to break the 615 ranks of warriors, making the attempt wherever he beheld the greatest throng and the best weapons. But not thus was he able to break them, although very eager; for they, collected in squares<sup>4</sup>, sustained him, like a rock lofty and large, being near the hoary deep, which abides the furious 620 inroads of the loud winds, and vast billows which break

<sup>1</sup> A. 4.<sup>2</sup> As the limit of the disasters of the Achæans.<sup>3</sup> To make a retreat of, &c.<sup>4</sup> In solid bodies, like towers.



over it. Thus the Danaans firmly awaited the Trojans, nor fled. But he, resplendent with fire<sup>1</sup>, on all sides charged the throng; and fell upon them, as when an impetuous wave, raised by the wind from the clouds, dashes upon a swift ship, and it is all covered with the spray, and a terrible blast of wind roars in its sail: and the frightened sailors tremble in their hearts, for they are borne<sup>2</sup> but a little way from death: so harassed were the hearts of the Achæans within their breasts. And he, like a destroying lion rushing upon cows which feed in the moist ground of a spacious meadow in great numbers<sup>3</sup>, and among them is a keeper yet incapable of<sup>4</sup> fighting with a wild beast, to prevent the slaughter<sup>5</sup> of a crumpled-horned cow—he indeed always walks along with the foremost or hindmost cows, but the lion, springing in the midst, devours a cow, and all the rest fly in terror; so then all the Achæans were put to the rout, panic-struck, by Hector and father Jove. But Hector slew only the Mycenæan Periphetes, the beloved son of Copreus, who went with a message of king Eurystheus to the mighty Hercules. From this far inferior father sprang a son superior in all kinds of excellence, in speed and in combat; and for intelligence was among the first of the Mycenæans. He then afforded superior glory to Hector. For, turning backwards, he kicked against the rim of the shield which he bore—a defence reaching to his feet against javelins—caught by which he fell flat, and the helmet sounded terribly round the temples of falling man. And Hector quickly marked, and, running, stood near him, and plunged his spear in his bosom, and slew him near his beloved comrades; and they were unable, although grieved for their comrade, to be of

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* with the splendours of his armour.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* in the ship—they are in extreme peril.

<sup>3</sup> Ten thousand.

<sup>4</sup> Not yet thoroughly knowing—*i. e.* who had not yet the necessary experience—a young herdsman.

<sup>5</sup> For the slaughter—*i. e.* to prevent it—possibly for the possession of the body.

service to him, for they themselves greatly feared the noble Hector. And they retired within the lines of their ships<sup>1</sup>, and the outermost<sup>2</sup> ships covered them, which were dragged up first; and the *enemy* still rushed forward. The Argives, therefore, from necessity, retreated from the 655 foremost vessels, and remained there beside the tents in close order, and were not scattered through the camp: for shame and fear restrained them; and unceasingly they exhorted one another with shouting. But the Gerenian Nestor, the guardian of the Achæans, particularly adjured 660 them by their parents, falling at the knees of each man:

“O my friends, be men, and put into your minds respect for other men<sup>3</sup>. Recal to your memory, each of you, your children, your wives, and possessions, and parents, as well ye whose *parents* live, as ye whose *parents* are dead<sup>4</sup>. 665 For the sake of those, not present, I here intreat you bravely to stand, nor be turned to flight.”

So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each. And Minerva dispelled for them the heaven-sent cloud of darkness from their eyes; and light arose abundantly to them on both sides, both towards the ships and towards 670 the destructive battle. Then beheld they the gallant Hector and his comrades, as well those who stood apart in the rear and fought not, as those who maintained the fight at the swift ships.

Nor longer then did it please the heart of the bold Ajax 675 to stand where the other sons of the Achæans stood apart: but he went about upon the decks of the vessels with long strides<sup>5</sup>, and wielded in his hands a large, polished, naval pike, compact with iron spikes, twenty-two cubits long. And as when a man, well skilled in horsemanship<sup>6</sup>, after

<sup>1</sup> There were *two* lines, at least—one near the rampart, the other near the sea. The Achæans had now so far retreated as to be between these lines.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* nearest the rampart.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* consider what others will think of you, if you suffer yourselves to be defeated. Compare 561 of this book.

<sup>4</sup> Both he to whom (or, whose) *his parents* are dead, and he, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Striding long.

<sup>6</sup> *κελετιζέειν*—*i. e.* to ride.



680 he has selected four horses out of many, driving them from the plain, directs them towards a great city along the public road; and many look at him with admiration, both men and women; and he, always leaping firmly and safely, changes *his seat* from one to the other; and they fly 685 along: so Ajax ran along many decks of swift ships, with loud shouts, and his voice reached to the æther: and ever shouting terribly, he bade the Danaans defend their ships and tents. Nor indeed did Hector remain among the 690 crowd of well-armed<sup>1</sup> Trojans; but as a tawny eagle pounces upon a flock of winged birds, feeding beside a river, of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans; so Hector directed his course towards a cerulean-prowed vessel, rushing at it; and Jove, with a very mighty hand, im- 695 pelled him from behind, and animated his people along with him. And again was a dire combat waged at the ships. You would have said that unwearied<sup>2</sup> and indefatigable they opposed each other in war; so furiously they fought. And these were the thoughts of them fighting—the Achæans indeed supposed that they could not 700 escape from destruction, but must perish; and among the Trojans, the soul of each within his breast hoped to fire the ships, and to slaughter the Achæan heroes. With these thoughts<sup>3</sup> they pressed upon one another.

And Hector seized the stern of a sea-crossing bark, 705 beautiful and swift, which had brought Protesilaus to Troy, but bore him not back again to his native land. Round his ship then the Achæans and Trojans now slew one another hand to hand; nor did they wait at a distance the strokes of arrows and of javelins; but standing 710 close, with one mind, they fought with sharp battle-axes and bills, with large swords and double-pointed spears. And many beautiful falchions, black-hilted, with large handles, fell to the earth, some from the hands, and others

<sup>1</sup> Thickly corseleted.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. that they were just come fresh into the field.

<sup>3</sup> These things thinking.



from the shoulders of the combating heroes; and the ground flowed black with blood. But Hector, after he had seized *the vessel* by the stern, let not go his hold, clinging to the tafferel with his hands, and encouraged the Trojans:

“Bring fire, and together yourselves excite ye the battle. Now has Jove given us a day worth all *days*, *the day* for taking the ships, which, coming here against the will of the gods, have brought upon us many disasters through the cowardice of our rulers; who kept me back when desirous myself to fight at the sterns of the ships, and restrained the people. But if indeed the far-sounding Jove then befooled our senses, he himself now impels and urges us on.”

Thus he spake, and then they rushed more than ever upon the Argives; and Ajax could no longer sustain them, for he was borne down with weapons; but, fearing to be killed, he stepped back a little to the seven-feet-wide bench<sup>1</sup>, and quitted the deck of his equal ship<sup>2</sup>. There he stood watching, and ever with his spear repulsed the Trojans from the ships, whoever brought unsatiable fire; and always shouting dreadfully, animated the Danaans:

“O my friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your best exertions. Think we, that we have any supporters in the rear? or any better rampart to ward off destruction from the men? No town is there at hand, fortified with towers, where we may be defended, having a relieving force<sup>3</sup>; but on the plain of the strong-mailed Trojans, resting on the sea<sup>4</sup>, sit we far from our native land; therefore safety is in our exertions<sup>5</sup>, not in a remission of the battle.”

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* to the centre of the ship—for the deck did not extend over the whole—only over the fore-castle and the poop.

<sup>2</sup> Here he was less exposed—half his person was covered by the side of the vessel.

<sup>3</sup> *ἐτεράλκτα*—having other strength, or, employing its strength in turn with us.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* with our camp on the shore.

<sup>5</sup> Light is in our hands.

He said, and, furious, charged with his sharp spear.  
And whichever of the Trojans rushed<sup>1</sup> towards the hollow  
ships with blazing fire, for the sake of Hector, who ex-  
745 cited them, him Ajax wounded, receiving him upon his  
sharp spear; and he smote twelve hand to hand in front  
of the ships."

<sup>1</sup> Was borne, or bore himself.

END OF ILIAD XV.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XVI.

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ARGUMENT.

Ajax, at length overpowered, and having broken his spear, gives way when his ship is immediately set fire to. Achilles grants permission to Patroclus to join the battle in his (Achilles) armour, but with strict injunctions to do no more than defend the fleet. The Trojans are repulsed, and followed with impetuosity into the plain, where Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and is himself slain by Hector, after Euphorbus had wounded him, and Apollo stripped him of his armour.

THUS then were they fighting for the well-benched ship.  
But Patroclus stood beside Achilles, shepherd of the  
people, shedding hot tears, like a fountain of black water,  
which pours its dark stream from a lofty rock. And him,  
the swift-footed noble Achilles pitied, beholding, and, 5  
addressing him, spake these winged words :

“ Why weapest thou, Patroclus ? As an infant girl,  
who, running along with her mother, presses to be taken  
up *in her arms*, catching hold of her robe, and detaining  
her, though in haste ; and weeping, looks towards her 10  
*mother* till she is taken up—like to her, O Patroclus, thou  
sheddest the tender tear. Art thou going to announce  
aught to the Myrmidons, or to myself ? Or hast thou  
alone heard any news from Phthia ? They say that



Meneceus, the son of Actor<sup>1</sup>, still lives; and Peleus, the  
 15 son of Æacus, lives among his Myrmidons; for both of  
 whom, if dead, we might deeply grieve. Or dost thou  
 mourn for the Argives, that they are perishing beside their  
 hollow ships, on account of their iniquity to me? Speak  
 out, hide it not in thy mind, that we both may know.”  
 20 And to him, heavily sighing, thou, noble<sup>2</sup> Patroclus,  
 didst say: “O Achilles, son of Peleus, by far the bravest  
 of the Achæans, be not offended; for a grief so great  
 oppresses the Achæans: for now all they, as many as  
 were formerly most valiant, lie in the ships, wounded from  
 afar, or smitten in close quarters. Brave Diomedes, the  
 25 son of Tydeus, indeed is wounded, and spear-skilled  
 Ulysses smitten, and Agamemnon; and Eurypylus also  
 is wounded in the thigh with an arrow. About these  
 indeed are the doctors, men of many remedies, busied,  
 dressing their wounds; but thou, Achilles, art inexorable.  
 30 Me at least may that resentment never seize, which thou  
 preservest. Disastrous valour! what, is some other later-  
 born to be benefitted by thee, that thou wilt not ward off  
 foul ruin from the Argives? Man without pity, the  
 noble Peleus was not thy father, nor Thetis thy mother;  
 35 but the azure sea produced thee, and lofty rocks, for thy  
 heart is insensible<sup>3</sup>. But, if within thy breast thou fearest  
 any oracle, and thy venerable mother has communicated  
 any to thee from Jove, still send me quickly, and along  
 with me give them the rest of the army of the Myrmidons,  
 40 that if possible I may be some aid<sup>4</sup> to the Danaans. Grant  
 me also to put thy armour on my shoulders, that the Tro-  
 jans, taking me for thee, may desist from battle, and the  
 weary warlike sons of the Achæans respire; and there be  
 a short respite to the war. And we *who are* fresh shall  
 45 easily repulse from the ships and tents towards the city,  
 men worn out with battle.”

Thus, supplicating, he spake—very foolish, for indeed

<sup>1</sup> Father of Patroclus.

<sup>2</sup> Equestrian.

<sup>3</sup> See the same lines, A. 793—802.

<sup>4</sup> Light.

he was supplicating for himself sad death and fate. And to him the swift-footed Achilles, groaning deeply, said :  
 " Alas ! most noble Patroclus, what a speech hast thou made. Neither do I fear any oracle, which I have 50  
 heard, nor has my divine mother communicated aught to me from Jove. But that intolerable insult<sup>1</sup> touches heart and soul—when a man who surpasses in power, chooses to deprive his equal<sup>2</sup> of his portion, and to take back his reward. That insult is intolerable to me, for I have suffered 55  
 tortures from it in my soul. The maid, whom the sons of the Achæans selected as a reward for me, and whom I acquired through my spear, after laying waste a well-walled city—her has king Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, taken back out of my hands, as if I were some dishonourable fugitive. But let us dismiss the past<sup>3</sup>; nor is it 60  
 allowable to be eternally enraged in one's breast. Certainly I did say that I would not lay aside my resentment before<sup>4</sup> the shout and the battle had reached my ships. Do thou, however, put on upon thy shoulders my famous armour, and lead the war-loving Myrmidons to battle; since at last a black cloud of Trojans has with force enveloped the ships; and the Argives are shut up by the shore of the sea, possessing now but a small spot of land. 65  
 Moreover, the whole city of the Trojans has come forth 70  
 full of confidence, because they behold not the front of my helmet glittering near; although, speedily flying, they would have filled the trenches with their bodies, if king Agamemnon had been just towards me<sup>5</sup>: and now they combat around our very camp<sup>6</sup>. For no longer rages the 75  
 spear in the hands of Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, to repel ruin from the Danaans; nor do I any longer hear the voice of Agamemnon shouting, from his detested head :

<sup>1</sup> For *αἴθερ* here expresses the source of grief.

<sup>2</sup> Not in power, but dignity.

<sup>3</sup> But as to what things occurred before—we will leave them.

<sup>4</sup> Before—but when.

<sup>5</sup> If he had known just things to me.

<sup>6</sup> Around the army—i. e. at their stations—the camp.



but *that* of man-slaying Hector, animating the Trojans, echoes around; and they with a shout possess the whole plain, conquering the Achæans in battle. Yet even thus, Patroclus, fall upon them bravely, warding off destruction from the ships, lest at last they consume the vessels with glowing fire, and cut off our loved return. Still be persuaded to do as I shall put the sum of my discourse in thy mind, in order that thou mayst obtain for me great honour and glory from all the Danaans; and they may bring back to me the beautiful maid, and give *me* moreover rich presents. Having driven *the enemy* from the ships, come back again; and if the high-thundering husband of Juno, besides, grant thee to obtain glory, be not thou desirous without me, to fight with the war-loving Trojans; otherwise<sup>1</sup> thou wilt render me more dishonoured: nor, exulting in the battle and shout, lead on as far as Ilium, slaughtering the Trojans, lest some of the everlasting gods come down from Olympus; for the far-darting Apollo dearly-loves them. But turn back after thou hast given safety to the fleet<sup>2</sup>, and let the rest wage the battle along the plain. Oh! father Jove, and Minerva, and Apollo! that none of the Trojans, as many as there are, might escape death, nor one of the Argives; but that thou and I, escaping, *might remain*; that we alone might pull down the sacred walls of Troy."

Thus they such words to each other spoke. But<sup>3</sup> Ajax no longer remained firm, for he was overwhelmed with weapons. The counsel of Jove overpowers him, and the fierce Trojans, hurling *at him*. And his glittering casque round his temples, struck *with weapons*, emitted a terrible sound, and the well-made cones of his helmet were incessantly struck. And he was wearied in his left shoulder, by always firmly holding his agile shield; yet were they unable, pressing him with their weapons all around, to move him. All the while he was oppressed with severe

<sup>1</sup> δε.

<sup>2</sup> After thou hast placed a light among the ships.

<sup>3</sup> The poet resumes from O. 727.



panting<sup>1</sup>, and much sweat poured every where from his 110 limbs, nor was he at all able to respire; but on every side evil was heaped upon evil.

Tell me now, ye Muses, possessing Olympian abodes, how first the fire fell upon the ships of the Achæans.

Hector, standing near, struck the ashen spear of Ajax with his huge sword, just above the junction of the point, 115 and cut it quite through. That lopped spear Telamonian Ajax brandished in his hand in vain; and, far from him, the brazen point rang, falling upon the earth. Then Ajax recognised in his honest soul, and shuddered at, the deeds of the gods; for the high-thundering Jove cut up entirely 120 his plans of war, and designed glory for the Trojans. And he retired from the weapons, and they cast the indomitable fire into the swift ship, and instantly the inextinguishable flame poured along it. Thus the fire curled round the stern; and Achilles, striking his thighs, 125 addressed Patroclus:

“Haste, noble Patroclus, manager of horses—I perceive the fury of the hostile fire already at the ships—lest they now take the vessels, and there be no longer the means of escaping; put on thine armour quickly, and I will assemble the host.”

Thus he spake; and Patroclus armed himself in glitter- 130 ing brass. First round his legs he put the beautiful greaves, fastened with silver clasps; next he braced the corselet of the swift-footed grandson of Æacus upon his breast, variegated and adorned with stars; and then threw round his shoulders his silver-hilted brazen sword; and 135 afterwards the large and thick shield. Upon his gallant head he placed the well-formed helmet, crested with horse-hair, and the crest nodded terribly from above. He seized besides strong spears which fitted his hands, and took not the unique spear of the illustrious descendant of 140 Æacus, ponderous, large, and thick; which indeed no other of the Achæans could wield<sup>2</sup>, but Achilles alone

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* he was out of breath with his exertions.

<sup>2</sup> Shake.

knew how to wield it—a Pelion ash which Cheiron gave to his (*Achilles'*) father, cut from the top of *mount* Pelion, 145 to be death to heroes. And he bade Automedon quickly yoke the horses—him whom next to Achilles, the breaker of the ranks *of heroes*, he most honoured; for<sup>1</sup> he was most faithful to him in battle, in awaiting his directions. Therefore also Automedon led under the yoke the fleet horses, Xanthus and Balius, which vied with the winds in 150 speed<sup>2</sup>. Them the Harpian Podarge, while feeding in the pasture by the stream of Oceanus, bore to the wind, Zephyrus. And in the outer harness he fastened the noble Pedasus, the *horse* which Achilles, after taking Eëtion's town, brought away; and which, though mortal, accom- 155 panied immortal horses. And Achilles, going up and down, made all the Myrmidons throughout the tents put on their armour; and they, like carnivorous wolves, in whose breast there is immense force, and which, having slain a large horned stag in the mountains devour it; 160 and the jaws of all are red with blood: and then they rush in a pack, lapping with slender tongues the surface of the dark water from a deep fountain, vomiting<sup>3</sup> gore of blood; and their courage is intrepid in their breasts, 165 and their paunch is distended: such rushed the leaders and chiefs of the Myrmidons round the brave comrade of the swift-footed descendant of Æacus; and amongst them stood the warlike Achilles, animating both the steeds and the shielded warriors<sup>4</sup>.

The swift galleys, in which Achilles, beloved of Jove, brought his troops to Troy, were fifty; and in each were 170 fifty men, companions, at the benches. He had, moreover, appointed five leaders, in whom he trusted, to direct them; whilst himself ruled, commanding in chief. One troop Menestheus of the variegated corselet led, the

<sup>1</sup> *δε—for*—it introduces the reason for Achilles' regard. And so in a multitude of cases.

<sup>2</sup> Which flew along with the winds.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the gore running, or dripping from their mouths.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* both horse and foot.



son of Spercheius, a river flowing<sup>1</sup> from Jove; whom the daughter of Peleus, the fair Polydora, bore to the unwearied Spercheius—a woman embraced by a god; although, 175 according to report<sup>2</sup>, *it was* to Borus, the son of Periëres, who had publicly espoused her, giving invaluable marriage presents. And the second, the warlike Eudorus commanded, of illegitimate birth<sup>3</sup>, whom Polymela, the 180 daughter of Phylas, graceful in the dance, bore. With her the powerful Mercury<sup>4</sup> fell in love, seeing her with his eyes among the revellers, at a dance of the golden-bowed Diana, who delights in the halloo of the chace; and immediately ascending to an upper chamber, the Acaesian<sup>5</sup> Mercury secretly lay with her; and she bore to him 185 a noble son, Eudorus, distinguished for speed in the race<sup>6</sup>, and as a warrior. But after that Eileithyia, who presides over births, had brought him into the light, and he beheld the rays of the sun, the mighty Echeclus<sup>7</sup>, the son of Actor, took her home, after he had given innumerable 190 marriage presents<sup>8</sup>; and the aged Phylas carefully nursed and brought up the boy, affectionately loving him, as if he were<sup>9</sup> his own son. And the third, the warlike Pisander led, the son of Mæmalus, who, next to the companion of the son of Peleus, surpassed all the Myrmidons in fighting 195 with the spear. And the fourth, the aged chief Phoenix, commanded. And the fifth, Alcimedon, the noble son of Laërtes. And when Achilles, marshalling them properly, had posted all, along with their leaders, he gave to them this gallant order:

“Ye Myrmidons, let none of you be forgetful of the 200 threats with which, at the swift ships, ye have been threatening the Trojans, during the whole of my indignation, and *thus* blamed me, each of you: ‘O cruel son of Peleus!

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* as rains come from the sky.

<sup>2</sup> ἐπεκλησιν—nominally.

<sup>3</sup> παρθενιος—*i. e.* the son of an unmarried lady.

<sup>4</sup> Slayer of Argus.

<sup>5</sup> From Acacas, a mountain of Arcadia.

<sup>6</sup> Swift above others to run.

<sup>7</sup> The great vigour of Echeclus.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* to her father.

<sup>9</sup> As being.



thy mother surely fed thee with gall; relentless man! who detainest thy comrades against their will at the ships.  
 205 Home let us return again in our sea-crossing barks, since this miserable rage has thus fallen upon thy soul.<sup>1</sup> These things, assembled, ye frequently utter; and now the mighty work of war appears, of which ye have been all along<sup>2</sup> desirous. There let each one, who has a brave heart, fight against the Trojans."  
 210 So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each, and their ranks were more closed when they heard the king. And as when a man constructs the wall of a lofty mansion with stones closely joined, guarding against the violence of the winds; so joined their helmets and bossed  
 215 shields; and shield then supported shield, helmet helmet, and man man: and the horse-hair plumes upon the shining cones of them, waving, touched each other; so closely stood they to one another. Before them all stood armed<sup>3</sup>  
 220 two warriors, Patroclus and Automedon, and with one mind, to fight in front of the Myrmidons. And Achilles hastened into his tent; and took off the cover of a chest, beautiful, variously-adorned, which the silver-footed Thetis had put on board for him, to be taken in his ship, having filled it well with tunics, and wind-repelling cloaks, and  
 225 soft carpets. And in it was a curiously-wrought cup, and neither did any other man<sup>3</sup> drink dark wine from it, nor did he pour out libations from it to any of the gods, except to father Jove. This then taking from the chest, he first purified with sulphur, and then washed it with  
 230 pure streams of water; and he washed his own hands, and drew the dark wine. Then, standing in the middle of the area, he prayed, and offered a libation of wine, looking up to heaven; and he was not unobserved by Jupiter, delighting in thunder:

"O Dodonean, Pelasgic king Jove, dwelling far from

<sup>1</sup> το πρην γε—i. e. ever since my quarrel with Agamemnon.

<sup>2</sup> Were armed.

<sup>3</sup> Nor did any other neither of men.

us, presiding over the bleak Dodona; and around<sup>1</sup> dwell thy prophets, the Selli, with feet unwashed, and sleeping 235 upon the earth; assuredly thou didst once hear my voice when praying<sup>2</sup>—didst honour me, and greatly harm the people of the Achæans; and now again accomplish for me this desire. For I will myself remain in the throng of ships, but I am sending forth my companion, with the 240 numerous Myrmidons, to battle; send thou glory along with him, O far-sounding Jove; incite his heart<sup>3</sup> within his breast, that Hector too may know, whether our attendant, even alone<sup>4</sup>, understands how to wage war, and whether his<sup>5</sup> hands will then rage invincible, when I myself go forth to the combat of Mars. But after he has 245 driven the battle and the shout from the ships, may he then return to me, to the swift barks, unhurt, with all his armour and close-fighting comrades."

Thus he spake, praying, and the wise Jove heard him. One part the father granted him, but refused the other. 250 He granted him to repulse the war and battle from the ships, but refused him to return safe from the combat. He, however, having poured out a libation, and prayed to father Jove, went back into his tent, and replaced the cup in the chest. But coming back, he stood before the tent, for he still desired in his mind to behold the dire 255 battle of the Trojans and Achæans.

And those *who were* armed along with the brave Patroclus, marched in good order, till, in high spirits<sup>6</sup> they rushed upon the Trojans. Then at once they poured out like to wasps by the road-side, which foolish boys, accord- 260 ing to custom, irritate, constantly vexing them, in their

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* Dodona.

<sup>2</sup> My word of me praying.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* give him resolution.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* without me.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* Hector's.—The point is, if Patroclus be too much for Hector, let Hector think how he is to withstand me. The construction will bear perhaps this interpretation also—that he may know whether Patroclus by himself knows how to fight, or then only rages, when I go out with him to battle—but this is comparatively flat and feeble.

<sup>6</sup> Thinking greatly.



necks by the road; and cause a common evil among many.  
 260 And if perchance any way-faring man, travelling there,  
 disturb them through ignorance, they, possessing bold  
 265 hearts, all fly forth, and defend their young. With the  
 heart and spirit of these, the Myrmidons then poured from  
 the ships, and a vast tumult arose. And Patroclus ani-  
 270 mated his comrades, loudly shouting:

“Ye Myrmidons, comrades of Achilles, the son of Pe-  
 270 leus, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your best  
 energies, that both we, his close-fighting servants, may do  
 honour to the son of Peleus, who is by far the bravest of the  
 280 Achæans, at the ships; and that the son of Atreus, the  
 wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his folly, when he  
 insulted<sup>1</sup> the bravest of the Achæans.”

275 So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each;  
 and in a body they fell upon the Trojans: and the ships  
 280 around echoed fearfully while the Achæans shouted. But  
 the Trojans, when they beheld the gallant son of Menœ-  
 tius, himself and his attendant glittering in arms, the  
 280 hearts of all were agitated, and the phalanxes gave way,  
 supposing that the swift-footed son of Peleus at the ships  
 285 had cast away his indignation, and taken up friendship<sup>2</sup>:  
 and each one gazed about, where he might escape dire  
 destruction.

And Patroclus first hurled his shining spear right into  
 285 the midst, where they were huddled together in greatest  
 numbers, by the stern of the ship of the brave Protesilaus,  
 290 and struck Pyræchmes, who led the Pæonian cavalry<sup>3</sup>  
 from Amydon, from the wide-flowing Axius. Him he  
 struck upon the right shoulder, and, groaning, he fell flat  
 in the dust; and the Pæonians, his comrades, were put  
 290 to rout around him, for Patroclus sent fear upon them all,  
 having slain their leader, who was the bravest in battle<sup>4</sup>.  
 And he drove them from the ships, and extinguished the

<sup>1</sup> Nothing honoured.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* was reconciled to Atreus.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* still car-warriors—there is no evidence that cavalry in the modern sense were in use.

<sup>4</sup> Who was best to fight.



blazing fire. And the ship half-burnt was there left, and the Trojans were routed with a prodigious tumult: and 295 the Danaans poured forth along the hollow ships; and a mighty confusion was created. And as when, from the lofty summit of a huge mountain, Jove, who collects the lightning, removes a thick cloud, and all the rocks and high ridges and forests become visible, and in the sky 300 breaks forth<sup>1</sup> an immeasurable æther: so the Danaans breathed a little, after repelling the hostile fire from their ships. But there was no cessation of battle; for not yet were the Trojans routed pell-mell from the black ships by the warlike Achæans, but still offered resistance, and retired<sup>2</sup> 305 from the ships *only* from necessity. Then, of the leaders, man slew man, the fight being spread; and first, the gallant son of Menœtius, with his sharp spear, immediately smote the thigh of Areilochus, when turned about, and drove the brass quite through: and the spear split the bone, and he 310 fell prone upon the earth. And warlike Menelaus also wounded Thoas upon the breast, when exposed<sup>3</sup> by the shield, and loosened his members. But Phyleides, watching Amphichus, whilst rushing in, anticipating, struck<sup>4</sup> him in the hinder part of the leg, where the muscles<sup>5</sup> of a 315 man are thickest; and the sinews were cut quite through by the point of the spear, and darkness covered his eyes. And the sons<sup>6</sup> of Nestor—Antilochus, smote Atymnius with his sharp spear, and drove the brazen weapon through his flank; and he fell before him: and Maris, standing in front of the carcase, rushed close upon Antilo- 320 chus with his spear, enraged on account of his brother. But the godlike Thrasymedes, striking at him, wounded

<sup>1</sup> Is made to burst forth from heaven.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* slowly.

<sup>3</sup> Made naked as to his breast.

<sup>4</sup> He was beforehand with him in striking, &c.—*εφθη οπιξ. scil. εγχε.* Compare line 322, where the phrase is more complete.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* the calf—Amphilochus was not rushing at *him*, but at some other; and Phylides, watching his opportunity, struck him as he passed.

<sup>6</sup> Antilochus and Thrasymedes.

him first<sup>1</sup> in the shoulder—nor did he miss him; and the point of the spear stript the muscles from the back of the  
 325 arm, and tore them off the bone. And he gave a sound, falling, and darkness covered his eyes. Thus, subdued by two brothers, these two went to Erebus, the brave companions of Sarpedon, the spear-darting sons of Amisodarus; who nursed the unconquerable Chimæra, an evil to many  
 000 men.

330 And Ajax, the son of Oileus rushing upon Cleobulus, took him alive, entangled in the crowd; and there loosened his strength, striking him upon the neck with his hilted sword. And the whole sword was warmed over with blood, and purple death and forceful fate seized his eyes.

335 And Peneleus and Lycon engaged in close combat; for they had missed each other with their spears, and both had thrown in vain; and they charged again with their swords. Then Lycon smote the cone of the *other's* helmet, crested with horse-hair, and the sword broke close to the hilt. But Peneleus struck his neck below the ear, and the  
 340 whole sword sank in, and the skin alone retained it: and the head dropt down, and his members were loosened.

Meriones also, overtaking Acamas with rapid feet, smote him, while mounting his car, on the right shoulder; and he fell from the car, and darkness was poured over his  
 375 eyes.

345 And Idomeneus struck Erymas in the mouth with *his* ruthless brass; and the brazen weapon passed through below, under the brain, and cleft the white bones. And his teeth were dashed out, and both his eyes filled with blood, which, gaping, he poured out from his mouth and  
 350 from his nostrils; and the black cloud of death covered him round. These leaders of the Danaans then slew each his man.

And as destructive wolves rush on lambs or kids, snatch-

<sup>1</sup> i. e. was beforehand with him, as in line 314.



ing them from the flocks, which are scattered on the mountains by the negligence of the shepherd; and they, perceiving them, immediately tear the timid<sup>1</sup> animals in 355 pieces: so the Danaans rushed upon the Trojans, and the Trojans were mindful of horrid-sounding rout, and forgetful of active bravery<sup>2</sup>. And the mighty Ajax burned to hurl his javelin at Hector, armed in brass; but he, by his skill in war, covering his broad shoulders with his bull's- 360 hide shield, watched the hiss of arrows and the whizzing 363 of darts. He perceived indeed the victory of battle was leaning the other way<sup>3</sup>; yet even thus he remained, and saved his beloved companions.

And as when from Olympus comes a cloud into the heavens, out of a clear atmosphere, when Jove rouses the 365 storm; so was the clamour and rout of the Trojans flying from the ships. Nor did they repass *the ditch* in good order; but the swift-footed steeds bore Hector out<sup>4</sup> with his arms; and he deserted the Trojan army, whom, against their will, the deep ditch kept back. And many car-dragging fleet horses left the cars of their masters in the 370 ditch, broken at the point of the pole<sup>5</sup>. And Patroclus pursued keenly, animating the Danaans, and meditating evils on the Trojans; and they, with outcry and rout, filled all the roads after they were scattered. And a tempest of *dust* was spread aloft under the clouds, and the solid-hoofed 375 horses pressed back towards the city from the ships and tents. And Patroclus, wheresoever he beheld the troops in greatest confusion, thither directed his course, shouting with threats; and beneath his axle men fell prone from their chariots, and the cars were overturned with a crash. Then the fleet, immortal steeds, which the gods had given 380 as distinguished presents to Peleus, pressing forward, sprang quite across the ditch: and his spirit urged him

<sup>1</sup> Having timid spirit.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* thought of nothing but flight.

<sup>3</sup> *ἑτεράλκεια*—helping the other side.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* out of the battle—over the ditch.

<sup>5</sup> *πρωτῆ*—first pole—or first part of it—meaning the car end of it—close to the car.



against Hector, for he was eager to strike him; and his swift horses bore him out.

And as the black earth is entirely burthened by a tem-  
 385 pest in the autumnal season, what time Jove pours forth  
 his very violent streams; when at length he gives vent to  
 his fury, enraged with men, who, by violence, exercise  
 perverse judgment<sup>1</sup> in the forum, and expel justice, not  
 fearing the vengeance of the gods: and all their rivers  
 390 grow full, flowing along, and the torrents then tear away  
 many declivities, and, pouring headlong from the moun-  
 tains into the purple sea, roar loudly, and the works of  
 men are destroyed<sup>2</sup>: so loudly snorted the Trojan steeds,  
 running along. But Patroclus, when he had intercepted  
 395 the front columns, drove them back again towards the  
 ships, and permitted them not, desiring it, to ascend towards  
 the city; but, pressing upon them, slaughtered them mid-  
 way between the ships, and the river and high rampart,  
 and exacted vengeance for many. Then indeed he smote  
 400 with his shining spear Pronous first, having his breast  
 naked near the shield, and loosened his members: and he  
 gave a sound, falling. And *Patroclus*, attacking next  
 Thestor, the son of Enops—and he sat, crouching, in  
 his well-polished car, for he was panic-struck in his mind,  
 405 and the reins had then dropped from his hands—and  
*Patroclus*, standing near, struck him with his spear on the  
 right cheek, and drove it through his teeth. Then, catching  
 the spear, he dragged him over the pannels<sup>3</sup> of the car—as  
 when some man, sitting upon a projecting rock, *pulls* with  
 a line and bright hook<sup>4</sup>, a sacred fish clear out from the  
 sea; so he dragged him, gaping, from his car with the  
 410 shining spear. Then he shook him off upon his mouth<sup>5</sup>,  
 and life left him, falling. And next he struck Erylaus,  
 rushing against him, with a rock, on the middle of the  
 head; and it was all cut asunder into two parts in his

<sup>1</sup> Who judge perverse judgments.

<sup>2</sup> Lessened.

<sup>3</sup> The *avvέξ*.

<sup>4</sup> Brass, with

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* he fell upon his face.

strong casque; and Erylaus then fell flat upon the earth, and fatal death was poured around him. And afterwards Erymas, and Amphoterus, Epaltes, and Tlepolemus, the 415 son of Damastor, and Echius, and Pyris, and Ipheus, and Enippus, and Polymelus, the son of Argeus, all one after the other he brought down upon the fertile earth.

But when Sarpedon perceived his loose-girded<sup>1</sup> companions subdued by the hands of Patroclus, the son of Menæ- 420 tius, he exhorted the godlike Lycians, reviling them: "For shame, Lycians, whither do ye fly? Now be active: for I will oppose this man, that I may know who this is who is victorious: and truly he has wrought many evils to the Trojans, since he has loosened the knees of many 425 and brave men."

He said, and leaped from his car with his armour to the ground; and Patroclus, on the other side, when he beheld him, sprang from his car. Then they, as crooked-taloned, hook-beaked vultures, loudly screaming, fight upon a lofty rock; so they, shouting, rushed against each other. And 430 the son of wily Saturn, looking upon them, felt compassion, and addressed Juno, his sister and spouse:

"Alas for me, since it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest to me of men, shall be subdued by Patroclus, the son of Menætius. But my heart impels me two ways<sup>2</sup>, re- 435 volving in my breast, whether I shall snatch him, being alive, from the tearful battle, and place him among the rich people of Lycia, or now subdue him by the hands of the son of Menætius."

And him answered then the large-eyed, imperial Juno: "Most despotic son of Saturn, what word hast thou spoken? 440 Desirest thou again to free from sad death a man, being a mortal, long ago doomed to *his* fate? Do so; but all we the other gods shall not approve. And I tell thee another thing, and do thou cast<sup>3</sup> it in thy mind. If thou shouldst

<sup>1</sup> ἀμυροχίτωνες—peculiar to the Lycians—they seem to have worn no mitra at the bottom of, or under, the corselet.

<sup>2</sup> To me, turning, &c.

<sup>3</sup> ἔκ, attend to it.



445 save, and send<sup>1</sup> this Sarpedon home, consider whether some other of the gods may not hereafter also wish to send away his beloved son from the rough battle; for round the vast city of Priam fight many sons of immortals, upon  
450 whom thou wilt throw heavy displeasure. But if he be dear to thee, and thy heart pities him, let him be subdued in the rough battle, by the hands of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius; and when his spirit and life have left him, send Death and sweet Sleep to carry *him* until they reach  
455 the people of wide Lycia. There his brethren and friends will perform his obsequies with a tomb and a pillar; for that is the honour of the dead."

Thus she spake, nor did the father of gods and men refuse; but he poured down upon the earth bloody dew—  
460 drops, honouring his beloved son, whom Patroclus was going to kill in fertile Troy, far from his native land.

And when, advancing, they were now near each other, then indeed Patroclus *struck* the illustrious Thrasymelus, who was the gallant attendant of king Sarpedon—him  
465 he struck upon the lower part of the belly, and loosened his limbs. Then Sarpedon, next attacking, missed him with his bright javelin; but wounded the horse Pedasus, with his spear, in the right shoulder; and he groaned, breathing out his life, and fell, moaning, in the dust,  
470 and his life fled from him. But the *other* two started asunder, and the yoke crashed, and the reins were hampered about them, after the outer horse lay in the dust. For this, however, the spear-skilled Automedon found a remedy<sup>2</sup>. Drawing his long sword from his stout thigh, hastening, he cut away the outer horse, nor did it lazily.  
475 And the two *horses* were put straight, and were managed by the reins: and the two *warriors* again rushed together for deadly combat.

Then again Sarpedon missed with his shining spear, and the point of the weapon went over the left shoulder of

<sup>1</sup> Saving alive (ζωv) shouldst send.

<sup>2</sup> End.



Patroclus, and wounded him not. And Patroclus next attacked with his javelin, and the weapon escaped not in vain from his hand, but struck him where the midriff<sup>1</sup> protects the thick heart. And he fell, as when falls some oak, or poplar, or lofty pine, which workmen cut down in the mountains with newly-sharpened axes, for naval timber; so he lay stretched before his horses and chariot, grinding his teeth and grasping the bloody dust. As a lion, coming among a herd, slays a bull, tawny, and brave, among slow-footed oxen, and he perishes, bellowing, beneath the fangs of the lion; so the leader of the shielded Lycians was enraged at being slain by Patroclus, and addressed his beloved comrade by name:

"Glaucus, my friend, a warrior among heroes, now does it greatly behove thee to be a warrior and a daring combatant; now if thou art *an active avenger*, let destructive battle be thy desire. First, going in every direction, stir up the leaders of the Lycians to fight round Sarpedon, and then do thou thyself also combat for me with thy spear. For I shall, even in after times, be a cause of shame and disgrace to thee for ever<sup>2</sup>, if the Achæans strip me of my armour, falling in *this* battle at the ships. But bravely hold on *the fight*, and animate all the army."

Whilst yet he was thus speaking, the end of death covered his eyes and nostrils<sup>3</sup>; and *Patroclus*, planting his heel upon his breast, drew out the spear from his body, and immediately the pericardium<sup>4</sup> followed with it; and he drew out together his life and the point of the weapon. And the Myrmidons held there his neighing steeds, eager to fly along after they quitted<sup>5</sup> the car of their lords. But heavy grief came upon Glaucus, hear-

<sup>1</sup> Or the pericardium.

<sup>2</sup> All days throughout.

<sup>3</sup> The end of death then covered him, thus speaking, as to his eyes and nostrils.

<sup>4</sup> *σπερεν*.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.*, after the car was left by Sarpedon and his driver.

ing the voice of his friend; and his heart was shaken when  
 510 he could not aid him. But, holding his (own) arm with his  
 hand, he pressed it; for grievously pained him the wound,  
 which Teucer, repelling the battle from his comrades, had  
 inflicted upon him when making an attack upon the lofty  
 rampart; and then, praying, he addressed the far-darting  
 Apollo:

“Hear, O king, *thou* who art somewhere in the rich  
 515 state of Lycia, or in Troy<sup>1</sup>; but thou canst hear every  
 where a man in trouble, as trouble now comes upon me.  
 For this wound which I have is severe, and my hand is  
 pierced in all directions with sharp pains, nor can my  
 blood be staunched, and my shoulder is weighed down with  
 520 it. And I cannot firmly hold my spear, nor *can I*, ad-  
 vancing, combat with the enemy; and the bravest hero  
 has fallen, Sarpedon, the son of Jove; nor does he assist  
 his own son. But heal thou for me this severe wound,  
 O king; and lull my pains, and grant me strength,  
 525 that, animating my comrades, the Lycians, I may urge  
 them to fight; and may myself combat for the dead  
 body.”

Thus he spake, praying, and Phœbus Apollo heard him.  
 Immediately he allayed the pains, and dried up the black  
 blood from the severe wound, and threw strength into his  
 530 soul. And Glaucus was conscious of the cure, and was  
 delighted, that the great god had for his sake<sup>2</sup> quickly  
 heard him, praying. First then, going about in all direc-  
 tions, he exhorted the heroes, leaders of the Lycians, to  
 fight for Sarpedon; and then went among the Trojans,  
 535 loudly calling upon Polydamas, the son of Panthus, and  
 the noble Agenor. And he went after Æneas, and brass-  
 armed Hector, and, standing near, addressed to him these  
 winged words:

“Hector, now art thou wholly neglectful of thine allies,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* wherever thou art—whether in Lycia or in Troy.

<sup>2</sup> *oi*—for Sarpedon's sake.



who are losing their lives for thy sake, far from their friends and native land; and thou wilt not assist them. 540 Sarpedon lies *dead*, the leader of the shielded Lycians, who defended Lycia by his justice and his valour. For him has brazen Mars subdued with a spear by Patroclus. But stand by us, my friends, and consider the scandal in your minds, should the Myrmidons take away his armour, 545 and insult his corpse, enraged on account of all the Danaans, who have perished, whom we have slain with our spears at the swift ships."

Thus he spake, and deeply did grief intolerable, excessive, seize the Trojans, for he had been a pillar of their city, though a foreigner; for many troops followed along with him, and among them he was himself the most valiant in battle. Glowing, therefore, they advanced straight against the Danaans; and Hector headed them, inflamed with anger on account of Sarpedon. And the resolute spirit of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius, roused the Achæans. The Ajaxes first he addressed, 555 themselves also eager:

"O Ajaxes, let it now be dear to you both to repulse *the foe*—be such as you were of old among heroes, or even braver. Dead lies Sarpedon, the man who first leaped upon the wall of the Achæans. But *O* that we could seize his body, and insult it<sup>2</sup>—and strip his armour from his shoulders, and subdue some one of his comrades, now keeping 560 us off, with *our* ruthless brass."

Thus he spake, and they themselves also were prompt to repel *the foe*. But when they had strengthened their columns on both sides, both the Trojans and Lycians, and Myrmidons and Achæans, they closed to fight round the dead body, shouting horribly, and the arms of the men rattled aloud. 565 And Jove spread pernicious night over the fierce battle, that the toil of combat round his dear son might be de-

<sup>1</sup> Or, assist your friends.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* by exposing him to dogs and birds of prey.



structive. And the Trojans first drove back the brave<sup>1</sup>  
 570 Achæans; for a man was smitten, by no means the most  
 cowardly among the Myrmidons, the noble Epigeus,  
 son of the brave Agacles, who, once ruled in the well-  
 inhabited Budeium; but having there slain a gallant kins-  
 575 footed Thetis; and they sent him along with Achilles, the  
 breaker of ranks, to follow to Ilium, renowned for steeds,  
 that he might fight against the Trojans. Him then, when  
 catching hold of the body, the illustrious Hector struck  
 upon the head with a stone; and it was all cleft in twain  
 in his strong casque; and he fell prone upon the corse,  
 580 and fatal death was poured around him. Then grief arose  
 within Patroclus, for his comrade slain; and he burst right  
 through the foremost combatants, like to a swift hawk,  
 which puts to flight jackdaws or starlings—so, O equestrian  
 Patroclus, didst thou rush right upon the Lycians and  
 585 Trojans; for thou wert enraged in thy heart about thy  
 comrade. And he struck Sthenelaus, the beloved son of  
 Ithæmeneus, upon the neck with a stone, and burst his  
 tendons: and the foremost combatants and the illustrious  
 Hector fell back, as far as is the cast of a long javelin, which  
 590 a man may throw, either striving in a game, or even in war,  
 among<sup>2</sup> his life destroying foes: so far the Trojans fell  
 back, and the Achæans repulsed them. But Glaucus, the  
 leader of the shielded Lycians, first turned, and slew the  
 595 brave Bathycles, the beloved son of Chalcon, who, inhabit-  
 ing mansions in Hellas, was conspicuous among the Myr-  
 midons in riches and wealth. Him then Glaucus, turning  
 suddenly round, wounded in the middle of the breast with  
 his spear, when Bathycles, pursuing, was overtaking him.  
 He, falling, gave a sound; and deep grief seized the  
 600 Achæans, because a brave warrior had fallen; but the  
 Trojans greatly rejoiced, and, going in a body, stood round  
 him; nor were the Achæans forgetful of valour, but straight-  
 way bore their might against them. Then again Meriones

<sup>1</sup> ἑλίκωπις. A. 389, Γ. 190.<sup>2</sup> ὅπο.

slew a brave man of the Trojans, Laogönuş, the gallant son of Onötor, who was a priest of Idæan Jove, and was 605 honoured by the people like a god. Him he struck below the jaw and ear, and his soul quickly departed from his limbs, and hateful night seized him. And Æneas sent a brazen spear at Meriones, for he hoped to hit him, as he was striding forward under *cover* of his shield. He, how- 610 ever, observing it *coming* against *him*, avoided the brazen spear; for he bent forward, and the long javelin pitched in the earth behind him, and the shaft of the spear quivered above; and there the rapid weapon<sup>1</sup> then spent its force. For the javelin of Æneas, quivering, went into the earth, 615 after it had sprung in vain from his strong hand. Then Æneas was indignant in his mind, and said:

“Meriones, soon my spear would have for ever put thee to rest, dancer<sup>2</sup> as thou art, had I but struck thee.”

To him again the spear-skilled Meriones spake in return: “Æneas, it were hard for thee, gallant although 620 thou art, to extinguish the valour of all who come against thee to repulse thee<sup>3</sup>; for thou art also mortal. And if I, aiming at thee, should strike thy middle with my sharp spear, brave as thou art, and confident in thy prowess<sup>4</sup>, thou wouldst immediately give thy glory to me, and thy 625 soul to Pluto, famed for steeds.”

Thus he spake, but the gallant son of Menœtiuş chid him: “Meriones, why dost thou, brave although thou art, talk thus<sup>5</sup>? O, my friend, the Trojans will not retire from the corpse for opprobrious words, before the earth hold some one of them: for the end of war is in the 630 hands, but *that* of words is in the council; wherefore it does not behove you to multiply words, but to fight.”

So saying, he then led the way, and the godlike man followed along with him. And as the crash of wood-cutters<sup>6</sup> arises in the glens of a mountain, and the sound 635

<sup>1</sup> Ἀρης.

<sup>2</sup> Keeping thee off.

<sup>3</sup> Talk these words.

<sup>2</sup> He had eluded the stroke by his agility.

<sup>4</sup> Thy hands.

<sup>6</sup> Wood-cutting men.



is *heard* from afar; so from them, smitten with swords and double-pointed spears, arose, from the wide-extended plain, the clash of brass, of leather, and of well-prepared bulls' hides. Nor would a man, although well acquainted *with him*, any longer have known the noble Sarpedon, 640 for he was covered all over, from the head to the soles of the feet, with weapons, and gore, and dust. But they still crowded round the corpse, as when flies in the stall hum among the pails full of milk, during the vernal season, when the milk wets the vessels. So they still 645 crowded round the body: nor did Jove ever turn his bright eyes from the brave battle; but always looked upon them, and meditated many things in his mind respecting the death of Patroclus, anxiously deliberating whether now the illustrious Hector, for the sake of godlike Sarpedon, should slay him with the spear in the fierce fight, and strip the armour from his shoulders, or yet awhile he should increase severe labour to more. To him, thus reflecting, it appeared to be better, that the brave comrade of Achilles, the son of Peleus, should drive back the 655 Trojans and Hector, armed in brass, towards the city, and take away life from many. Into Hector, therefore, first of *all* he sent enfeebling Fright, and ascending his car, he turned *himself* to flight, and advised the other Trojans to fly, for he recognised the sacred scales<sup>1</sup> of Jove. Then neither did the brave Lycians remain, but all took to 660 flight, when they beheld their king wounded in the heart, lying among a heap of dead; for many had fallen over him, as long as the son of Saturn stretched<sup>2</sup> *the cord* of fierce strife. But when the *others* (*Achæans*) had stripped the armour from the shoulders of Sarpedon, brazen and 665 glittering, the gallant son of Menœtius gave them to his comrades to carry to the hollow ships: and then the cloud-collecting Jove addressed Apollo:

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the will of Jove. Compare Θ. 69.

<sup>2</sup> Compare A. 336, Ξ. 389.—unless the word here refers to *ταλιντα* (scales), and then the sense will be—suspended the scales.



“Come now, my dear Phœbus, go and cleanse Sarpedon from the black gore, taking him<sup>1</sup> up from among the weapons; and then, bearing him far away, wash him in the streams of a river, and anoint him with ambrosia, 670 and put round *him* imperishable robes; and then give him in charge to the twin-brothers, Sleep and Death, swift guides, to be carried by them—they who will speedily lay him in the rich state of wide Lycia. There his brethren and friends will perform his obsequies with a tomb and a 675 monument, for that is the honour of the dead.”

Thus he spake; nor was Apollo inattentive to his father, but descended from the Idæan mountains to the dire battle. And immediately taking up the noble Sarpedon from the weapons, and bearing him far away, he washed him in the streams of a river, anointed him with 680 ambrosia, and put about *him* imperishable robes; then gave him in charge to the twin-brothers, Sleep and Death, swift guides, to be borne along by them, and they quickly laid him down in the rich state of wide Lycia.

But Patroclus, animating his steeds and Automedon, followed upon the Trojans and Lycians, and (foolish man) 685 made a great mistake; for if he had observed the direction of the son of Peleus, he would have surely escaped the evil destiny of black death. But ever is the counsel of Jove superior to that of men, who puts to flight even the brave man, and takes away victory with ease, even when 690 he himself impels him to fight—it was he who then excited his courage in his breast. Then whom first, and whom last, didst thou slay, O Patroclus, when the gods now summoned thee to death? Adrastus first, and Autonous and Echeclus, and Perimus, the son of Megas, and 695 Epistor, and Melanippus; and afterwards Elasus, and Mulius, and Pylartes. These he slew; and the rest were one and all mindful of flight<sup>2</sup>. Then would the sons of the Achæans have taken high-gated Troy, by the hands

<sup>1</sup> Compare line 678 below. *εκ βελων*—i. e. from the field of battle.

<sup>2</sup> Were mindful of flight, each of them.

of Patroclus, for he raged mightily before *others* with his  
 700 spear; had not Phœbus Apollo stood upon a well-built  
 tower, meditating destruction to him, and assisting the  
 Trojans. Thrice did Patroclus mount<sup>1</sup> upon a buttress of  
 the lofty wall, and thrice did Apollo push him off, striking  
 705 his glittering shield with his immortal hands. But when  
 now, like to a god, he rushed on the fourth time, the far-  
 darting Apollo, fearfully threatening, addressed him:

“Retire, noble Patroclus; it is not fated that the city  
 of the haughty Trojans should be laid waste by thy spear,  
 nor by that of Achilles, who is much mightier than thou.”

710 Thus he spake, and Patroclus retired a great way back,  
 avoiding the wrath of the far-darting Apollo. But Hector  
 was holding his horses at the Scæan gates; for he was in  
 715 doubt whether, driving again into the throng, he should  
 fight, or urge the troops to collect within the wall. To  
 him, revolving these things, Phœbus Apollo stood near,  
 with the semblance of a warrior, active and brave, Asius,  
 who was the maternal uncle of equestrian Hector, the  
 720 full brother of Hecuba, and the son of Dymas, who dwelt  
 in Phrygia, by the streams of the Sangarius—to him  
 Phœbus Apollo assimilating himself, addressed *Hector*:

“Hector, why dost thou shrink from battle? It be-  
 comes not thee. Would that I were as much superior to  
 725 thee as I am inferior; then soon at thy peril shouldst thou  
 recede from the battle. But come, drive thy solid-hoofed  
 horses against Patroclus, that, if possible, thou mayst kill  
 him, and Apollo give thee glory.”

730 So saying, the god again departed to the toil of heroes;  
 and the illustrious Hector commanded the brave Ce-  
 briones, to lash the steeds to the fight. And Apollo,  
 proceeding, entered the throng; and sent destructive con-  
 fusion among the Argives; and bestowed glory upon the  
 Trojans and Hector. But Hector passed by the other  
 Danaans, and slew them not; but directed his solid-hoofed  
 horses against Patroclus. And Patroclus, on the other

<sup>1</sup> i. e. made the attempt.



side, leaped from his car to the ground, holding his spear in his left hand; and with the other snatched up a stone, white and rugged, which his hand covered round<sup>1</sup>, and 735 threw it with all his force<sup>2</sup>. Neither<sup>3</sup> was *he* far distant from the man, nor sent *he* the weapon in vain, for he struck with the sharp stone, upon the forehead, the driver of Hector, Cebriones, an illegitimate son of the renowned Priam, whilst holding the reins of the horses. And the 740 stone crushed both his eyebrows, nor did the bone<sup>4</sup> sustain it, and his eyes fell in the dust upon the ground before his feet; and he, like to a diver, fell from the well-wrought car, and the life quitted his bones. And him with gibes didst thou *thus* address, O equestrian Patroclus:

“Ye gods! what a very active man! how nimbly he 745 dives! truly if he were in the fishy sea, that man, seeking oysters, would get abundance for many, leaping down from his ship, if it<sup>5</sup> were ever so tempestuous—so easily into the plain does he dive from his car. Of course, then, among the Trojans even there are divers<sup>6</sup>.” 750

So saying, he went towards the hero Cebriones, with the fury of a lion, which ravaging the folds, is wounded in the breast, and its own boldness destroys it; so didst thou spring, O Patroclus, glowing, upon Cebriones; and Hector, on the other side, leaped from his horses to 755 the ground. These two contended for Cebriones, like lions, which, both hungry, fight with proud spirits for a slaughtered stag on the summits of a mountain. So for Cebriones, these two skilful warriors, Patroclus, the son 760 of Menœtius, and the illustrious Hector, strove to pierce<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* it filled his hand.

<sup>2</sup> *επεισάμενος*—striving with much effort.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly—neither was the *weapon* far from the man, nor was it thrown in vain, for he struck, &c. The reading is probably not correct—nothing better seems likely to be made of the present.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the frontal bone.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* *πύρρος*.

<sup>6</sup> The meaning may be—doubtless there are *other* divers among the Trojans—*i. e.* the Trojans may all be knocked over in the same way.

<sup>7</sup> To cut.



each other's bodies with direful brass. Hector, when he seized him<sup>1</sup> by the head, did not let go *his hold*; and Patroclus, on the other side, held him by the foot; and now the other Trojans and Danaans joined the stubborn fight.

765 And as the east and south winds strive with one another, in the glens of a mountain, to shake a deep forest—beech, and ash, and rugged<sup>2</sup> cornel, which dash their long-extending branches against each other with a mighty sound, and there is a crash of them breaking; so the  
770 Trojans and Achæans, springing upon one another, slaughtered, and neither were mindful of pernicious flight. Many sharp spears were fixed round Cebriones, and feathered arrows springing from the string; and many huge stones  
775 struck against the shields of those combating round him; but he, mighty, lay at huge length in a heap of dust, forgetful of his skill in the chariot.

As long indeed as the sun was ascending the middle heaven, so long the weapons in great numbers<sup>3</sup> reached both sides, and the people fell. But when the sun had  
780 passed over towards the west<sup>4</sup>, then indeed the Achæans were superior, in spite of fate. They dragged the hero Cebriones from among the weapons, from the throng of Trojans, and stripped the armour from his shoulders. And Patroclus, with ill designs<sup>5</sup>, rushed on the Trojans.  
785 Thrice then he charged, equal to the god Mars, shouting horribly, and thrice slew nine men. But when, like a god, he attacked the fourth time, then indeed, O Patroclus, the term of thy life appeared; for Phœbus, terrible in the fierce battle, opposed thee. He (*Patroclus*) had  
790 not observed him coming through the crowd, for he advanced against him covered with thick darkness, and stood behind and struck him with his flat hand upon the back

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the body of Cebriones.

<sup>2</sup> Having long bark.

<sup>3</sup> *μᾶλα*—much.

<sup>4</sup> To the unyoking of the oxen—*i. e.* the close of the day.

<sup>5</sup> Thinking evils—with a sort of malice *prepenſe*.

and broad shoulders<sup>1</sup>, and his eyes swam round<sup>2</sup>. From his head Phœbus Apollo dashed the casque, and the beavered helmet rattled, rolling under the horses' feet, and the crest was defiled with blood and dust; never before had that happened to the helmet, crested with horse-hair, to be defiled in the dust! For it had protected the head and the beautiful brow of the godlike man, Achilles; and Jove then gave it to Hector to wear upon his head, and his destruction was at hand. The whole of the long-shaded spear, heavy, large, and bound *with brass*, was broken in his<sup>3</sup> hands; and the shield, which reached to his heels, with its belt, fell upon the ground; and king Apollo, the son of Jove, unbuckled<sup>4</sup> his corselet. And a stupor seized his brain, and his fair limbs were loosened under him, and he stood panic-struck. And a Dardan hero, Euphorbus, the son of Panthus, who surpassed those of his age in *the use of the spear*, in horsemanship, and in swift feet, smote him, close to him, with his sharp spear, upon the back, between the shoulders. For even then he hurled twenty men from their horses, when he first came<sup>5</sup> in his car, and learnt *the art* of war. He first sent a spear at thee, O equestrian Patroclus, but subdued thee not; and he ran back again and mixed with the crowd, after plucking the ashen spear from the body; nor awaited Patroclus, though now unarmed, in battle. And Patroclus, subdued by the blow of the god, and by the spear, retired back upon the column of his comrades, avoiding death. And Hector, when he perceived the brave Patroclus retiring back, wounded with a sharp spear, went through the ranks close up to him, and smote him with his javelin in the lower part of the flank, and drove the brass quite through; and falling, he gave a sound, and greatly afflicted the people of the Achæans. And as when a lion attacks a mighty boar in fight, and they, high spirited, contend

<sup>1</sup> That part of the back which is between the shoulders.

<sup>2</sup> Were whirled round to him.

<sup>4</sup> Loosened—unfastened.

<sup>3</sup> Those of Patroclus.

<sup>5</sup> First coming, &c.



upon the summits of a mountain, for a little fountain—for both desire to drink—and the lion subdues by force *the boar*, panting much; so Hector, the son of Priam, close, with his spear, deprived of life the gallant son of Menæceus, who had slain many<sup>1</sup>; and, boasting over him, uttered these winged words:

830 "Patroclus, without doubt thou didst expect to lay waste our city, and to carry off, in thy ships, the Trojan women, depriving them of their freedom<sup>2</sup>, to thy loved native land. Fool! for in defence of them, Hector's fleet steeds hasten with their feet to war, and I myself, who defend them from slavery<sup>3</sup>, am conspicuous among the war-loving Trojans with the spear. But thee the vultures shall here devour. Unhappy man! Achilles, brave as he is, aids thee not—he who perchance, remaining behind, enjoined thee much on thy going—*saying*, 'Return not to me, O equestrian Patroclus, to the hollow ships, before  
840 thou hast cleft the bloody corselet upon the breast of man-slaying Hector.' Thus, perhaps, he addressed thee, and persuaded thy foolish spirit<sup>4</sup>."

And to him, O noble Patroclus, didst thou, panting, say: "Now indeed, Hector, boast aloud, for Jove, the son  
845 of Saturn, and Apollo, who subdued me easily, have given thee the victory; for it was they who stript the armour from my shoulders. For if even twenty such *as thou* had opposed me, they would have all perished here, subdued by my spear. But destructive fate, and the son of Latona, have slain me<sup>5</sup>, and of men, Euphorbus; and thou,  
850 the third, dost spoil me now I am slain. Yet I will tell thee something else, and do thou cast it in thy mind. Not long, of a truth, shalt thou live<sup>6</sup> thyself, but death and violent fate already stand near thee, subdued by the hands of Achilles, the noble descendant of Æacus."

<sup>1</sup> Killing many.

<sup>2</sup> Their free day.

<sup>3</sup> The servile day.

<sup>4</sup> Mind to the foolish.

<sup>5</sup> Destructive fate has slain me, and the son of Latona has slain me.

<sup>6</sup> Walk.



Him then, having thus spoken, the end of death covered. 855  
And his spirit departed to Hades, flying from his limbs,  
lamenting its fate, and quitting manhood and youth. Him,  
although dead, the illustrious Hector addressed:

“Why now, Patroclus, dost thou prophesy severe destruction to me? For who knows whether Achilles, the 860  
son of the fair-haired Thetis, may not first lose his life,  
struck by my spear?”

Thus having spoken, he plucked the brazen weapon  
from the wound, pressing him with his heel; and thrust  
him prostrate<sup>1</sup> from the spear. Then immediately, with  
his lance, he went against Automedon, the godlike servant 865  
of the swift-footed descendant of Æacus: for he was eager  
to smite him. But the fleet immortal horses, which the  
gods gave to Peleus, splendid gifts, bore him quite away.

<sup>1</sup> May go before to lose his life. <sup>2</sup> Supine—on his back.

END OF ILIAD XVI.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XVII.

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ARGUMENT.

A severe struggle for the body of Patroclus. Hector arms himself in Achilles' armour. Antilochus is dispatched to inform Achilles of the death of Patroclus, and Menelaus and Meriones bear away the body, whilst the Ajaxes cover their retreat.

NOR was Patroclus, subdued in battle by the Trojans, unobserved by the son of Atreus, the warlike Menelaus; and he advanced through the foremost combatants, armed in shining brass. And round him then he stalked, like any  
5 dam round its young, having brought forth for the first time, moaning, not being before acquainted with parturition: so stalked the yellow-haired Menelaus round Patroclus. And before him he held his spear and shield every where equal, eager to slay the man, whoever should come against him. Nor was the son of Panthus, of the good ashen  
10 spear, unobservant of the illustrious Patroclus fallen; but stood near him, and addressed the warlike Menelaus:

“Menelaus, son of Atreus, noble-born, leader of the people, retire, and quit the body, and give up the bloody spoils; for none of the Trojans or their famous allies before  
15 me<sup>1</sup> smote Patroclus with the spear in the fierce battle.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. I was the first.

Wherefore suffer me to bear away the glorious fame among the Trojans, lest I strike thee, and take away thy sweet life."

But to him the yellow-haired Menelaus, very indignant, said: "Oh! father Jove, it is not well to boast too proudly. Neither the spirit of a panther *aims at* so much, nor of a lion, nor of a destructive wild boar, whose mighty soul within his breast rages greatly in its strength, as do the spear-skilled sons of Panthus<sup>1</sup>. Yet the gallant, horse-taming Hyperenor enjoyed not his youth<sup>2</sup>, what time he insulted and awaited me; and said that I was the most contemptible warrior among the Danaans; nor, I think, did he, returning upon his feet, give pleasure to his beloved wife and venerable parents. So assuredly I will loosen thy strength too, if thou standest against me. But I advise thee to retire, and go into the throng—nor stand against me—before thou sufferest some evil. What is done even a fool knows<sup>3</sup>."

Thus he spake, but persuaded him not; for, answering, he addressed him: "Now, at last, O noble-born Menelaus, shalt thou surely pay the penalty for my brother, whom thou didst slay; and now, boasting, dost talk of it; and didst widow his beloved spouse in the recess of her recent bridal chamber, and inflicted intolerable grief and sorrow upon his parents. What an alleviation of grief to them, miserable, should I be, if bearing back thy head and armour, I throw them into the hands of Panthus and the noble Phrontis. But no longer shall the toil be untried, nor uncontested, of victory or of flight."

So saying, he smote him upon the shield, on all sides equal, but pierced not the brass, for his point was bent in the strong shield: and Menelaus, the son of Atreus, next

<sup>1</sup> Nor does the force of the panther (sub. *φρονει*) think so much, &c.—as the sons of Panthus (*φρονεουσι*) think.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* he died prematurely—in early manhood.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* experience teaches fools. He might take warning from the fate of his brother.



attacked with his spear, after praying to father Jove. And  
 he struck upon the lower part of his gullet as he stepped  
 back<sup>1</sup>, and forced it onwards, trusting to his strong hand;  
 50 and the point went quite through his soft neck. And, fall-  
 ing, he gave a sound, and his armour rang upon him. His  
 locks, resembling the Graces, were wet with blood, and his  
 curls, which were bound up with gold and silver. And  
 55 as a man cherishes a blooming plant of olive, beautiful,  
 flourishing, in a solitary spot, where water streams forth in  
 abundance, and the breathings of all winds wave it, and it  
 blossoms with a white flower; but a wind, suddenly coming  
 with a mighty blast, upturns it from the furrow, and  
 stretches it upon the earth: such *was* the son of Panthus,  
 60 the spear-skilled Euphorbus, *whom* Menelaus, the son of  
 Atreus, when he had slain him, plundered of his armour.  
 And as when a lion, mountain-bred, confident in his  
 strength, carries off from a grazing herd the cow which is  
 65 best; and first he breaks its neck, seizing it in his strong  
 teeth, and then, tearing it in pieces, laps up the blood and  
 all the entrails; and dogs and shepherds around him, shout  
 aloud at a distance, but will not go against him, for pale  
 fear holds them fast<sup>2</sup>; so the spirit in the bosom of none  
 of them dared to advance against the glorious Menelaus.  
 70 Then would the son of Atreus have borne off with ease the  
 distinguished armour of the son of Panthus, had not Phce-  
 bus Apollo envied him—he who, in the semblance of  
 the hero Mentès, leader of the Ciconians, immediately  
 urged against him Hector, equal to fleet Mars; and, ad-  
 dressing him, uttered *these* winged words:  
 75 “Hector, now thou thus runnest, pursuing<sup>3</sup> to no purpose  
 the steeds of the warlike Æacides. And they are difficult  
 to be managed by mortal men, or to be driven by another  
 besides Achilles, whom an immortal mother bore. Mean-  
 while Menelaus, the son of the warlike Atreus, protecting

<sup>1</sup> The gullet of him, stepping back.

<sup>2</sup> Seizes them greatly.

<sup>3</sup> *αἰχνη*—adverbially—pursuing without any chance of overtaking.”

Patroclus, has slain the bravest of the Trojans, Euphorbus, 80 the son of Panthus, and put a stop to his vigorous exertions."

So saying, the god again went back amid the toil of men; and heavy grief oppressed Hector in his clouded mind. And then he gazed along the ranks, and at once observed the one bearing away the distinguished spoils, 85 and the other lying upon the ground; and the blood welled through the inflicted wound. And he advanced through the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass, like to the inextinguishable flame of Vulcan, shouting aloud. Nor thus shouting aloud did he escape the son of Atreus<sup>1</sup>; and then, inwardly groaning, thus he spake 90 to his own brave spirit:

"Ah me! if I leave *these* rich spoils and Patroclus, who lies here for my honour<sup>2</sup>, *I fear* lest some one of the Danaans who sees it will blame me; but if, being alone, I fight through a sense of honour with Hector and the Trojans, *I fear* also 95 lest many surround me *thus* alone. Hither, however, the helmed Hector is leading all the Trojans. But wherefore does my soul talk of these things within me? Whenever a man desires, in opposition to a god, to fight with a hero whom a god honours, *some* great disaster is quickly rolled upon him; therefore no one of the Danaans will blame me, 100 who sees me retiring from Hector, since he combats with the help of a god<sup>3</sup>. But if I could any where hear the shout of the gallant Ajax, together, again returning, we would be mindful of battle even against a god, that, if possible, we might snatch off the body for the sake of Achilles, the son of Peleus; and it would be the best thing that 105 could be done in our present troubles<sup>4</sup>."

Whilst he deliberated these things in his mind and in his soul, the ranks of the Trojans, in the mean time, came

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* while thus shouting, he was observed by the son of Atreus.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* died in my cause. A. 159.

<sup>3</sup> From a god.

<sup>4</sup> It would be the most bearable of (our) evils.



on; and Hector led the way. And he fell back, and  
 quitted the corpse, looking round, like a long-bearded lion,  
 110 which dogs and men drive from a fold with spears and cla-  
 mour; and his brave heart within his bosom shudders, and,  
 unwilling, he departs from the pen: so the yellow-haired  
 Menelaus retired from Patroclus. Wheeling round, how-  
 115 ever, he stood, when he reached the column of his com-  
 rades, gazing about for the mighty Ajax, the son of Tela-  
 mon; and him he very speedily marked upon the left of  
 the whole battle, encouraging his comrades, and exciting  
 them to the fight: for Phœbus Apollo had cast a heaven-  
 sent terror amongst them. And he went towards him in  
 haste, and immediately standing near, uttered *this* speech:  
 120 “ Ajax, hither, friend, let us hasten *in defence of*  
 dead Patroclus, and *try* if we can bear his naked body  
 to Achilles; for his armour the helmed Hector has  
 gotten.”  
 Thus he spake, and roused the courage of the warlike  
 Ajax; and he advanced through the foremost combatants,  
 and with him the yellow-haired Menelaus. Hector, in-  
 125 deed, after he had stripped off the noble armour, was  
 dragging along Patroclus, that with his sharp sword<sup>1</sup> he  
 might lop the head from the shoulders, and, carrying off  
 the body, give it to the Trojan dogs; but Ajax came near,  
 bearing his shield, like a tower. And Hector, retiring  
 130 back, retreated into the throng of his comrades, and sprang  
 into his car; and he gave the handsome armour to the  
 Trojans to carry to the city, to be a great glory to himself.  
 But Ajax, covering Menetiades around with his broad  
 shield, stood like some lion over<sup>2</sup> her young; against  
 135 which, when leading her whelps, huntsmen rush together in  
 the forest, and he rages in his might, and draws down all  
 his eyebrows, covering his eyes: so Ajax strode round the  
 hero Patroclus. And on the other side stood the son of  
 Atreus, the warlike Menelaus, giving way to the deep grief

<sup>1</sup> Brass.<sup>2</sup> Round, or in defence of.



in his bosom. And Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus, 140 leader of the Lycian warriors, looking sternly at Hector, reviled him in *this* severe speech:

“Hector, best as to form, thou art in truth greatly wanting in valour<sup>1</sup>; surely without reason is thy fame great, skulker as thou art<sup>2</sup>. Consider now, how alone with the people *who are* natives in Ilium, thou canst pre- 145 serve thy state and city, for none of the Lycians will *any longer* go to fight with the Danaans for thy town; since indeed there is no gratitude for combating ever incessantly amid hostile warriors. How indeed, O wretch, wilt thou preserve an inferior man in the crowd, when thou abandonest Sarpedon, at once thy guest and companion, to be a prey and booty to the Argives; who, when alive, was a great advantage to thy city and thyself; and now thou dardest not drive away the dogs from him. Wherefore now, if any of the Lycian warriors will be persuaded by me, 155 we will go home; and terrible destruction will soon come upon Troy. For if now there was in the Trojans that daring, determined valour which enters into heroes, who in defence of their country undertake toil, and combat against their foes, we might immediately drag Patroclus into Ilium. And were he, dead, to come into the vast 160 city of king Priam, and could we drag him from the battle, soon would the Argives restore the beautiful armour of Sarpedon, and we might carry himself into Troy; for slain is the comrade of such a man as is by far the bravest of the Argives at the ships, and whose servants 165 are close-fighting combatants. But thou dardest not stand against the brave Ajax, beholding his eyes amid the battle of the enemy, nor combat in opposition to him; for he is always more valiant than thou.”

And to him, the helmed Hector, looking sternly, said: “Why dost such<sup>3</sup> a man as thou speak, Glaucus, thus 170

<sup>1</sup> μαχης—put for αλκης.

<sup>2</sup> He was retreating at the approach of Ajax and Menelaus.

<sup>3</sup> Being such—i. e. as to prudence.

proudly? Truly, friend, I thought thou wert in understanding above all the others who inhabit fertile Lycia; but now I must find fault with thy understanding altogether, in what thou hast just spoken—who sayst that I  
175 dare not abide the mighty Ajax. Never have I dreaded the battle, nor the tumult of horses; but always superior is the counsel of ægis-bearing Jove, who puts to flight even the brave man, and easily takes from *him* the victory, even when he himself impels him to fight. But come hither, friend, stand by me, and behold my conduct<sup>1</sup>.  
180 Either I shall be an eternal<sup>2</sup> coward, as thou sayst, or I will stop some of the Danaans, though being very eager in valour, from the defence of dead Patroclus."

So saying, he animated the Trojans, loudly exclaiming:  
"Ye Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting Dardans, be  
185 men, my friends, and be mindful of your best energies, whilst I put on the beautiful armour of the illustrious Achilles, which I took as spoil, having slain the mighty Patroclus."

Thus then having spoken, the helmed Hector departed from the glowing battle, and, running, at no great  
190 distance, pursuing with rapid feet, very quickly overtook his comrades, who were bearing towards the city the noble armour of Achilles. Then standing apart from the tearful battle, he changed his armour. His own indeed he gave to the war-loving Trojans to carry towards sacred Ilium;  
195 and he put on the immortal arms of Achilles, the son of Peleus, which the heavenly gods had given to his beloved father; and he, afterwards, growing old, presented them to his own son; but the son grew not old in the armour of his father.

And him then, when the cloud-collecting Jove beheld,  
200 arrayed in the armour of the divine Pelides, shaking his head, he *thus* communed with his own mind:

"Alas! unhappy man, the death, which is now at hand

<sup>1</sup> Work.

<sup>2</sup> A coward all day, or every day.



to thee, is not in thy mind; but thou puttest on the immortal armour of the bravest hero, whom others also tremble at; whose companion thou hast now slain, *a hero* both gentle and brave, and hast insultingly<sup>1</sup> stripped the 205 armour from his head and shoulders. Nevertheless I will at present bestow upon thee a great victory, as a compensation for these things, because Andromache will never receive from thee, returning from battle, the noble armour of the son of Peleus."

The son of Saturn spake, and moreover nodded with his dark brows. And the armour fitted the body of Hector, 210 and Mars, the horrid warrior, entered into him. And his limbs were then filled within with vigour and strength, and he went among the illustrious allies, shouting aloud; and to all of them he appeared, glittering in his armour, like the brave son of Peleus. And going among them, 215 he animated each with his words, Mesthles, and Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus, and Asteropæus, and Deisenor, and Hippothous, and Phorceys, and Chromius, and Ennomus the augur. These exhorting, he addressed in winged words:

"Hear, ye numerous troops of allies dwelling around, 220 for I assembled ye not here, each from your own cities, seeking or desiring a multitude, but that ye might promptly defend for me the wives and young children of the Trojans from the warlike Achæans. Thinking thus', I exhaust 225 my people by gifts to you, and provisions, and satisfy the desire of each of you. Wherefore now let all, turning right against *the enemy*, either perish or be saved; for that is the business of war. And whosoever shall drag Patroclus, although dead, among the horse-taming Trojans, and to 230 whomsoever Ajax shall yield, *to him* I will present one-half of the spoils, and will myself retain the other half; and to him shall be as much glory as to myself."

<sup>1</sup> Not according to propriety.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* with this view—or, for this purpose.



Thus he spake; and lifting their spears, they advanced with impetuosity right against the Danaans; and their souls  
 235 hoped to drag away the corpse from the Telamonian Ajax—foolish men—truly upon it (*the corpse*) he took away the life of many. And Ajax then addressed Menelaus, brave in battle:

“O my friend, O noble-born Menelaus, no longer do I expect that thou and I shall return from battle. Not so  
 240 much do I fear for the dead body of Patroclus, which will soon glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans, as I fear for my own head, lest it suffer aught, and for thine; for Hector, that cloud of war, covers all things round<sup>1</sup>; and to  
 245 us again terrible destruction becomes manifest. But go, summon the bravest of the Danaans, if any one will hear.”

Thus he spake, nor did the gallant Menelaus refuse; and he shouted, crying with a loud voice, among the Danaans:

“O my friends, leaders and chieftains of the Argives, who beside the Atrides, Agamemnon, and Menelaus, drink  
 250 the public *wine*<sup>2</sup>, and give orders, each to his forces, and whom honour and glory attend from Jove<sup>3</sup>. It were, indeed, a hard matter for me to look up each of the leaders, because so great a contest of war is raging. But let each  
 255 himself advance, and let him feel indignation in his mind, that Patroclus should be the sport of Trojan dogs.”

Thus he spake; and the swift Ajax, son of Oileus, quickly heard, and first went to meet<sup>4</sup> him, running through the battle; and after him *came* Idomeneus, and Meriones, the armour-bearer of Idomeneus, equal to Mars,  
 260 the slayer of men. But who in his mind might tell the names of the others as many of the Achæans as afterwards stirred up the fight? And the Trojans in close order first charged, and Hector led them on.

And as when at the mouths of a nobly-flowing river the  
 265 mighty billow roars against the stream, and the extreme

<sup>1</sup> Or—Hector covers—or throws the cloud of war round all.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* at the public cost.

<sup>3</sup> A. 97.

<sup>4</sup> ἀντιος—opposite.

shores around bellow, the sea dashing out *upon the land*—so great arose the clamour of the Trojans. And the Achæans stood round the son of Menœtius, with one mind, protected<sup>1</sup> by their brazen shields; and over their glittering helmets the son of Saturn poured much darkness. For 270 neither before was he hostile to Menœtiades, whilst alive, when he was the attendant of Achilles; and he would not now let him<sup>2</sup> become a prey to the Trojan dogs of his enemies; and therefore he excited his comrades to defend him. But the Trojans first repulsed the brave Achæans; 275 and they, leaving the body, fell back; nor did the brave Trojans slay any of them with their spears, eager as they were, but dragged away the body. But only a little while were the Achæans to be away from him, for Ajax very speedily rallied them—he who, next to the renowned son of Peleus, was superior to the other Danaans in person 280 and in deeds. And he burst right through the foremost combatants, in might resembling a wild boar, which in the mountains easily scatters the dogs and vigorous youths, turning *to the attack*, through the glens; so the son of the noble Telamon, the illustrious Ajax, charging, easily routed the phalanxes of the Trojans who surrounded<sup>3</sup> 285 Patroclus, and were in full expectation<sup>4</sup> to drag him towards their city, and to bear away renown. Him, in the mean time, Hippothous, the distinguished son of the Pelasgian Lethus, was dragging by the foot through the brave battle, having bound him with a thong at the ancle 290 round the sinews, gratifying Hector and the Trojans. But evil soon came upon him, which no one of them though eager warded off from him: for the son of Telamon, rushing through the crowd, smote him hand to hand through the brazen-cheeked helmet. And the helmet, 295 crested with horse-hair, was cleft by the point of the weapon, smitten by the mighty spear, and a powerful hand, and the bloody brain spouted from the wound,

<sup>1</sup> Hedged—forming a line.<sup>2</sup> Hated.<sup>3</sup> Who went round.<sup>4</sup> Most (or fully) thought.



beside the cone<sup>1</sup>; and then his strength was loosened.  
 And from his hands he dropped the foot of the brave Pa-  
 300 troclus to lie upon the earth, and himself near it (*the foot*)  
 fell prone upon the corse, far from fertile Larissa: nor to  
 his beloved parents did he make return for his support,  
 for short was the life of him subdued by the spear of the  
 brave Ajax. And Hector again hurled his shining spear at  
 305 Ajax; but he, seeing it coming, avoided, by a small space,  
 the brazen javelin; and Hector *smote* Schedius, the son  
 of brave Iphitus, by far the bravest of the Phocceans, who  
 inhabited mansions in the renowned Panopeus, governing  
 many men. Him he struck in the middle of the clavicle,  
 310 and the brazen point of the weapon went quite through  
 at the extremity of the shoulder; and falling, he gave a  
 sound, and his arms rang over him. And Ajax, again,  
 struck upon the middle of the belly the warlike Phoreys,  
 the son of Phænops, *when* defending Hippothous. And  
 he burst the cavity of his corselet, and the weapon drank  
 315 his entrails through it; and falling amid the dust, he  
 grasped the earth with his palm. And back fell the fore-  
 most combatants and the illustrious Hector; and the Ar-  
 gives loudly shouted, and dragged away the bodies, both  
 Phoreys and Hippothous, and stripped the armour from  
 their shoulders.  
 320 Then again would the Trojans, *routed* by the warlike  
 Achæans, have gone into Ilium, subdued through their  
 cowardice; and the Argives, by their own valour and  
 night, would have obtained glory even in spite of the  
 destiny of Jove; but Apollo himself—like in person  
 to Periphas the herald, son of Epytis, who in his mind  
 325 knowing kind counsels<sup>2</sup>, had grown old, as a herald, with  
 his aged father—stirred up Æneas. In the likeness of  
 him, Apollo, the son of Jove, addressed him:

“Æneas, O that ye would defend the lofty Ilium, even

<sup>1</sup> The part of the helmet in which the crest was inserted—unless *αυλον* be taken metaphorically, and by *παρ' αυλον* be meant the *stream* of blood, as from a pipe.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. out of filial regard.



against a god, as I have before seen other men do, trusting in their bravery, their might, and manhood, and their number, even with far inferior troops! And to us, much more than to the Danaans, Jove wills the victory; but it is ye yourselves who are quite panic-struck, and will not fight."

Thus he spake; and Æneas, seeing him before him, recognised the far-darting Apollo; and loudly shouting, addressed Hector:

"O Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, this now is indeed a disgrace to be driven<sup>1</sup> into Ilium by the warlike Achæans, subdued by our own cowardice; for again one of the gods standing near me declares, that Jove the high counsellor is our assistant in the battle. Wherefore let us go right against the Danaans, nor let them, undisturbed<sup>2</sup>, remove the dead Patroclus to the ships."

Thus he spake, and then springing forth, stood far in front of the foremost combatants. And they rallied<sup>3</sup>, and confronted the Danaans. Then, again, Æneas wounded with his spear Leocritus, the son of Arisbas, the gallant comrade of Lycomedes. And him thus falling, the warlike Lycomedes pitied, and advancing very near, he stood, and darted with his shining spear, and smote Apisaon, the son of Hippasis, a shepherd of the people, upon the liver, below the chest, and immediately loosened his limbs beneath him. He had come from the fertile Pæonia, and, next to Asteropæus, was the bravest in battle<sup>4</sup>. And him thus falling, the warlike Asteropæus pitied, and forward he sprang, prompt to combat with the Danaans. Yet was he no longer able, for those standing around Patroclus were hedged round in every direction with shields, and held their spears before them; for Ajax went eagerly among all, animating them greatly. He gave orders that neither any should fall back from the body, nor any of the Achæans fight in front before the rest, but

<sup>1</sup> To go into—i. e., made to go into.

<sup>2</sup> Quiet.

<sup>3</sup> Were turned.

<sup>4</sup> Was the bravest to fight.

vigorously to protect<sup>1</sup> it, and to combat hand to hand.  
 360 Thus the mighty Ajax gave command; and the ground  
 was drenched with purple blood, for one upon another  
 365 fell the bodies of the Trojans and courageous allies, and  
 of the Danaans: for neither did they fight bloodlessly,  
 although far fewer perished, because they were always  
 mindful throughout the throng to repel severe toil from  
 one another.

Thus indeed they fought like a fire, nor wouldst thou  
 365 have said that there was either sun<sup>2</sup> or moon, for in the  
 combat they were wrapt in darkness, as many of the  
 bravest as stood round the dead Menœtiades. But the  
 370 other Trojans and well-armed Achæans fought free be-  
 neath a clear atmosphere; and the sharp splendour of the  
 sun was extended over them, and there appeared not a  
 cloud over all the earth or the mountains. Ceasing occa-  
 sionally, they fought, shunning each others' grievous  
 375 weapons, and standing far apart; whilst those in the  
 centre suffered distresses from darkness and from war, and  
 were afflicted with the fierce sword, as many as were the  
 bravest. But two warriors, glorious men, Thrasymedes  
 and Antilochus, had not yet heard of the renowned Pa-  
 380 troclus dying; but supposed that, still alive, he was fight-  
 ing with the Trojans in the foremost throng. For they,  
 providing against the slaughter and rout of their comrades,  
 fought apart<sup>3</sup>, since Nestor had so commanded, urging  
 others on to battle from the black ships. But to the rest  
 385 all day the mighty contest of severe battle arose; and ever  
 ceaselessly the knees, and the legs, and the feet of each  
 under him, and the hands and the eyes of those combating  
 round the brave comrade of the swift-footed Æacides, were  
 defiled with fatigue and sweat. And as when a man gives  
 390 the skin of a huge ox, soaked with oil, to his people to  
 stretch<sup>4</sup>; and they, receiving, stretch it, standing asunder

<sup>1</sup> But to go much about him.

<sup>2</sup> Sun was safe.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* from those who were fighting round Patroclus.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* instead of pegging it on the ground.



in a circle, and immediately the moisture comes out, and the oil enters<sup>1</sup>, many pulling it, till it is all thoroughly stretched; so they, on both sides, dragged the body here and there, within a small space; for the mind of the Trojans, on the one hand, eagerly desired to drag him towards Ilium, and of the Achæans, on the other, towards the hollow barks. And round him a wild tumult arose; neither would Mars, the exciter of troops, nor Minerva, beholding it, have found fault, even although anger had particularly seized her; such destructive toil of men and horses Jove extended on that day over Patroclus. Nor as yet did the noble Achilles at all know that Patroclus was dead; for, far from the swift ships, they fought under the wall of the Trojans. Wherefore never did he suppose in his mind that he was dead; but that, after approaching the gates, he would return back alive, since he did not at all expect that without him, nor with him, he would destroy the city; for he had frequently learned this from his mother, hearing it in secret, who used to tell him the design of mighty Jove. Then however did his mother not tell to him so great an evil as had happened, that the comrade, by far most dear to him, had perished.

And ever round the body, holding their sharp spears, they charged incessantly, and slaughtered one another, and thus some of the brazen-mailed Achæans said:

“O, friends, surely it will not be honourable for us to retreat to the hollow ships; rather let the black earth here yawn for all. That would be at once better for us, than to leave him to the Trojans, tamers of steeds, to drag to their city, and to obtain glory.”

And thus also some of the brave Trojans said:

“O friends, even if it be our fate for all to be subdued together, beside this man, never let any one retire from the battle.” So then some said, and roused the valour of their comrades.

Thus they fought; and an iron crash reached through

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* into the pores.



425 the unfruitful air to the brazen heaven. And the horses of Æacides being apart from the combat, wept, when first they perceived that their charioteer had fallen in the dust, beneath Hector the slayer of heroes. Automedon indeed, the brave son of Dioreas, urged them much, flogging them with the sharp lash, and often addressed them in soothing terms, and often with threats; but they chose neither to go back towards the ships and the wide Hellespont, nor to battle among the Achæans; but, as a pillar remains immoveable, which stands 435 at the tomb of a dead man or woman, so remained they keeping the splendid car without motion, and bending their heads to the earth. And hot tears flowed from their eyes to the earth, as they complained for the loss of their charioteer<sup>1</sup>; and the thick mane of both was defiled, flowing down on both sides from the collar at the yoke. And the son of Saturn beholding them lamenting, felt compassion, and shaking his head, spoke thus to himself<sup>2</sup>:

“Ah! wretched pair; why did we give you to Peleus, a mortal king, and ye are exempt from old age and death”? 445 Was it that ye might endure sorrows with unhappy men? For nothing is there more subject to calamity than man, of all things, as many as breathe and move upon the earth. Nevertheless, Hector, the son of Priam, shall not be carried by you, and in your curiously-wrought car, for I will 450 not allow it. Is it not enough that he both possesses the armour, and boasts in this way? But I will cast vigour into your knees and souls, that ye may carry Automedon safely from the battle to the hollow ships; for I shall still give glory to them (*the Trojans*) to slay, until they reach 455 the well-benched ships, and the sun set, and sacred darkness comes on.”

So saying, he breathed strong vigour into the steeds: and they, shaking the dust from their manes to the ground,

<sup>1</sup> The tears flowed warmly from their eyes to the earth, to them complaining, from desire of their charioteer.

<sup>2</sup> To his own mind.

<sup>3</sup> But ye are free from age, and immortal.

quickly bore the rapid car among the Trojans and Achæans. And against them (*Trojans*) fought Automedon, grieved for his comrade, rushing along with the horses, like an eagle 460 among geese. For easily did he both escape from the tumult of the Trojans, and easily, *when* pursuing, did he charge through the mighty throng. Yet he slew not men when he rushed in pursuit<sup>1</sup>; for it was not possible for him being alone in the sacred car, to attack with his spear, 465 and to controul the fleet horses. But at last, a comrade, the hero Alcimedon, the son of Laërceus, the son of Æmon, beheld him with his eyes; and he stood behind the car, and addressed Automedon:

“Which of the gods, O Automedon, has put *this* foolish scheme in thy bosom, and taken from thee thy 470 good senses? How canst thou thus alone fight in the foremost throng with the Trojans? For thy comrade is slain; and Hector himself, with the armour of Achilles upon his shoulders, is exulting.”

And to him, in reply, Automedon, the son of Dioreas, said: “Alcimedon, what other of the Achæans is equal 475 to thee to controul the spirit<sup>2</sup> of immortal horses, save Patroclus, whilst alive, in skill equal to the gods? And now, on the contrary, death and fate possess him. But do thou take the lash and beautiful reins, and I will dis- 480 mount from the horses to fight<sup>3</sup>.”

Thus he spake, and Alcimedon, ascending the chariot, rapid in war, forthwith took in his hands the lash and reins, and Automedon sprang down: and the illustrious Hector marked, and immediately addressed Æneas, who was near<sup>4</sup>.

“Æneas, counsellor of the brazen-mailed Trojans, I 485 have observed these steeds of Achilles proceeding through the battle with unskilful charioteers. Therefore I hope to capture them, if thou wilt *help me*<sup>5</sup>; for they will not

<sup>1</sup> To pursue.

<sup>2</sup> To have the controul and spirit—or strength, &c.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. on foot.

<sup>4</sup> Being near.

<sup>5</sup> Wouldst with thy mind.



490 dare, standing against us, to engage in combat, with us both rushing upon them."

Thus he spake; nor did the brave son of Anchises disobey. Both straight advanced, having their shoulders covered with bulls' hides, dry, thick; and upon them much brass was plated<sup>1</sup>. And along with them went both 495 Chromius and the godlike Aretus; and their minds greatly hoped to slay the warriors, and to drive away the lofty-necked horses. Fools; for they were then not without blood to return from Automedon; for he, praying to Father Jove, was filling his dark<sup>2</sup> mind with courage and 500 strength, and immediately addressed Alcimedon, his faithful comrade:

"Keep not now, O Alcimedon, the steeds far from me, but breathing closely at my back; for I suspect that Hector, the son of Priam, will not desist from his might, before 505 having slain both of us, he mount the beautiful horses of Achilles, and put to rout the ranks of Argive heroes; or himself be slain among the foremost."

So saying, he called upon the Ajaxes and Menelaus: "Ye Ajaxes, leaders of the Argives, and Menelaus, com- 510 mit the dead body to those who are bravest, to defend it on all sides<sup>3</sup>, and to repulse the ranks of men; but ward ye off the cruel day from us two who are alive. For hither press through the tearful battle Hector and Æneas, who are the mightiest of the Trojans. But, however, these 515 matters rest upon the knees<sup>4</sup> of the gods; and therefore I also will dart, and all these things will be the care of Jove<sup>5</sup>."

He said; and, brandishing, hurled his long spear, and struck upon the shield of Aretus, every where equal, 520 which repelled not the spear, but the brass pierced it

<sup>1</sup> And much brass was drawn over—*i. e.* many a plate of brass was laid upon them.

<sup>2</sup> Dark all round.

<sup>3</sup> To walk round it in defence.

<sup>4</sup> The image must have been in a sitting posture—the knees were touched by the suppliant—or offerings were laid upon them.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* I will throw, and let Jove determine as he will.



quite, and passed through the belt into the bottom of his belly. And as when a vigorous man, holding a sharp axe, cuts through the whole tendon, striking behind the horns of a wild bull, and, springing forward, it falls; so he, springing forward, fell flat; and the sharp-cutting spear, quivering in his entrails, relaxed his limbs. Then Hector hurled his shining spear at Automedon, but he, observing it coming, avoided the brazen weapon; for he stooped forward. And the long spear was fixed in the ground behind him; and the butt of the spear shook; and there the strong spear then spent its force. And now would they have charged hand to hand with their swords, had not the fierce<sup>1</sup> Ajaxes separated them, who came through the throng, at the call of their comrade. Back again retired Hector, and Æneas, and the godlike Chromius, very fearful of these, and left Aretus lying there with his heart cleft asunder<sup>2</sup>: and Automedon, equal to swift Mars, stript him of his armour, and, boasting, uttered this speech:

“Surely now I have in a small degree freed my heart from sorrow for the dead son of Menœtius, although I have killed<sup>3</sup> but an inferior person.”

So saying, and seizing the bloody spoils, he laid them in the car, and mounted himself, with his feet, and hands above stained with blood, like some lion which has devoured a bull<sup>4</sup>. And again over Patroclus was stretched a direful battle, severe, lamentable; and Minerva animated the fight, descending from heaven; for the far-sounding Jove sent her forth to stir up the Danaans, for now his mind was turned this way. Like the purple rainbow which Jove stretches from heaven over mortals, to be a sign either of war, or even of a chilling storm; which causes men to cease from their works upon the earth, and distresses the cattle; so she, shrouding herself in a purple

<sup>1</sup> The Ajaxes eager.

<sup>2</sup> Cleft as to his heart.

<sup>3</sup> Killing an inferior.

<sup>4</sup> Bloody as to his feet and hands above, like some lion, having quite eaten a bull.

cloud, entered the army of the Achæans, and animated every man. But first she addressed the son of Atreus, the gallant Menelaus, exciting him, for he perchance was  
 555 near her, assimilating *herself* in her form and unwearied voice to Phoenix :

“ Shame and disgrace now will surely be thine<sup>1</sup>, O Menelaus, if the swift dogs tear the faithful comrade of the illustrious Achilles beneath the wall of the Trojans; therefore hold on bravely, and urge on all the people.”

560 And her, in return, the gallant Menelaus addressed :  
 “ Phoenix, father, sage of other days<sup>2</sup>, O that Minerva would give me strength, and would stem the force of the weapons. Then indeed would I myself be willing to stand near, and to defend Patroclus ; for greatly has he, dying,  
 565 distressed my mind. But Hector has the dreadful force of a flame, nor ceases from slaughtering with his spear; for Jove bestows upon him glory.”

Thus he spake ; and the blue-eyed goddess Minerva rejoiced, because to her first, of all the gods, he had offered a petition. And in his shoulders and knees she put  
 570 strength, and placed in his bosom the perseverance of a fly, which although often driven away from a human body, persists in biting, and the blood of man is sweet to it<sup>3</sup>. With such confidence she filled his dark bosom<sup>4</sup> ; and he advanced towards Patroclus, and threw his glittering spear.  
 575 And there was among the Trojans one Podes, the son of Eëtion, rich and brave ; and Hector particularly honoured him among his people, for he was his beloved companion at the board. Him then the yellow-haired Menelaus smote upon the belt when hastening to flight, and drove the  
 580 weapon quite through. And he, falling, gave a sound, and Menelaus, the son of Atreus, dragged away the body from among the Trojans to the column of his comrades.

And Apollo animated Hector, standing near *him* in the

<sup>1</sup> Be to thee.

<sup>2</sup> Old man born long ago.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* he is attracted by its sweetness.

<sup>4</sup> She filled him as to his bosom, dark around.



likeness of Phœnops, the son of Asius, who, inhabiting mansions at Abydos, was dearest to him of all his foreign friends. To him having assimilated himself, the far-darting 585 Apollo addressed him :

“ What other of the Achæans will any more fear thee, O Hector? How is it that thou now tremblest before Menelaus, who formerly was but an effeminate warrior, but now departs alone, bearing off a dead body from among the Trojans, and has slain, among the foremost combatants, Podes, the son of Eëtion, thy comrade, faithful and 590 brave.”

Thus he spake; and a dark cloud of grief enveloped *Hector*, and he went among the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass. And then the son of Saturn seized his fringed, splendid ægis, and wrapt *Ida* in clouds; and darting his lightning, he thundered very loudly, and 595 shook it; and *he* gave victory to the Trojans, and routed the Achæans.

Peneleus, the Boëtian, first began the flight; for he was wounded slightly on the top of the shoulder with a spear, ever turning towards the front; and the spear of 600 Polydamas grazed the bone, for coming near, he had smitten him. Next Hector wounded Leïtus, the son of the brave Alectryon, in the hand near the wrist, and made him cease from combat. And fearful he fled, gazing around, for he no longer hoped in his mind to fight with the Trojans, holding a spear in his hand. But Idomeneus 605 struck Hector upon the corselet, at the breast, near the pap, while pursuing after Leïtus. And the long spear snapped at the juncture of the point *and shaft*<sup>1</sup>; and the Trojans shouted; and Hector cast at Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion, standing in *his* chariot. From him he erred a little; but he struck Cœranus, the comrade and driver 610 of Meriones, who had followed him from the well-inhabited Lyctus. For at first, leaving the ships impelled on both sides by oars, he (*Idomeneus*) had come on foot, and would

<sup>1</sup> The place where the wood and steel are joined.



have given great glory to the Trojans, had not Coeranus  
 615 speedily driven up his fleet horses. And he arrived as a  
 means of safety to him, and repelled the cruel day; but  
 he himself lost his life by the hand of the man-slaying  
 Hector. Him he (*Hector*) smote under the cheek and  
 ear, and the extremity of the javelin dashed out his teeth,  
 and cut through the middle of his tongue. And he fell  
 620 from the chariot, and the reins dropt upon the ground:  
 and Meriones, bending down, took them in his hands  
 from the plain, and addressed Idomeneus:

“Now drive<sup>1</sup> till thou comest to the swift ships: for  
 even thou thyself perceivest that victory is no longer with  
 the Achæans’.”

Thus he spake, and Idomeneus lashed the fair steeds  
 625 towards the hollow ships, for fear had now fallen upon his  
 mind. Nor did Jove escape<sup>2</sup> the brave Ajax and Mene-  
 laus, when now he sent Victory<sup>3</sup> an auxiliary to the Tro-  
 jans; and the mighty Telamonian Ajax began speaking in  
 these words:

“Alas! even *he* who is quite a fool may now know, that  
 630 father Jove himself helps the Trojans. For the weapons  
 of all of them hit their mark, whoever hurls them, good  
 or bad; and Jove, without doubt, guides them all aright;  
 but all ours fall quite ineffectual to the earth. Come then,  
 635 let us ourselves deliberate upon the best plan, both how  
 we may drag away the body, and ourselves may return  
 and gladden<sup>4</sup> our beloved comrades, who perhaps are sad-  
 dened, looking hither, nor longer expect that we can with-  
 stand the might and invincible hands of Hector, the slayer  
 640 of men, but must fall back among the black ships. Would  
 that there were some comrade who would carry a mes-  
 sage with all speed to the son of Peleus; for I do not think  
 he has yet learned the sad intelligence, that his dear com-  
 rade has perished. But no longer can I behold such a man  
 among the Achæans, for they and *their* steeds are alike

<sup>1</sup> Now drive with the lash.

<sup>2</sup> Nor did Jove elude the observation of.

<sup>3</sup> Gave—Victory is personified.

<sup>4</sup> We returning may be a joy to, &c.

enveloped in darkness. O father Jove, free thou the sons 645  
of the Achæans from darkness, and make a clear atmosphere, and grant us to see with our eyes; and in light even destroy us, since thus it is thy pleasure."

Thus he spake; and the father felt compassion for him weeping, and immediately *he* dissipated the darkness and removed the cloud. And the sun shone forth, and the 650  
whole battle was displayed; and then Ajax addressed the gallant Menelaus:

"Look around now, noble-born Menelaus, if any where thou canst behold, yet alive, Antilochus, the son of brave Nestor. And urge him to go quick, and tell to the warlike Achilles, that the companion, by far most dear to him, has 655  
perished."

Thus he spake; nor did the gallant Menelaus refuse. And he hastened to go, like some lion from a fold, which—when he grows weary, attacking dogs and men, who, watching all night, suffer him not to carry off the fat oxen<sup>1</sup>, and he, eager for food<sup>2</sup>, pushes on, but he profits not 660  
aught; for many javelins fly against him from daring hands, and blazing torches, which, eager as he is, he dreads—in the morning departs away with a sorrowing mind. So, most unwilling, from Patroclus went the brave 665  
Menelaus; for he greatly feared lest the Achæans, through afflicting terror, should leave him a prey to the enemy. Much, therefore, he exhorted Meriones and the Ajaxes:

"Ye Ajaxes, leaders of the Argives, and Meriones, now let every one be mindful of the kindness of the unhappy Patroclus. For when alive, he understood how to 670  
be gentle to all; now, on the contrary, death and fate possess him."

Thus then having spoken, the yellow-haired Menelaus departed, gazing round in all directions, like an eagle, which they say sees the sharpest of towering birds, and which, though being aloft, the swift-footed hare eludes 675

<sup>1</sup> The fatness of the oxen.

<sup>2</sup> Flesh.



not, when sitting below the leafy copse; but he pounces upon it, and quickly seizing it, deprives it of life. So, 680 O Jove supported Menelaus, were thy shining eyes turned round in all directions through the army of thy numerous comrades, searching if any where thou couldst behold the son of Nestor yet alive. And him very speedily he marked upon the left of all the battle, animating his companions, and urging them to fight; and standing near, the yellow-haired Menelaus addressed *him*:

685 “Come hither<sup>1</sup>, O Antilochus, noble-born *hero*, that thou mayst learn the sad intelligence which ought not to have been. I suppose that even thou thyself, beholding *it*, art now aware that a god rolls disaster upon the Danaans, and that victory is the Trojans’; for Patroclus, 690 the bravest of the Achæans, is slain, and great sorrow has befallen the Danaans. But do thou tell it quickly to Achilles, running to the ships of the Achæans, *and see* if he will bear the naked body, with all haste, to his ship; for as to the armour, the helmed Hector possesses it.”

Thus he spake; and Antilochus shuddered with horror, 695 hearing the intelligence. And long did a want of words possess him; and his eyes were filled with tears, and his liquid voice was checked. Yet not even thus did he disregard the command of Menelaus; but hastened to run, and gave his armour to Laodocus, his good comrade, who 700 managed, near at hand, the solid-hoofed horses. Him, weeping, his feet bore from the combat, to report the evil tidings to Achilles, the son of Peleus.

Nor, O noble-born Menelaus, was thy mind willing to assist the harassed comrades from whom Antilochus had departed, and great want of him was occasioned to the 705 Pylians; but he (*Menelaus*) committed them to the charge of the noble Thrasymedes, and went again himself towards the hero Patroclus; and running, he stood beside the Ajaxes, and immediately addressed them:

“Him, indeed, I have now dispatched to the swift

<sup>1</sup> εἰ δ', &c.—if you please, come, &c.



ships, to go to Achilles, fleet of foot; yet I do not think that he will now come, greatly enraged though he be 710 with the noble Hector, for without his armour<sup>1</sup> he cannot fight with the Trojans. Let even us then ourselves deliberate upon the best plan, both as to how we shall preserve the body, and how ourselves escape death and fate from the shouting of the Trojans."

And him answered then the mighty Telamonian Ajax: 715 "Thou hast said all things, O renowned Menelaus, with propriety. But do thou and Meriones, stooping under it with all haste, raising the dead body, bear it from the fight; and we both of the same name, possessing equal courage, who hitherto sustain the sharp conflict, remaining 720 by each other, will combat in your rear with the Trojans and the noble Hector."

Thus he spake; and they lifted up the immense<sup>2</sup> body in their arms aloft from the ground; and the Trojan army shouted in their rear when they beheld the Achæans raising the corpse, and rushed on like dogs, which spring 725 upon a wounded boar in front of the youthful huntsmen. For sometime they run, eager to tear him, but again when he turns upon them, trusting in his might, they fall back, and fearfully fly one one way and one another: so the Trojans sometime pursued in a body, striking with 730 their swords and double-pointed spears; but when again the Ajaxes, wheeling around upon them, stood, then was their colour changed, and no one dared, charging forward, to combat for the corpse.

Thus they with alacrity bore the body from the fight 375 towards the hollow ships; and after them spread the wild battle, like a flame, which, suddenly kindled, sets fire to a city of men, rushing upon it, and the houses diminish in the mighty blaze; and the force of the wind roars through it: so upon them, when departing, followed a horrid 740

<sup>1</sup> Being naked.

<sup>2</sup> *μᾶλα μεγάλῳ*—the latter word must be supposed to refer to the size of the hero.

tumult of steeds and warlike heroes. And as mules, exerting their vast strength<sup>1</sup>, drag from a mountain along a rugged path either a beam or a large piece of mast-timber for ship-building, and the spirit within them, as  
 745 they toil<sup>2</sup>, is worn out at once with labour and sweat: so they with alacrity<sup>3</sup> bore away the corse, and the Ajaxes behind them kept in check *the enemy*, as a mound of wood, stretched right across a plain, restrains water—which checks even the furious courses of rapid rivers, and im-  
 750 mediately turning them, directs the streams of all into the plain, nor can they at all burst through it, though flowing with violence. So the Ajaxes in the rear always repulsed the battle of the Trojans; but they followed along with them, and amongst them two in particular, Æneas, the  
 755 son of Anchises, and the illustrious Hector. And as a cloud of starlings or jackdaws, screaming from fright, fly away, when they see a hawk approaching, which brings death to small birds—so then from Æneas and Hector departed the sons of the Achæans, fearfully shouting, and were neglectful of the fight.  
 760 And much beautiful armour of the flying Danaans fell in and round the ditch; but there was not a cessation of battle.

<sup>1</sup> Possibly—invested with vast strength.<sup>2</sup> To them toiling.<sup>3</sup> Eager.

## END OF ILIAD XVII.

THE

## ILIAD OF HOMER.

### BOOK XVIII.

#### ARGUMENT.

Thetis comforts her son, and promises to procure new armour for him from Vulcan. By command of Juno, Achilles shows himself to the Trojans, who are panic-struck, and fly at his appearance. Vulcan forges the armour for Achilles.

THUS they were fighting like to a blazing fire; but Antilochus, the swift-footed messenger, came to Achilles. And him he found in front of his high-prowed ships, revolving within his mind those things which had already happened; and then groaning he communed with his own 5 noble mind:

“Ah me! why again are the long-haired Achæans driven back in confusion to the ships, flying along the plain? *I fear*, lest the gods are now accomplishing evil sorrows for my soul<sup>1</sup>, as my mother once informed me and told me, that the bravest *man* of the Myrmidons, whilst I 10 was still alive, would leave the light of the sun, by the hands of the Trojans. Too surely now the brave unhappy son of Menœtius is dead: though I commanded him, after repulsing the hostile fire, to come back to the ships, and not to fight bravely with Hector.”

Whilst he was revolving these things in his mind and in 15

<sup>1</sup> Or—may the gods not be accomplishing, &c.



his soul, the son of the illustrious Nestor drew near, shedding hot tears, and delivered his sad message :

“ Alas ! son of the warlike Peleus, thou wilt indeed hear very distressing intelligence, which ought not to have been.  
20 Patroclus lies *dead* ; and round his naked body they are now fighting, but that armour *of thine* the helmed Hector possesses.”

Thus he spake ; and a black cloud of grief enveloped him (*Achilles*), and seizing the burnt ashes with both hands, he sprinkled them on his head, and defiled his handsome countenance ; and the dark ashes stuck every where on his rich  
25 tunic. And he, mighty, lay stretched at his vast length among the ashes, and disordered his hair, plucking<sup>1</sup> it out with his hands. And the hand-maids whom Achilles and Patroclus had taken among the spoils, grieved in their  
30 soul, screamed aloud, and ran out of the door round the warlike Achilles ; and all beat their breasts with their hands, and the limbs of each were relaxed under them<sup>2</sup>. And Antilochus, on the other side, lamented, shedding tears, and holding the hands of Achilles—and he<sup>3</sup> groaned within his generous heart—for he was afraid he would  
35 cut his throat with his sword. And dreadfully did he howl, and his divine mother heard him, while sitting in the depths of the sea beside her aged father, and then she shrieked ; and all the goddesses assembled about her, as many Nereïdes as were at the bottom of the sea. There were there, Glauca, and Thaleia, and Cymodoce,  
40 and Nesæa, and Speio, and Thoa, and the large-eyed Halia, and Cymothoë, and Actæa, and Limnoreia, and Melita, and Iæra, and Amphithoë, and Agave, and Doto, and Proto, and Pherusa, and Dynamene, and Dexamene,  
45 and Amphinome, and Callianeira, Doris, and Panope, and the distinguished Galateia, and Nemertes, and Apsendes, and Callianassa. There were there also, Clymene, and Ianeira, and Ianassa, Mæra, and Oreithyia, and the

<sup>1</sup> Dividing—μεγας μεγαλωσι. See P. 723.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. they fainted.

<sup>3</sup> ὁ δὲ—i. e. Achilles.

fair-haired Amatheia, and other Nereïdes who were at the bottom of the sea. And with them was the splendid cave 50 filled, and all at once they beat their breasts; but Thetis began the lamentation:

“Hear, sister Nereïdes, that by hearing ye may all well know what sorrows are in my mind. Ah me, miserable! ah me! who in an evil hour brought forth the bravest of *men*, and after I had given birth to a son 55 illustrious and gallant, the chief of heroes, and he grew up like a young tree—him, after nursing like a plant in a fertile spot of a field, I sent forth in ships of curved beaks to Ilium, to fight against the Trojans; but him, returning home to the mansion of Peleus, shall I not 60 again receive. And whilst he lives and beholds the light of the sun, he grieves<sup>1</sup>, nor can I, by going, assist him. Yet I will go, that I may see my beloved son, and learn what grief has come upon him, *even* while abstaining from the battle.”

Thus having spoken, she left the cave; and they all went 65 with her, weeping, and the water of the sea was cleft<sup>2</sup> around them. And they, when now they came to the fertile Troy, ascended the shore one after the other, where the numerous ships of the Myrmidons were dragged up round the swift Achilles. And beside him, deeply groaning, stood his divine 70 mother, and, shrilly shrieking, caught the head of her son<sup>3</sup>; and, mourning, addressed *to him these* winged words:

“Why weepest thou, my son, and what sorrow has come upon thy mind? Speak, hide it not: those things 75 have been done for thee from Jove, as thou didst before pray, lifting up thy hands—that all the sons of the Achæans, when deprived of thee, might be driven to the barks, and suffer indignities.”

And her the swift-footed Achilles addressed, deeply groan-

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* he does, or will do so till his death—meaning, either from the day of Agamemnon's insult, or generally on account of his short-lived fate.

<sup>2</sup> Broke—*i. e.* opened itself—made way.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* embraced him—put her arm round his neck.



ing: "My mother, the Olympian has indeed done those  
 80 things for me; but what pleasure is there from them to me,  
 when Patroclus, my dear comrade, is dead? Him whom  
 I honoured above all my companions, equally with my own  
 life<sup>1</sup>—him have I lost; and Hector, having slain him, has  
 stript off his armour, mighty, a wonder to be seen, beau-  
 tiful—that which the gods gave to Peleus, as distinguished  
 85 gifts, on that day when they laid thee in the bed of a  
 mortal man. Would that thou hadst dwelt there among  
 the immortal inhabitants of the sea, and that Peleus had  
 wedded a mortal spouse. But now *the effect will be*, that  
 to thee also must there be boundless grief in thy mind  
 for thy son slain, whom thou wilt not again receive,  
 90 returning home. For neither does my mind urge me to  
 live, nor have intercourse with men<sup>2</sup>, unless Hector first  
 lose his life, smitten by my spear, and pay the penalty<sup>3</sup>  
 for the slaughter of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius."

And him Thetis in turn addressed, shedding tears:  
 95 "Short-lived, indeed, O my son, wilt thou be, as thou sayest,  
 for immediately after Hector, thy own fate awaits thee<sup>4</sup>."

And, sighing heavily, the swift-footed Achilles again ad-  
 dressed her: "At once would I die, since I could not suc-  
 cour my companion, now slain. He has perished very far  
 100 from his native land, and had need of me to protect him  
 from evil<sup>5</sup>. And now *would I die*, since I must not re-  
 turn to my dear native land, and have been of no service  
 to Patroclus, nor to the rest of my comrades, who have  
 been subdued in great numbers by the noble Hector; but  
 105 sit beside the ships an useless burden of the earth, though  
 such a man in war as is not any one of the brazen-mailed  
 Achæans; though in council there are others superior.  
 Would that contention would perish from among gods

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* I am indifferent to life—or, life is intolerable, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *ελωπα*—*i. e.* by being a prey for birds and beasts.

<sup>4</sup> Thou wilt be soon to die, O my son, such things thou sayst, for fate is ready for thee afterwards, immediately after Hector.

<sup>5</sup> From Mars—*i. e.* violent death.



and men; and anger, which impels even the prudent to rage: and which, far sweeter than dropping honey, in the 110 breast of men rises, like smoke; so now did the king of men, Agamemnon, enrage me. But grieved although we be, we will dismiss the past<sup>1</sup>, subduing from necessity the indignation within our bosoms. And now will I go, that I may find Hector, the destroyer of my beloved friend<sup>2</sup>; and my own fate will I then receive, whenever Jove shall 115 please to accomplish it, and the other immortal gods. For not even did the mighty Hercules<sup>3</sup> escape death, who was most dear to king Jove, the son of Saturn; but destiny subdued him, and the unrelenting resentment of Juno. So I also shall lie, when I am dead, if a similar fate be 120 now destined for me; but now will I obtain<sup>4</sup> illustrious glory, and compel<sup>5</sup> some one of the Trojan women and long-robed Dardans frequently to sob, wiping off the tears from her soft cheeks with both hands; and they shall 125 know that I have long ceased from battle<sup>6</sup>. Then hinder me not from the combat, although thou lovest me<sup>7</sup>, for thou shalt not persuade me."

And him answered then Thetis, the silver-footed goddess: "Yes, that indeed is right, my son; nor is it wrong to defend<sup>8</sup> our friends from severe destruction. But thy 130 beautiful armour, brazen, splendid, is with the Trojans. With it on his shoulders, the helmed Hector himself exults; but I say that he will not long exult, for slaughter is near him. But enter thou not yet into the strife of Mars before thou beholdest me with thine eyes coming 135 hither. For I will return in the morning, with the rising sun, bringing beautiful armour from king Vulcan."

Thus having spoken, she turned back from her son, and,

<sup>1</sup> See II. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Of my dear head.

<sup>3</sup> Might of, &c.

<sup>4</sup> ἀποιμην with κε understood.

<sup>5</sup> I will send upon them—will inflict on them sorrow—ἀδινον σπονα-  
χισθαί.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. that I am come again to battle—or, by implication, that though I have been long absent, I am come again.

<sup>7</sup> Although loving me.

<sup>8</sup> Or avenge.

- wheeling round, addressed her marine sisters: "Enter ye  
 140 now into the broad bosom of the sea, and, visiting the  
 aged sea-god and the mansions of *our* father, tell him all;  
 and I will go to high Olympus to Vulcan, the skilful arti-  
 ficer, that he may give my son noble, splendid armour."
- 145 Thus she spake, and they entered forthwith beneath the  
 wave of the sea. And Thetis, the silver-footed goddess,  
 again departed to Olympus, that she might bring dis-  
 tinguished armour to her beloved son.
- 150 Her then her feet bore towards Olympus: but the  
 Achæans, flying with a loud shout from the man-slaying  
 Hector, reached the ships and the Hellespont. Nor could  
 the Achæans, well-armed, drag the dead Patroclus, the at-  
 tendant of Achilles, away from the weapons<sup>1</sup>; for now again  
 overtook it<sup>2</sup> both men and horses<sup>3</sup>, and Hector, the son of  
 155 Priam, resembling the force of a flame. Three times did  
 the illustrious Hector seize him behind by the feet, eager  
 to drag him away, and loudly shouted to the Trojans; and  
 thrice did the two Ajaxes, endowed with impetuous valour,  
 drive him back from the corpse; but he unflinchingly<sup>4</sup>  
 trusting to his might<sup>5</sup>, sometimes rushed into the crowd,  
 160 and sometimes again stopped, loudly shouting; yet never  
 retired back altogether. And as watchful shepherds are by  
 no means able to drive away from a carcase a fierce lion,  
 very hungry; so were the two warlike Ajaxes unable  
 entirely to repulse Hector, the son of Priam, from the  
 165 body. And now would he have dragged it off, and ob-  
 tained immense glory, had not the wind-footed, swift Iris,  
 come as a messenger, running from Olympus, to the son  
 of Peleus, to excite him to arms, unknown to Jove and the  
 other gods—for Juno had despatched her—and, standing  
 near, she spake these winged words:
- 170 "Up, son of Peleus, most admirable of all men; defend Pa-  
 troclus, for whom<sup>6</sup> the dire contest stands before the ships.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the *melée* of weapons.<sup>2</sup> The dead body.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the troops and their chiefs—horse and foot.<sup>4</sup> *εμπιθον*.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* exerting his vigour.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* for whose dead body.



And they are slaughtering each other, these fighting in defence of the slaughtered dead body, and those (Trojans) rush on, to drag it away towards the lofty Ilium; and above all, the illustrious Hector desires to seize him, for his mind 175 prompts him to fix his head upon poles, after cutting it from the tender neck. Up, therefore, and lie no longer; but let horror touch thy soul, that Patroclus should be the sport of Trojan dogs. *It will be* a disgrace to thee if the 180 body should come to be at all defiled."

And her answered then the noble Achilles, swift of foot: "Which of the gods, O goddess Iris, sent thee a messenger to me?"

And to him, in return, the wind-footed, fleet Iris said: "Juno sent me forth, the glorious spouse of Jove, nor does the son of Saturn, seated on high, know it, nor any 185 other of the immortals who dwell round the snow-topped Olympus."

And to her the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said: "And how can I go to the battle? for they possess my armour. And my beloved mother permits me not to arm, before with my eyes I behold her coming, for she 190 promises to bring me beautiful armour from Vulcan. Nor indeed do I know<sup>1</sup> whose rich armour else I could put on, save the shield of Ajax, the son of Telamon. But he himself still, I hope, mingles with the foremost, dealing 195 death with his spear round the dead Patroclus."

And to him again the wind-footed, swift Iris, said: "Well do we too know that thy noble armour is taken: yet even thus<sup>2</sup>, going towards the ditch, show thyself to the Trojans, that the Trojans, panic-struck, may desist from battle, and the warlike, harassed sons of the Achæans 200 may breathe again; and that there may be a respite of battle."

Thus then having spoken, the swift-footed Iris departed. And Achilles, beloved of Jove, arose; and Minerva cast

<sup>1</sup> I know not the armour of another.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. in the state you are in—without any armour.



round his strong shoulders her fringed ægis. And *she*,  
205 the noblest of goddesses, crowned his head with a golden  
cloud<sup>1</sup>, and from it she caused a shining flame to blaze  
forth. And as when smoke, ascending from a town, reaches  
the æther, from an island afar off, which foes invest—all  
day, from their city<sup>2</sup>, they (the citizens) contend in horrid  
210 fight; and with the setting sun many torches blaze, and the  
splendour rushes up aloft for *their* neighbours to behold,  
that, if possible, they, as repellers of the war, may come with  
ships—so the light from the head of Achilles reached the  
215 sky. Advancing towards the ditch, he stood a little way  
from the wall, but mixed not with the Achæans, for he  
respected the prudent advice of his mother. There stand-  
ing, he shouted; and Pallas Minerva, apart, vociferated;  
and she excited mighty tumult among the Trojans. And  
220 as when there is a very loud sound, when a trumpet  
brays, whilst deadly foes are investing a city; so loud then  
was the voice of the son of Æacus. And when they heard  
the brazen voice of Achilles, the souls of all were shaken;  
and the beautiful steeds turned the chariots backwards, for  
225 they presaged disasters in their souls. And the charioteers  
were panic-struck, when they beheld the dreadful invincible  
fire over the head of the brave Pelides blazing; and that  
the blue-eyed goddess Minerva had lighted up. Thrice  
over the ditch loudly shouted the noble Achilles, and  
thrice were the Trojans and illustrious allies thrown into  
230 confusion. And there also then perished twelve bravest  
heroes among their own cars and spears; but the Achæans,  
dragging Patroclus with alacrity from among the weapons,  
laid him upon a litter; and his beloved comrades stood  
round him mourning, and with them followed the swift-  
235 footed Achilles, shedding hot tears, when he beheld his  
faithful comrade upon a litter, hacked with the sharp  
brass—him whom he had sent forth with horses and cars  
to battle, nor received him again, returning.

<sup>1</sup> Round his head the divine of goddesses encircled a golden cloud.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* from the walls of the town.

And the large-eyed, imperial Juno sent the unwearied sun against his will to return to the streams of Oceanus. 240 The sun set, and the noble Achæans desisted from fierce contest and destructive battle. And the Trojans, again, on the other side, retiring from furious combat, loosed the fleet horses from their cars. And they assembled in council before they thought of their repast. And 245 it was a meeting of *people* standing erect, nor did any one venture to sit; for terror possessed all, because Achilles had made his appearance, and he had long abstained from direful combat. And among them the prudent Polydamas, the son of Panthus, began to harangue, for he alone looked 250 to the future and the past<sup>1</sup>. And he was Hector's companion, and they were born in one night; and the one excelled in council, and the other far in arms. He prudently<sup>2</sup> harangued them, and said:

“My friends, consider well on every side; I indeed advise to return now to the city—not wait the sacred 255 morn in the plain beside the ships; for we are far from the wall<sup>3</sup>. As long as that man retained his anger against the noble Agamemnon, so long were the Achæans more easy to fight with. For I too was delighted, passing the night by the swift barks<sup>4</sup>, hoping to take the ships, impelled by oars on both sides; but now greatly do I fear the swift-footed Pelides. So vehement a spirit is his, he will not choose to remain in the plain, where the Trojans and Achæans in the middle, divide<sup>5</sup> the force of war; but he will combat for the city and our wives. But 265 we will go to the city—be persuaded by me—for so it must be<sup>6</sup>. Ambrosial night at present withholds the swift-footed Pelides; but if, rushing forth to-morrow with his armour, he shall find us here, then well will some one 270 know him; for with joy will he who escapes reach the

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* he was the most prudent man among them.

<sup>2</sup> Thinking well—*i. e.* as a person of experience, and capable of giving sound advice.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* of the town.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* at the thought of doing so.

<sup>5</sup> As if on equal terms.

<sup>6</sup> It will be.



sacred Ilium; and the dogs and vultures shall devour many of the Trojans. O that such tidings may not reach my ears<sup>1</sup>. But if we be persuaded by my words, sad<sup>2</sup> though we be, we shall hold our force in council<sup>3</sup> during the night, 275 and the towers and lofty gates, and doors fitted in them, well-polished, well-fastened, will protect the city. And in the morning early we will stand on the towers, arrayed in armour; and it *will be* a difficult thing for him, if he wish it, coming from the ships, to fight with us round the 280 wall. Back again will he go to the ships, when he has exhausted his high-necked steeds with a varied course, driving under the city walls. But his mind will never venture to rush in, nor will he ever lay it waste—the fleet dogs shall first devour him.”

And to him then the helmed Hector, looking sternly, 285 said: “Thou no longer, Polydamas, sayst what is agreeable to me, who advisest us to go again and be cooped up in the city. Have ye not yet had enough of being shut up within the towers? Formerly all articulate-speaking men pronounced the city of Priam *to be* rich in gold and 290 in brass; but now the rich treasures of our houses have perished, and much wealth for purchases has already departed to Phrygia and the delightful Mœonia<sup>4</sup>, because mighty Jove has been enraged. But now, when the son of the wily Saturn has granted me to obtain glory at the 295 ships, and to shut up the Achæans by the sea, no longer, foolish man, disclose these counsels to the people: for none of the Trojans will obey: nor will I permit it<sup>5</sup>. But come let us all obey as I shall advise. Take now your suppers in your ranks throughout the army; and be mindful of a guard, and keep watch each *of you*; and he of the

<sup>1</sup> Would that thus it be away from my ear.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* at the necessity.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* keep collected in the *αγορη*—in the square, or public place of assembly—not disperse to their several homes.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* they could not cultivate their own grounds—occupied, or exposed as they were to the Achæans; and were forced to send to the eastern districts for corn, &c.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* you to do it.



Trojans who is extremely solicitous about his wealth<sup>1</sup>, 300 gathering it together, let him give it to the people to be publicly consumed—it is better that some of them should enjoy it than the Achæans. But in the morning early, arrayed in armour, we will stir up the fierce battle at the hollow ships; and if in reality the noble Achilles 305 rises at the ships, it will be the worse for him, if he chooses to fight. I shall not fly him *by going* from the dire-sounding battle, but will confront boldly with him, whether he bear away great glory, or I bear it away. Mars is common<sup>2</sup>, and slays the slayer."

Thus Hector counselled; and the Trojans shouted— 310 foolishly, for Pallas Minerva had taken *their* senses from them. For they assented to Hector, counselling destructive measures; but no one *agreed* with Polydamas, who offered sound advice. Then took they supper throughout the army. But the Achæans, weeping all night, poured 315 their lamentations over Patroclus, and among them Pelides led the ceaseless lamentation, placing his manslaying hands upon the breast of his companion, *and* sighing very frequently; like a well-bearded lion, from which an huntsman<sup>3</sup> has stolen away the cubs from out of a thick forest; and 320 he is saddened, coming afterwards; and many valleys goes he over, tracing the footsteps of the man, that he may find him; for very keen rage seizes him. So, deeply groaning, Achilles addressed the Myrmidons:

"Alas! vain indeed were the words I uttered on that day, encouraging the hero Menœtius in our halls<sup>4</sup>—for I 325 said that I would bring back his illustrious son to Opoeis, after he had wasted Troy and obtained a portion of the spoil. But Jove fulfils not to men all their intentions: for it is fated that we should both stain with blood the same earth 330 here in Troy; since neither shall the aged Peleus, the tamer of horses, receive me in his halls returning, nor my

<sup>1</sup> *Ironically*—a stroke at Polydamas.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the fortune of the war is common.

<sup>3</sup> A man, the shooter of deer.

mother Thetis, but here the earth shall hold me. Now, however, O Patroclus, since after thee I am going beneath the earth, I will not perform thy funeral obsequies, before  
 335 I bring hither the arms and head of the brave Hector, thy murderer. And twelve illustrious sons of the Trojans will I, enraged at thy slaughter<sup>1</sup>, behead before thy pile. And in the mean time thou shalt thus lie beside the curved ships: and round thee shall weep, shedding tears night and day,  
 340 Trojan and deep-bosomed Dardan women, whom he and I have ourselves toiled to get with valour, and with the long spear, laying waste opulent cities of articulate-speaking men."

So saying, the noble Achilles gave directions to his comrades, to put a large tripod on the fire, that as soon  
 345 as possible, they might wash away the bloody gore from Patroclus. And they placed a large tripod<sup>2</sup> upon the glowing fire, and poured water into it, and taking sticks, lighted them under it. Then the fire ran round the belly of the tripod, and the water grew hot. And when the water  
 350 boiled in the bright brass, then they washed him, and bathed him with rich oil. And his wounds they filled up with an unguent nine years old<sup>3</sup>; and, laying him upon a bed, they covered him with fine linen from head to foot; and over all, with a white mantle. All night then the  
 355 Myrmidons, lamenting Patroclus, groaned around the swift-footed Achilles. And Jove addressed Juno, his sister and spouse:

"At last then thou hast done it, O large-eyed, imperial Juno, having roused up the swift-footed Achilles. Surely the long-haired Achæans must have sprung from thy very self."

360 And him answered then the large-eyed imperial Juno:  
 "Despotic son of Saturn, what word hast thou spoken? Any mortal surely might have effected this against a man—any one who is only human, and knows not so many

<sup>1</sup> On account of thee slain.

<sup>2</sup> *λειτουργός*—a kettle from which water was poured for washing or bathing.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* which they brought with them fresh from home nine years before.



measures *as we*. How then ought not I, who declare myself to be the chief of goddesses, on two accounts, as well from birth, as also because I am called thy spouse, (and 365 thou rulest over all the immortals,) being angry with the Trojans, to be able to plan mischief against them?"

Thus they such things said to one another. And the silver-footed Thetis came to the mansion of Vulcan, incorruptible, starry, distinguished among the immortals, 370 brazen, one which the lame god himself had formed. And him she found sweating, working at the bellows, very busy; for he was making full twenty tripods, to stand round the wall of his well-founded palace. And under them he placed golden wheels, at the bottom of each, that of 375 their own accord they might enter the heavenly banquet, and again return to his house—a wonder to be seen. So far indeed were they finished<sup>1</sup>, but not yet were added the ornamental handles which he was preparing; and he was cutting the clasps<sup>2</sup>. Whilst with skilful mind he was 380 toiling at these things, Thetis, the silver-footed goddess, came towards him. And the beautiful Charis, with a charming veil, whom the illustrious Vulcan had wedded, going forth, beheld her; and pressed her hand, and addressed her, and spoke to her by name:

"Why, O long-robed Thetis, worthy to be revered 385 and loved, comest thou to our abode? Before thou comest not often<sup>3</sup>. But accompany me onward, that I may set before thee our hospitalities."

Thus having spoken, the most charming of goddesses led forward. Then she placed her upon a silver-studded throne, beautiful, curiously wrought, and there was a 390 stool beneath for her feet. And she called Vulcan, the distinguished artificer, and spake this word:

"Come hither, Vulcan, Thetis has some need of thee."

And to her the illustrious Vulcan replied: "Why then

<sup>1</sup> They had an end.

<sup>2</sup> By which the handles were attached to the tripods—nails, or screws.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* you are not in the habit of coming—or, you are quite a stranger.



395 indeed a goddess great and revered is within—one who saved me when distress came upon me, fallen far, by the contrivance of my graceless mother, who wished to conceal me because I was lame<sup>1</sup>. Then should I have suffered sorrows in my soul, had not Eurynome and Thetis received me in their bosom—Eurynome, the daughter of the ebbing Oceanus.  
 400 With them for nine years did I fabricate<sup>2</sup> many curious things, clasps, and twisted rings, and hair-pins, and necklaces, in the hollow cave; and round us flowed the mighty stream of Oceanus, murmuring with foam: nor did any other  
 405 either of gods or mortal men know it; but Thetis and Eurynome knew, who preserved me. She now comes to our house; wherefore it much behoves me to pay all the rewards for my preservation<sup>3</sup> to the fair-haired Thetis. But set thou now before her our best hospitalities, whilst I lay aside my bellows and all my tools.”  
 410 He said, and, glowing, rose, a huge portent, from his anvil-stock, limping, and his weak legs tottered under him. The bellows then he laid apart from the fire, and all the tools, with which he worked, he collected together into a silver chest. And with a sponge he wiped, all over, his  
 415 face and both his hands, and his strong neck and shaggy breast; and then put on his coat, and seized his thick staff. And he went limping out of the door, and under him golden handmaids<sup>4</sup>, like to living youth, supported the king; in whose bosom there was understanding, and voice,  
 420 and strength, and they were instructed in working by the immortal gods<sup>5</sup>. These assisted the king at his side; and he, hobbling along, sat down upon a shining throne near where Thetis *was*, and clasped her hand, and addressed her, and said:

“Why, long-robed Thetis, respected and beloved, comest thou to our abode? Before thou comest not often. Speak

<sup>1</sup> Compare A. 587.

<sup>2</sup> Work in brass.

<sup>3</sup> Pay salvage-money.

<sup>4</sup> Made of gold.

<sup>5</sup> To whom there was understanding in their bosoms, and in them voice and strength, and they knew works from the immortal gods.

what is in thy mind, for my soul prompts me to effect it, if I can effect it, and if it is to be effected."

And to him Thetis then, shedding tears, replied: "O Vulcan, is there one now of all the goddesses<sup>1</sup> who are in Olympus, who has endured so many bitter griefs in her mind, as to me above all, Jove, the son of Saturn, has given sorrows? Me, from among the other marine deities, did he make subject to a man, to Peleus, the son of Æacus; and I have endured the bed of a man very much against my will. He indeed now lies in his halls, worn out with miserable old age; but *Jove* now gives me other woes. After he had granted me to bear and to nurse a son, distinguished among heroes, and he grew up like a young tree—him after bringing up, as a plant in a fertile spot of the field, I sent forth in curved barks to Ilium, to combat with the Trojans; but him I shall not again receive, returning home to the mansion of Peleus. But as long as he lives for me, and beholds the light of the sun, he suffers sorrow; nor am I, by going to him, able to give any assistance. The maid whom the sons of the Achæans selected as a reward for him—her has king Agamemnon taken back from his hands. Surely, grieving for her, has he been consuming his soul; and the Trojans were blockading the Achæans at the ships, nor suffered them to go beyond the gates: and the sires of the Argives intreated him, and offered<sup>2</sup> many distinguished presents. Then he himself refused to ward off destruction; but clothed Patroclus around with his own armour, and sent him forth to battle, and along with him furnished a large army<sup>3</sup>. And all day they fought round the Scæan gates, and this very day they would have stormed Troy, had not Apollo slain among the foremost combatants the gallant son of Menœtius, while working much mischief, and given glory to Hector. On this account do I now approach thy knees, that thou wouldst give to my short-lived son a shield and

<sup>1</sup> As many goddesses as are.

<sup>2</sup> Named.

<sup>3</sup> Much people.



helmet, and beautiful greaves, joined with clasps, and a  
 460 corselet: for what were his, his faithful comrade has lost,  
 subdued by the Trojans; and he (*Achilles*) lies upon the  
 ground, grieving in his soul."

And her answered then the illustrious Vulcan: "Be  
 comforted, nor let these things be cause of anxiety in thy  
 mind; would that I could as surely protect him from dire-  
 465 sounding death, when severe fate approaches him, as that  
 beautiful arms shall be his—such as any one of many men  
 hereafter shall admire, who beholds *them*."

So saying, he left her there, and went to the bellows.  
 And then he turned towards the fire, and commanded  
 470 them to work. And full twenty bellows blew in the fur-  
 naces, exciting a well-raised blast, of all degrees, to be  
 ready for him, at one time busy, at another not<sup>1</sup>, according  
 as Vulcan chose, and the work could be completed. And  
 he cast into the fire impenetrable brass, and tin, and pre-  
 475 cious gold and silver; and next he placed the mighty anvil  
 on the stock, and in one hand took his strong hammer, and  
 with the other seized the forceps.

And first of all he made a shield, large and solid, deco-  
 480 rating it all over, and threw round it a shining rim, triple,  
 splendid, and from it *he hung* a silver belt. Of the shield  
 itself there were five folds; and upon it he made numerous  
 figures with skilful art.

In it he formed the earth, and in it the sea, and in it  
 the unwearied sun, and the full moon. In it also all the  
 485 constellations with which the heaven is crowned, the  
 Pleiades, and the Hyades, and the strength of Orion, and  
 the Bear, which likewise they call by the appellation of  
 the Wain, which there turns round, and watches Orion;  
 and it alone is deprived of the baths of Oceanus<sup>2</sup>.

490 In it likewise he made two beautiful cities of articulate-  
 speaking men. In the one there were marriages and  
 feasts; and they were leading the brides from their cham-  
 bers through the city, with lighted torches, and many a

<sup>1</sup> αλλοτε δ' αυτε—scil. μη σπενδοντι.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. it never sets.



bridal song arose. And the youthful dancers were wheeling around, and amongst them pipes and lyres uttered their sound; and the women, one and all, standing at the portals, admired *the scene*. And there were numerous people in a court of justice, and there a contest had arisen; and two men disputed about the blood-money for a murdered man—the one affirmed that he had given all, declaring it to the people; and the other denied that he had received aught: and both desired to end *the dispute* before the judge. And the people were shouting in favour of both—friends of each party; and the heralds were keeping the people in check, and the old men sat upon polished stones, in a sacred circle, and held in their hands the sceptres of loud-shouting<sup>1</sup> heralds. Among them then they arose, and gave judgment in turns. And in the midst there lay two talents<sup>2</sup> of gold, to be given to him, who in their presence should most justly plead his cause<sup>3</sup>.—But round the other city sat two armies of people, glittering in armour. And a plan in two ways was agreeable to them, either to destroy it entirely, or to divide into two parts<sup>4</sup> all things—the wealth, as much as the pleasant city contained within. They<sup>5</sup>, however, did not yet obey, but secretly armed themselves for an ambuscade<sup>6</sup>. Their beloved wives and young children kept guard, standing upon the wall, and with them the men whom old age possessed; but themselves marched forth; and Mars and Pallas Minerva led them on, both golden, for they were arrayed in golden robes, beautiful and large, along with their armour, like gods, magnificent from top to toe; but the people were of humbler size. And when now they had arrived where it appeared convenient for them to place an ambuscade, by a river, where was a watering place for all cattle, there

<sup>1</sup> Heralds whose voices fill the air.

<sup>2</sup> The amount of the fine, apparently. The sum in question was, as we say, brought into court.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* convince the judges he asked only justice.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* apparently—the citizens might purchase their safety by a surrender of half their property.

<sup>5</sup> The people of the town.

<sup>6</sup> To intercept the supplies to the besieging corps.

then they sat down, wrapt in shining brass. Next, apart from the troops, sat down two spies, watching when they might descry the flocks and horned herds. And they  
 525 (flocks and herds) soon came on, and with them followed two herdsmen, amusing themselves with their pipes, for they foresaw not the treachery. Then the foragers, seeing them before them, rushed upon them, and quickly plundered on all sides the herds of oxen and beautiful flocks of  
 530 white sheep; and slew the shepherds besides. But the *besiegers*, sitting in the place of assembly<sup>1</sup>, as soon as they heard the mighty tumult among the oxen, mounting their nimble-footed steeds, pursued, and speedily came up with them. Then, standing, they fought a battle by the banks of the river, and smote one another with their brazen spears.  
 535 And amongst them mingled Discord and Tumult, and deadly Fate, holding one yet alive, newly wounded, another unhurt, and by the feet dragged another, slain, through the combat: and had the robe round her shoulders quite emurpled with the blood of men. And they turned about  
 540 like living mortals, and fought, and dragged away each other's slaughtered carcasses.

On the shield also he placed a soft fallow field, rich soil, broad, thrice ploughed; and in it many ploughers, driving on all sides, were turning round their oxen. But when, returning, they came to the boundary of the field, then a  
 545 man approaching them, gave into their hands a cup of sweetest wine; and they turned to their furrows, eager to reach the boundary of the deep fallow field. And it was black behind, and like to ploughed land, though being golden; which was a miracle beyond *others*.

550 On it likewise he placed an enclosure of high corn; and there workmen were reaping, holding sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls fell thick in swathes upon the ground, and others the binders of sheaves fastened together with cords. And three binders of sheaves followed *the*  
 555 *reapers*; and behind them boys gathering the handfuls,

<sup>1</sup> Before the *αα*—*i. e.* at, or before, the altar, &c.



and bearing them in their arms, constantly supplied them; and the master stood among them in silence, holding a staff beside the swathes, delighted in his heart. And apart, under an oak, servants were preparing a feast, and sacrificing a huge ox, were busy about it; and women sprinkled much white flour *upon it*—a meal for the labourers. 560

On it likewise he placed a vineyard, very heavy with grapes, beautiful, golden; and the clusters on the vine were black; and it stood throughout on silver poles. Round it he drew an azure ditch, and about that a rampart of tin; and there was only one path to it, by which 565 the gatherers went, when they collected the vintage. Little maids and youths of tender minds<sup>1</sup> bore the luscious fruit in twisted baskets; and in the midst of them a boy sweetly played upon a shrill lyre; and, with tender voice, beautifully sung to it a rustic song<sup>2</sup>: and the rest, beating *the earth* at the same time, with singing and shouts of joy, followed, skipping with their feet. 570

Upon it he also formed an herd of cows, with horns erect. And the cows were made of gold and of tin, and rushed out with a lowing from the stall to the pasture, beside a stream, brawling beside the waving reeds. And four 575 golden herdsmen went along with the oxen, and nine dogs, swift of foot, followed them. And two terrible lions were seizing the bull, groaning sadly, among the foremost oxen, and he was dragged away, loudly bellowing; and the dogs 580 and youths followed for his rescue. But they, after tearing open the skin of the huge ox, licked up his entrails and black blood; and the shepherds vainly pressed upon them, urging on their fleet dogs. And they (*the dogs*) refused 585 to bite the lions, but, standing very near, barked at them, and shrunk from them.

And upon it the illustrious Vulcan likewise formed a large pasture in a beautiful glen, full of white sheep, and folds, and covered huts and cottages.

<sup>1</sup> Thinking puerile things.

<sup>2</sup> The linen string—of which the ancients formed their harp-strings.



590 The illustrious Vulcan likewise adorned it with a dance,  
 like to that which, in wide Cnossus, Dædalus once com-  
 posed for the fair-haired Ariadne. There danced the  
 youths and lovely <sup>1</sup> virgins, holding each other's hands near  
 595 the wrist. Of these, the *maidens*, wore fine linen robes, and  
 the *youths* were dressed in well-woven coats, far radiant,  
 like oil: and the maids also had beautiful chaplets, and the  
 boys wore golden swords *suspended* from silver belts. And  
 600 sometimes, with skilful feet, they nimbly ran *the circle*, as  
 when some potter, sitting, shall try a wheel fitted in his  
 hands, if it will run; and sometimes again they run back  
 to their ranks through one another. And a great crowd  
 stood round the pleasing dance, delighted; and beside  
 605 them, two tumblers <sup>2</sup>, beginning their song, wheeled around  
 in the midst.

Moreover, he placed in it the vast strength of the river  
 Oceanus, near the outer rim of the well-formed shield.

And when he had completed the shield, huge and solid,  
 610 he next formed for him a corselet, brighter than the splen-  
 dour of fire. And he made for him a strong helmet, fitted  
 to his temples, beautiful and variously wrought, and put  
 upon it a golden crest; and formed greaves for him of duc-  
 tile tin.

And when the renowned Vulcan had with toil made all  
 615 the arms, lifting *them* up, he laid *them* before the mother  
 of Achilles; and she, like a hawk, shot down from the  
 snow-clad Olympus, bearing the glittering armour from  
 Vulcan.

<sup>1</sup> Maidens who, on account of their beauty, received oxen from their  
 lovers—*i. e.* were purchased by them, as wives, from their parents.

<sup>2</sup> Dancers on their heads.

THE  
**ILIAD OF HOMER.**

**BOOK XIX.**

**ARGUMENT.**

Achilles, being reconciled to Agamemnon, and clothed in his new armour,  
leads forth the Myrmidons to battle.

THE saffron-robed Morn was rising from out the streams  
of Oceanus, that she might bring light to immortals and to  
mortals; and Thetis reached the ships, bearing the gifts  
from the god. And her beloved son she found sitting,  
loudly lamenting, beside Patroclus, and round him his  
numerous companions mourned. And among whom, the  
august goddess stood near him, and grasped his hand, and  
addressed him, and said :

“ My son, him suffer we, grieved though we be, to lie,  
since he was first subdued by the counsel of the gods : but  
do thou receive from Vulcan this noble armour, very beau- 10  
tiful, such as no man has yet worn upon his shoulders.”

Thus having spoken, the goddess laid down the arms be-  
fore Achilles; and they all, curiously wrought, clashed  
aloud. Then tremor seized all the Myrmidons, nor did  
any one dare to look directly at them, but averted *their* 15

eyes. But as soon as Achilles beheld them, rage the more came upon him; and his eyes shone terribly from his eyelids, like a flame; and he was filled with joy, holding in his hands the splendid gifts of the god. And when he had gratified his heart, beholding the curiously-wrought *armour*, he immediately addressed his mother in these winged words:

“My mother, a god has indeed given this armour, such as is fit to be the work of immortals, and not for mortal man to make. Now then will I arm myself; yet I very much fear, lest, in the mean time, the flies, entering the gallant son of Menœtius by his spear-inflicted wounds, generate maggots, and defile the corse—for life is destroyed—and all the body<sup>1</sup> grow putrid.”

And him answered then the silver-footed goddess Thetis: “My son, let not these things be a cause of anxiety to thy mind. I will endeavour to drive away from him the fierce swarms, the flies, which devour men slain in battle. For even if he lie for a complete year, his body shall always be sound as now, or even better. But do thou, having summoned the Achæan heroes to an assembly, and renouncing thy rage against Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people, arm thyself very speedily to war, and put on thy might.”

Having thus spoken, she infused into him the most daring courage, and then dropped into Patroclus, through the nostrils, ambrosia and the ruddy nectar, that his body might be uncorrupted.

And the noble Achilles went along the shore of the sea, shouting fearfully, and roused the Achæan heroes. And those who were before in the habit of remaining at the assemblage of the ships, the pilots and those who held the rudders of the vessels, and the pursers, who were at the ships, the dispensers of food—even these then went to the assembly, because Achilles had appeared, after<sup>2</sup> he had long abstained from dire combat. And two servants of Mars, brave Tydides and the noble Ulysses, went limping, leaning upon a spear; for they still had severe

<sup>1</sup> As to the whole body.

<sup>2</sup> δε.



wounds; and, proceeding, they sat down on the first seats. 50  
 And last came the king of men, Agamemnon, having a  
 wound; for him also, in the fierce battle, had Coon, the  
 son of Antenor, wounded with his brazen spear. Then  
 when all the Achæans were collected together, the swift- 55  
 footed Achilles, standing up amongst them, addressed  
 them:

“Son of Atreus, this<sup>1</sup> would doubtless have been better  
 for both, for thee and me, when we two, enraged at heart,  
 were inflamed to soul-devouring contention about a girl<sup>2</sup>.  
 Would that Diana<sup>3</sup> had slain her with an arrow in the  
 ships, on that day, when, plundering, I took Lyrnessus— 60  
 in that case so many Achæans would not have bitten  
 the mighty soil with their teeth under the hands of the  
 enemy, whilst I was nursing my wrath. This had been  
 better for Hector and the Trojans; and the Achæans, I  
 think, will long remember my contention and thine. But 65  
 let us dismiss the past, grieved as we are, subduing from  
 necessity<sup>4</sup> our resentments within our bosoms. And now,  
 I put an end to my anger, nor is it at all fit that I be  
 always obstinately enraged; but come, excite more quickly  
 the long-haired Achæans to battle, in order that I may 70  
 again try the Trojans, going against them—whether they  
 desire to spend the night at the ships; but I think that  
 any of them will very gladly bend his knee, who escapes  
 out of the glowing combat from my spear.”

Thus he spake; and the well-greaved Achæans rejoiced,  
*on account of* the brave son of Peleus renouncing his anger. 75  
 And to them the king of men, Agamemnon, likewise ad-  
 dressed himself, out of the same place, from his seat, and  
 not standing in the midst:

“O friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars, it is good  
 to listen to me, thus rising, nor is it proper to interrupt 80

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* what we are now doing—agreeing rather than conflicting.

<sup>2</sup> Briseis.

<sup>3</sup> To whom the premature deaths of women were ascribed.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the state of circumstances compelling.

me; for it is difficult<sup>1</sup> even for one that is skilled. And in a great uproar of men, how can any one hear or speak? For he is confounded even though ever so good an orator. I indeed shall direct my speech to Pelides; but do ye, the rest of the Argives, attend, and each be well acquainted  
 85 with my words. Often have the Achæans uttered these words<sup>2</sup> against me, and have blamed me; yet I am not to blame, but Jove, and Fate, and Erinnys, roaming amid the shades, who, in the assembly, threw into my mind a fierce desire to quarrel<sup>3</sup>, on that day when I myself took  
 90 away the prize of Achilles. Yet what could I do? It is a god in all things that accomplishes—the destructive Atë, the awful daughter of Jove, who injures all. Light are her feet<sup>4</sup>; for she comes not near the ground, but she walks over the heads of individuals, injuring men, and  
 95 one at least *she* fetters<sup>5</sup>. For once she duped even Jove—him, who, they say, is the most powerful of men and gods; but even him Juno, being a female, deceived by her crafts, on that day, when Alcmene was about to bring forth the mighty Hercules in the well-walled Thebes. He  
 100 in truth, boasting, had said among all the gods:

“Hear me, all ye gods, and all ye goddesses, that I may speak those things which the soul within my bosom urges  
 101 *me*. This day Eileithyia, the assistant in child-bed, shall show to the light a man who shall lord it over all his  
 105 neighbours, of one of those men, who are of the blood of my stock.”

“And him the august Juno addressed, meditating guiles:  
 ‘Thou shalt be false, nor shalt thou execute thy purpose<sup>6</sup>.  
 108 But come, swear now a binding oath to me, O Olympian,  
 110 that he shall lord it over all his neighbours, who shall this

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* to address an assembly.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* censuring him for his conduct to Achilles.

<sup>3</sup> Injury.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* walking without noise—the mind of man is urged on to evil, by some in-dwelling fury.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* if not both—a delicate censure of Achilles.

<sup>6</sup> Put an end, or completion, to thy speech.



day fall between the feet of a woman, one of those men, who are of the blood of thy family.'

"Thus she spake, and Jove perceived not her crafty design, but swore the mighty oath, and then was much befooled<sup>1</sup>. And Juno, springing forth, quitted the brow of Olympus, and came with all haste to the Achæan Argos, 115 where she was acquainted with the generous spouse of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus. And she was pregnant of her beloved son; and the seventh month was at hand. And Juno brought him out to the light, though born before the proper month<sup>2</sup>; and kept back the delivery of Alcmena, and restrained the Eileithyias; and herself coming 120 as the messenger, addressed Jove, the son of Saturn:

"'Father Jove, hurler of the red lightning, I will put a certain matter in thy mind<sup>3</sup>. A brave man is now born, who shall rule the Argives, Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, thy offspring—it is not improper for him to govern the Argives.'

"Thus she spake; but sharp grief smote him in his 125 deep mind: and immediately he seized Atë by her head of shining curls, enraged in his mind, and swore a strong oath, that Atë, who injures all, should never again return to Olympus, and the starry heaven.

"So saying, he cast her from the starry sky, whirling 130 her round in his hand, and she speedily reached the works of men. On her account he always groaned, when he beheld his beloved son employed<sup>4</sup> in some unworthy toil under the labours of Eurystheus<sup>5</sup>.

"Thus I also, when the mighty, helmed Hector was destroying the Argives at the sterns of the ships, was un- 135 able to forget the wrong which I first foolishly committed. But as I acted foolishly, and Jove took away my reason, I am willing again to appease *thee*, and to give infinite gifts.

<sup>1</sup> He was thinking of Hercules, and Juno of Eurystheus.

<sup>2</sup> Defective in months.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* I have something to tell you.

<sup>4</sup> Having some.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* imposed by Eurystheus.



But rise thou to battle, and excite the other troops, and I  
 140 *am ready* to furnish all the presents, as many as the noble  
 Ulysses yesterday, going to thee, promised in thy tents.  
 Yet, if thou wilt, wait thou, though hastening to battle;  
 and my servants, taking the presents from my ship, shall  
 bring them, that *thou* mayst see with what propitiating  
*gifts* I present thee."

145 And to him the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said :  
 " Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon,  
 whether thou wilt furnish gifts, as it is meet, or keep  
 them, remains with thee <sup>1</sup>; but now let us very quickly be  
 mindful of the contest; for it becomes us not to waste  
 150 time in words, remaining here; nor to cause delays, for  
 the great deed is yet to be done. But as each beholds  
 Achilles again among the foremost, destroying the pha-  
 lanxes of the Trojans with his brazen spear, so let also  
 each of you, keeping this in mind, combat with *his* man."

And to him the ever ready <sup>2</sup> Ulysses answering, said:  
 155 " Not thus, brave as thou art, O godlike Achilles, urge the  
 sons of the Achæans towards Ilium, to fight fasting with  
 the Trojans; since not for a short time will be the contest,  
 when once the phalanxes of men mingle, and a god breathe  
 160 valour into both. Command rather that the Achæans be  
 refreshed <sup>3</sup> at the ships with food and wine—for that is  
 strength and vigour. For a man, wanting food, could not  
 fight against *his enemies* all day till sun-set; for although  
 with his spirit he desire to maintain the fight, still his limbs  
 165 insensibly grow languid, and thirst and hunger overtake  
 him, and his knees fail him as he goes <sup>4</sup>. But a man, who is  
 satisfied with wine and food, combats all day with hostile  
 heroes; the heart within his bosom is daring, nor do his  
 170 limbs at all weary before that all retire from battle. But  
 come, send away the troops, and order a repast to be made  
 ready; and let the king of men, Agamemnon, bring the

<sup>1</sup> Is with thee—is thy business.

<sup>3</sup> Be fed.

<sup>2</sup> With many plans.

<sup>4</sup> To him going.

gifts into the midst of the assembly, that all the Achæans may see them with their eyes, and thou receive pleasure in thy heart. Let him, moreover, swear an oath to thee, 175 standing up among the Argives, that he has never ascended her bed, nor had connexion with her, as is the custom, O king, both of men and women; and to thee thyself, likewise, let the soul within thy bosom be appeased. Then let him next entertain thee with a good feast within his tents, that thou mayst not have aught of thy due incom- 180 plete. And thou, Atrides, wilt hereafter be more just towards another—for it is not derogatory for a royal personage to conciliate, when he was the first<sup>1</sup> to do wrong.

And him in return the king of men, Agamemnon, addressed: “I am delighted, O son of Laertes, listening to 185 thy speech, for thou hast gone through and expressed all with propriety. And these things will I swear, and my soul urges me; nor shall I, before God, forswear myself. But let Achilles here remain, meanwhile, though hastening out to battle; and remain all ye the rest of you assembled, 190 until they bring the gifts from my tent, and we take our oath<sup>2</sup>. And to thee thyself, Ulysses, I give this charge, and command thee—selecting the principal youths of all the Achæans, to bring from my ship the gifts, as many as we yesterday promised to give to Achilles, and to lead forth 195 the women. And let Talthybius also prepare for me with speed in the wide army of the Achæans, a boar to sacrifice to Jupiter and the sun.”

And him the swift-footed Achilles, answering, addressed: “Most glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon; at some other period ought ye rather to attend to 200 these matters, when there is some respite from battle, and not so much ardour in my bosom: but at present those lie mangled, whom Hector, the son of Priam, subdued, when Jove gave him the glory. Urge ye the troops, however, to food. I would myself indeed at once advise the sons of the 205

<sup>1</sup> πρωτερος—scil. βασιλεως.

<sup>2</sup> Strike the victims in evidence of our oath.



Achæans, fasting, hungry, to engage; and, with the setting sun, prepare a large supper, after we have revenged our disgrace. And before *that time* neither drink nor food  
 210 shall descend down my throat—for the sake of my slain friend, who lies in my tent, mangled with the sharp brass, turned towards the portal, and his comrades are mourning around *him*. On that account, not to my mind, are these things a care; but slaughter, and blood, and the dire groaning of heroes."

215 And him the wise Ulysses, answering, addressed: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the bravest of the Achæans, thou art stronger than myself, and not a little superior with the spear; but I excel thee much in experience<sup>1</sup>;  
 220 for I was born before thee, and know more: therefore let thy mind acquiesce in *my words*. Soon is there with men a satiety of battle, where<sup>2</sup> the sickle cuts down the greatest crop; and small is the harvest, when Jove, who is the disposer of the battle of heroes, inclines the scales<sup>3</sup>. And  
 225 it cannot be of *any use*, that the Achæans lament the dead with fasting<sup>4</sup>, for very many and in heaps every day they fall—when could one cease from sorrow? But it becomes us rather to bury the *man* who dies, with firm minds, la-  
 230 menting him for a day. But as many of us as survive the hateful combat *ought* to be mindful of drinking and of food, in order that we may ever the more ceaselessly contend with our enemies, having our bodies arrayed<sup>5</sup> in impenetrable brass: nor let any of the troops hang back,  
 235 waiting for another exhortation. For badly will that exhortation be for him, who skulks at the ships of the Argives; but marching forth in a body, we will stir up the keen battle against the horse-taming Trojans."

He said, and chose as his companions the sons of the glorious Nestor, and Meges, the son of Phyleus, and  
 240 Thoas, and Meriones, and Lycomedes, the son of Creion, and Melanippus; and they proceeded to go towards the

<sup>1</sup> *vonpari*.<sup>2</sup> Of which.<sup>3</sup> *Θ. 69.*<sup>4</sup> Belly.<sup>5</sup> Clothed as to our bodies.



tent of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus; and then at once was the speech, and the thing was done<sup>1</sup>. Seven tripods they brought from the tent, which he had promised him, and twenty splendid goblets, and twelve steeds; and then 245 immediately they led forth seven distinguished women, skilful in works, and the eighth was the fair-cheeked Briseïs. And Ulysses, after weighing<sup>2</sup> full ten talents of gold, led the way, and with him the other youths of the Achæans carried the presents, and placed them in the midst of the assembly; and Agamemnon stood up: and Talthybius, 250 like to a god in his voice, stood beside the shepherd of the people, holding a boar with his hands. Then the son of Atreus, drawing with his hands the knife, which always hung by the great scabbard of his sword—beginning with the forelock of the boar—prayed, lifting up his hands to 255 Jove; and all the Argives sat in silence in the same spot, listening with reverence to the king. And, praying, he spake, looking to the wide heaven:

“Now first let Jupiter be witness, the mightiest and best of the gods, next, let the Earth, and the Sun, and the Furies, who under ground chastise men, whoever swears 260 a falsehood—never have I laid my hand upon the maid Briseïs, making use of her for concubinage, or for any other purpose; but immaculate she has remained in my tents. And if I have falsely sworn aught of these things, may the gods inflict on me those very numerous distresses which<sup>3</sup> they inflict *on him*, who sins against them by false 265 swearing.”

He said, and cut the throat of the boar with the ruthless knife; and Talthybius, whirling it round, cast into the mighty water of the hoary sea, *to be food for fishes*. And Achilles, rising, said among the war-loving Argives:

“O father Jove, great calamities givest thou to men; 270 for never could Atrides have excited<sup>4</sup> *so* thoroughly the in-

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the thing was done forthwith—as soon as said.

<sup>2</sup> Placing—*i. e.* in the scale.

<sup>3</sup> As many as.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* of his own will.

dignation in my bosom, nor led away the girl, desperately, against my consent<sup>1</sup>—but Jupiter, for some purpose, 275 willed that death should befall many Achæans. But now go to the repast, that we may begin the battle.”

Thus then he spake, and dismissed hastily the assembly. They then separated, each to his own ship; and the brave Myrmidons attended to the presents, and went, bearing 280 them to the ship of the godlike Achilles. These they laid up in the tents, and seated the women; and his brave attendants drove the horses to the stud. And then Briseïs, like to golden Venus, when she beheld Patroclus mangled with the dire spear, throwing herself about him, shrieked 285 aloud, and with her hands tore her bosom, and her soft neck, and lovely countenance; and the lady resembling goddesses, weeping, exclaimed:

“O Patroclus, most dear to my wretched soul, alive I left thee, departing from the tent, but now, returning 290 back, I find thee dead, O prince of the people. How evil upon evil always awaits me. The hero, to whom my father and venerable mother had given me, I saw mangled with the sharp sword before the city; and three beloved brothers whom the same mother bore with me, all 295 met the fatal day. Nevertheless, thou didst not suffer me, what time the swift Achilles slew my husband, and laid waste the city of the divine Mynes, to weep, but saidst that thou wouldst make me the wedded spouse of the noble Achilles, and take me in the ships to Phthia, and 300 prepare the marriage feast with the Myrmidons. Therefore do I, without measure, lament thee dead, *who wast ever kind to me.*”

Thus she spake, weeping; and the women groaned around her, in appearance for Patroclus, but *in reality* each for her own ills. And around him (*Achilles*) collected the sages of the Achæans, intreating him to eat; but he, groaning, refused:

305 “I intreat you—if any of *my* beloved comrades be

<sup>1</sup> I being unwilling.



obedient to me—bid me not first satiate my heart with food nor drink; for heavy grief invades me; but I will wait till sunset, and endure it altogether *without food*."

So saying, he dismissed the other princes; but the two sons of Atreus remained, and the noble Ulysses, Nestor, 310 and Idomeneus, and Phœnix, the aged equestrian, soothing him, constantly sorrowful; nor could his soul be soothed, before he entered the mouth of bloody war. But, remembering Patroclus, he frequently heaved *sighs*, and said:

"Once, thou too, O unhappy, dearest of my comrades, 315 wouldst thyself have placed before me a joyful feast within my tent with speed and diligence<sup>1</sup>, when the Achæans made haste to bring tearful war upon the horse-taming Trojans. But now thou liest mangled, and my heart is without drink and food, though they are within<sup>2</sup>, through 320 regret for thee; for I could not suffer aught else more distressing, not even if I were to hear of the death of my father<sup>3</sup>, who perchance sheds the tender tear in Phthia for the absence of such a son; and I, in a foreign state, wage war against the Trojans, for the sake of the abhorred 325 Helen: or of him<sup>4</sup>, my beloved son, who is brought up at Scyros, if indeed he still lives, the godlike Neoptolemus. For before the soul within my bosom hoped, that I alone should perish here in Troy, far from the horse-feeding Argos, and that thou wouldst return to Phthia, that thou 330 mightest lead back my boy in thy black ship from Scyros, and show him every thing, my property, and my slaves, and large lofty-roofed abode. For now I suppose that Peleus is either quite dead, or, scarcely living, suffers pain 335 from hated old age, and constantly expecting bad news respecting me—that he shall hear that I am dead."

Thus he spake, weeping; and the sages also groaned, remembering each what he had left in his halls. And 340

<sup>1</sup> Quickly and carefully.

<sup>2</sup> Being within.

<sup>3</sup> Of my father, dead.

<sup>4</sup> τον—understand *αποφθισθαι*, from line 322.



the son of Saturn felt compassion, beholding them mourning, and quickly addressed these winged words to Minerva :

“ My child, thou entirely now desertest thy brave hero.

Is then Achilles no longer at all a care within thy mind ?

345 He himself is sitting before his high-beaked ships, lamenting his beloved comrades ; and the others have now gone to a repast, but he is empty and unfed. Go, therefore, instil into his breast nectar and delightful ambrosia, that hunger come not upon him.”

So saying, he urged Minerva, previously eager. And  
350 she, in the likeness of a broad-winged, shrill-voiced harp<sup>1</sup>, sprang down from heaven through the air. And the Achæans were just arming throughout the camp ; and she instilled into the bosom of Achilles nectar and delightful ambrosia, that disagreeable hunger might not  
355 come upon his limbs. Then she departed to the solid mansion of her all-powerful father, and they poured forth apart from the swift ships. And as when thick snow-showers fly down from Jove, chilling beneath the force of the air-clearing Boreas ; so then from the ships were borne out  
360 thick helmets, brightly glittering, and bossed shields, and strong corselets<sup>2</sup>, and ashen spears. And the flash uprose to heaven, and all the earth around laughed beneath the splendour of the brass ; and under them a trampling was raised from the feet of the men. And in the midst was  
365 armed the noble Achilles, gnashing his teeth<sup>3</sup>, and his eyes sparkled like a flame of fire ; for intolerable grief entered his heart within him, and, furious against the Trojans, he put on the gifts of the god, at which Vulcan had toiled in making them for him. First around his legs  
370 he put the beautiful greaves, connected with silver clasps ; next again he placed the corselet round his breast, and threw round his shoulders the brazen, silver-hilted sword ; and then he seized the shield, huge and solid, the splendour of which went afar, as of the moon. And

<sup>1</sup> A kind of eagle.

<sup>2</sup> Strong in the hollows.

<sup>3</sup> In whose teeth there was, &c.

as when from the sea the flame of a burning fire shines for 375  
 sailors, and it blazes high up among the mountains on a  
 solitary spot; and them, against their will, storms have  
 carried away from their friends over the fishy deep;  
 so from the shield of Achilles, beautiful, curiously 380  
 wrought, a splendour reached the sky. And, lifting his  
 strong helmet, he put it upon his head; and the helmet,  
 crested with horse-hair, glittered like a star; and the  
 golden crests which Vulcan had formed thick round the  
 cone waved about. Then the noble Achilles tried himself  
 in his arms, if they would fit him, and his handsome limbs 385  
 would move with ease within<sup>1</sup>; and they were to him as  
 wings, and lifted up the shepherd of the people. And  
 from its case he drew forth his paternal spear, heavy,  
 mighty, strong—that no other of the Achæans was able  
 to brandish, but Achilles alone knew how to hurl it—a  
 Pelian ash, which Chiron cut for his father from the top 390  
 of Pelion, to be a destruction to heroes. And Automedon  
 and Alcimius, caparisoning their horses, yoked them; and  
 beautiful collars were upon them. And in their jaws they  
 threw the bridles, and extended the reins backwards to-  
 wards the compact car; and Automedon, seizing the shin- 395  
 ing lash *which was* suited to his hand, leaped into the car;  
 and behind him mounted the helmed Achilles, glittering  
 in his armour like the shining sun. And terribly he gave  
 command to the steeds of his father:

“Xanthus, and Balius, illustrious offspring of Podargus, 400  
 resolve now in a different manner to bear back your driver  
 in safety to the host of the Danaans, after we have had  
 enough of battle, nor leave him there dead, like Patroclus.”

And him, from beneath the yoke, Xanthus, his fleet-  
 footed steed, addressed, and instantly hung down his head, 405  
 and his whole mane, falling down from the collar near the  
 yoke, reached to the ground. And Juno, the white-armed  
 goddess, gave him a tongue<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Would run in them.

<sup>2</sup> Made him speaking—i. e. capable of speaking.

“ Now at least<sup>1</sup> we will bear thee safe, O impetuous  
 410 Achilles: but thy fatal day *draws* near thee; nor shall we  
 be to blame, but a mighty god and powerful destiny. For  
 neither by our laziness, nor want of spirit, did the Trojans  
 strip the armour from the shoulders of Patroclus; but the  
 best of the gods, whom the fair-haired Latona bore, slew  
 him among the foremost combatants, and gave the glory  
 415 to Hector. We indeed can run even with the blast of  
 Zephyrus, which they say is most rapid *of all*; but to  
 thyself is it decreed that thou be violently subdued by a  
 god and a man<sup>2</sup>. ”

Of him, then, having thus spoken, the Furies stopt the  
 voice; and the swift-footed Achilles, greatly indignant,  
 addressed him:

420 “ Why, Xanthus, predictest thou death to me? It  
 does not at all become thee. Well do I likewise myself  
 know, that it is my fate to perish here, far from my be-  
 loved father and mother. Nevertheless I will not cease  
 before I have routed the Trojans, and given them enough  
 of war<sup>3</sup>. ”

He said, and, shouting among the foremost, drove on  
 his solid-hoofed steeds.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. this time.

<sup>2</sup> That is, by Apollo in the form of, or by, Paris

<sup>3</sup> αδην—to satiety.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

The gods are permitted by Jove to join the battle. They take opposite sides and engage. Æneas engages Achilles, and is rescued by Neptune. Hector likewise fights, and is preserved by Apollo. Many Trojans slain by Achilles.

THUS round thee, O son of Peleus, did the Achæans,  
insatiable of battle, arm beside their curved barks; and  
the Trojans again, on the other side, on the acclivity<sup>1</sup> of  
the plain. And Jove commanded Themis to summon the  
gods to an assembly, from the top of the many-valed 5  
Olympus; and she, going round in every direction, bade  
them repair to the mansion of Jove. Nor was there then any  
one of the rivers absent, save Oceanus, nor of the nymphs  
who inhabit the pleasant groves, and the fountains of  
streams, and the grassy meads. Then, coming to the 10  
mansion of the cloud-collecting Jove, they sat down in  
polished corridors, which Vulcan had made for father  
Jove with a skilful ingenuity. Thus were they assembled  
within the house of Jove; nor did Neptune disobey the  
goddess, but came among them from the sea. And he 15  
sat in the midst, and inquired into the design of Jove:

<sup>1</sup> K. 160.

“ Why again, O dispenser of the rapid lightning, hast thou summoned the gods to council? Dost thou meditate aught respecting the Trojans and Achæans? For now very close glows their combat and the battle.”

And him the cloud-compelling Jove, answering, addressed: “ Thou knowest, earth-shaker, the design within my breast, *and* for whose sake I have assembled you; though ready to die, they are a care to me. But I will however remain sitting on the brow of Olympus, whence looking, I shall amuse my mind; and the rest of you depart, that ye may go among the Trojans and Achæans. 25 Give aid to both, according as is the inclination of each. For if Achilles alone shall fight with the Trojans, they will not even for a little sustain the fleet son of Peleus. Even before on beholding him, they fled in terror; and now when he is deeply enraged in his mind on account of 30 his comrade, I fear lest, even in spite of fate, he overthrow the wall <sup>1</sup>.”

Thus spake the son of Saturn, and he excited a violent contest; and the gods hastened to proceed to the battle, with minds divided<sup>2</sup>. Juno indeed, and Pallas Minerva *repaired* to the assemblage of the ships, and earth-shaking 35 Neptune, and the useful Mercury, who was blessed with a prudent mind; and with them went Vulcan, raging in his might, limping, and his weak limbs tottered under him. But towards the Trojans *went* the helmed Mars, and with him the unshorn Phœbus, and Diana, delighting in 40 archery, and Latona, and Xanthus, and the laughter-loving Venus. As long as the gods were apart from mortal men, so long did the Achæans greatly congratulate themselves<sup>3</sup>, because Achilles had made his appearance, after he had so long abstained from the dire battle; and a violent tremor came upon the Trojans, each at the limbs, 45 trembling because they beheld the swift-footed son of

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* it was fated to fall—but not by Achilles.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* some in favour of the Achæans, and some of the Trojans.

<sup>3</sup> Greatly gloried.

Peleus glittering in arms, equal to man-slaying Mars. But after the Olympians had come among the throng of men, then arose fierce Contention, the exciter of armies; and Minerva shouted, sometimes standing beside the ditch, outside the wall, at other times loudly called along the resounding shores. And Mars yelled aloud on the other side, like to a dark whirlwind, sharply animating the Trojans from the summit of the city, at other times running beside the Simois upon Callicolone. 50

Thus the blessed gods, animating both sides, engaged, and caused severe contention to burst in among them. And the father of gods and men thundered fearfully from above; and below Neptune shook the unbounded earth, and lofty summits of the mountains. And all the base<sup>1</sup>, and all the tops of Ida of many fountains were shaken, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans. And Pluto himself, king of the shades, trembled below, and upsprang, appalled, from his throne, and screamed aloud, lest the earth-shaking Neptune should tear open the earth over him, and disclose to mortals and immortals his mansions, terrible, squalid, which even the gods detest. So great a tumult then arose from the gods, closing in combat. For against king Neptune stood Phœbus Apollo with his winged arrows; and against Mars the blue-eyed goddess Minerva. And opposed to Juno stood the goddess of the golden arrows, shouting, Diana, rejoicing in the bow, the sister of the far-darter; and to Latona, the good Mercury was a powerful adversary. And against Vulcan also, was the mighty river of deep pools, which the gods call Xanthus, and men the Scamander. 65 70

Thus gods advanced against gods; and Achilles was above all eager to penetrate through the host against Hector, the son of Priam; for with his blood his mind particularly urged him to glut Mars, the unconquered warrior. But Apollo, the exciter of the troops, imme- 75

<sup>1</sup> The feet.



80 diately roused Æneas against the son of Peleus, and infused into him strong courage. And he assimilated himself in his voice to Lycaon, the son of Priam, to whom likening himself, he addressed him :

“ Where, O Æneas, counsellor of the Trojans, are thy promises, which over thy wine thou didst make to the  
85 princes of the Trojans, that thou wouldst fight against Achilles, the son of Peleus ? ”

And to him again Æneas, answering, said : “ Son of Priam, why dost thou urge me, against my will, to these things, to fight against the brave Pelides. For not now for the first time shall I stand against the swift-footed  
90 Achilles, but already, even at a former time, did he chase me with his spear from Ida, what time he attacked our cattle, and laid waste Lyrnessus and Pedasus ; but Jupiter preserved me, who invigorated my strength and active limbs. Otherwise I should have been subdued by the  
95 hands of Achilles, and Minerva, who, advancing before him, gave *him* glory, and bade him slay the Lelegans and Trojans with his brazen spear. Wherefore it is not *possible* for a man to combat against Achilles, for beside him is always one of the gods, who wards off destruction.  
100 Besides also, his weapon flies direct, nor stops until it has pierced the body of the man. But should the deity stretch equally the work of battle <sup>1</sup>, not very easily would Achilles conquer me, not if he boasts to be all over brass <sup>2</sup>. ”

And to him again king Apollo, the son of Jove, said : “ But come, pray thou likewise, O hero, to the everlasting  
105 gods ; for they say that thou too art sprung from Venus, the daughter of Jove, and he is from an inferior goddess ; for the one is *the daughter* of Jove, and the other of the aged sea-god. But bear thy ruthless brass right against him, nor let him at all avert thee with fierce words and threatening. ”

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* if he would be neutral—or favour each equally. A. 336.

<sup>2</sup> Or, not if he were made of brass—or entirely covered and protected by it.

“ So saying, he breathed great courage into the shepherd of the people: and he advanced through the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass. Nor did the son of Anchises escape the observation of the white-armed Juno, when going against Pelides through the ranks of men; but, calling the gods into one place, she delivered a speech amongst them:

“ Ponder now, both of you, O Neptune and Minerva, 115  
in your minds, how these things shall be. That Æneas is advancing against Pelides, armed in glittering brass; and Phœbus Apollo has urged him on. But come, let us, however, drive him back again thence; or, next, let some one of us stand by Achilles, and give him great 120  
strength, nor let him want aught in courage: that he may know that the mightiest of the immortals love him; and that those, on the contrary, are of no value, who all along before avert war and slaughter from the Trojans. For we have all come down from Olympus to take 125  
part in this battle, in order that he may not suffer any thing among the Trojans to-day; although hereafter he shall suffer those things, as many as fate spun in his early thread *of life*, what time his mother bore him. But if Achilles shall not understand these things from the voice of a god, he will afterwards be afraid when any god 130  
comes against him in battle; and the gods are terrible to be seen manifestly<sup>1</sup>.”

And her answered then Neptune, the shaker of the earth:  
“ Juno, be not absurdly enraged; nor is there occasion<sup>2</sup>.  
I, indeed, would not desire that we<sup>3</sup> should provoke the other gods to battle, though we are much more powerful. 135  
But rather let us sit down, retiring out of the way, to some height, and let the war be the care of mortals. But if Mars begin the combat, or Apollo, or they restrain Achilles, and suffer him not to fight, then at once on the spot, a 140

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in propria persona.

<sup>2</sup> Nor does it become thee—or, rather, nor needst thou—*i. e.* be so much enraged.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* we who are patrons of the Achæans.



strife of battle shall arise even to us ; and very speedily I deem that they<sup>1</sup>, driven<sup>2</sup> from the field, will go back to Olympus, to the assembly of the other gods, forcibly subdued by necessity under our hands."

Thus then having spoken, the *god* of the azure hair led  
 145 the way to the lofty surrounding wall of the divine Hercules—that which the Trojans and Pallas Minerva had made, in order that, when flying from the sea-monster, he might escape, what time it drove him in pursuit from the shore to the plain. There then Neptune sat down, and the other  
 150 gods, and threw an impenetrable cloud round their shoulders; and on the other side, upon the tops of Callicolone, satst thou Phœbus<sup>3</sup>, the archer, and Mars, the destroyer of cities. Thus sat they on both sides, meditating plans;  
 155 and both were unwilling to commence grievous war, though Jove, sitting aloft, instigated them. But with Trojans and Achæans, all the plain was filled, and glittered with the brass of heroes and horses, and the earth echoed under the feet of them, rushing together. But  
 160 two heroes, by far the most valiant, advanced towards *each other* into the midst of both armies, eager to fight, Æneas, the son of Anchises, and the noble Achilles. And Æneas first, threatening, advanced, nodding with his strong casque; and he held before his breast his good<sup>4</sup> shield, and shook his brazen spear. And on the other side Pelides rushed against  
 165 him like a destructive lion, which even assembled men, a whole village, keenly seek to kill; but he, at first despising them, walks *on*; but when some one of the warlike youths wounds him with a dart, gasping, he writhes, and the foam rises about his teeth, and his stout heart groans  
 170 within his breast, and he lashes his sides and haunches on both sides with his tail, and rouses himself to battle; then,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* Mars and Apollo—the gods of the adverse party.

<sup>2</sup> Separated.

<sup>3</sup> Those around thee, Phœbus, and Mars—*i. e.* Phœbus and Mars—unless it may mean, as the phrase usually does, them and their suite.

<sup>4</sup> A shield which could be wielded with facility—from its construction.



with glaring eye, he rushes right on in his might, that he may slay some one of the men, or be himself destroyed in the first throng. Thus his courage and mighty soul impelled Achilles to go against the brave Æneas. And 175 when now, advancing, they approached each other, the swift-footed, noble Achilles first addressed the *other*:

“Why dost thou, Æneas, stand, coming in front of so great an army<sup>1</sup>? Does then thy soul urge thee to combat with me, hoping that thou wilt govern the horse-taming Tro- 180 jans with the dignity of Priam<sup>2</sup>? Yet even if thou shouldst slay me, not for that will Priam put *such* a reward in thy hand; for he has sons; and he is himself steady<sup>3</sup>, and not fickle-minded. Or, have the Trojans cut thee out an estate surpassing others, well *adapted* for vines, or for the 185 plough, that thou mayst cultivate it—shouldst thou kill me? Still with difficulty I hope thou wilt do it<sup>4</sup>. For already, I think, have I elsewhere put thee to flight with my spear. Or, dost thou not remember when I impetuously drove thee, when alone, from the oxen, with rapid feet, down the Idæan mountains? For then thou never 190 turned thyself about when flying; but didst escape thence into Lyrnessus; and that town I laid waste, after storming it, with the *aid* of Minerva and father Jove. The women also I led away captives, having taken away their day of freedom; but thee Jove ever rescued, and the other gods. Not now, however, do I think they will protect thee, as 195 thou deemest<sup>5</sup> in thy mind; but I advise thee, retiring, to go into the throng, nor stand against me, before thou sufferest some evil; even a fool knows that which is done<sup>6</sup>.”

Him, again, Æneas answered, and said: “Do not expect, son of Peleus, to terrify me, like a child, with words, 200 since I also know very well *how* to utter both threats and

<sup>1</sup> Or—so much in advance of the army, what is your object?

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* in the hope that thou shalt be king instead of Priam.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* a prudent man.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* I am afraid thou wilt have some difficulty.

<sup>5</sup> Castest.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* your own experience might teach you better than to encounter me.

taunts. But we know each other's race, and we know our parents, hearing the words heard of old of mortal  
205 men; although by sight, never hast thou seen mine, nor I thine. They say that thou art the offspring of the renowned Peleus, and of Thetis, thy mother, the fair-haired sea nymph; but I boast myself to be sprung from the brave Anchises, and Venus is my mother. Of these, now,  
210 one or other shall this day lament their beloved son; for I think that we shall not return from the battle thus separated by childish words. But if thou desirest to be instructed in these matters, that thou mayst be well acquainted with our race—and many men know it—the  
215 cloud-compelling Jove then begat Dardanus, our first ancestor. And he founded Dardania; for sacred Ilium, the city of articulate-speaking men, was not yet built on the plain, and they still dwelt at the foot of Ida of many fountains. Dardanus, again, begat a son, king Erictho-  
220 nius, who was then the wealthiest of mortal men; three thousand mares of his fed in the meadows, exulting in their tender foals. With these, when feeding, was Boreas pleased, and, having assimilated himself to an azure-maned  
225 steed, covered them; whence they, becoming pregnant, produced twelve foals; which, when they frolicked upon the fruitful earth, ran over the highest fruit of the corn stalks, nor snapped them: but again, when they frolicked upon the broad back of the ocean, they used to run upon  
230 the top of the ridge of the hoary sea. And Ericthonius begat Tros, king of the Trojans. From Tros again were descended three illustrious sons, Ilus, and Assaracus, and the godlike Ganymede, who was the handsomest of mortal men; and whom the gods snatched up into heaven to pour  
235 out wine for Jove, that, on account of his beauty, he might dwell among the immortals. And Ilus again begat his renowned son Laomedon; and Laomedon next begat Tithonus, and Priam, and Lampus, and Clytius, and Hicetaon, a branch of Mars; and Assaracus begat Capys, and he next begat his son Anchises. But Anchises begat



me, and Priam the noble Hector. Of this family and 240 blood do I boast myself to be. But Jove increases and diminishes valour among men, in what manner he chooses; for he is the most powerful of all. But come, let us talk of these things no more, like children, standing in the 245 middle combat of the strife. For it is *in the power* of both to utter very many insults; nor could a ship of an hundred oars carry the burthen; for the tongue of mortals is voluble, and in it are many words of all sorts; and on both sides is a wide field of words. Whatever word thou 250 speakest, such wilt thou hear. But what need is there for us to be disputing, and to rail<sup>1</sup> at each other like women, who, enraged for some deadly strife, going into the middle of the road, rail at each other abuse just and 255 not just; for rage also urges on those things<sup>2</sup>. But with words thou shalt not turn away from force me, *who am* resolved first to fight against thee in arms<sup>3</sup>; come, quick let us make trial<sup>4</sup> of each other with brazen spears."

He said, and hurled his heavy spear against the awful, terrible shield, and the huge buckler resounded around 260 at the stroke of the javelin. And the son of Peleus, alarmed, held the shield from him with his strong hand, for he supposed that the long spear of the brave Æneas would easily penetrate it—nor, foolishly, did he reflect in his mind and soul, that it is not easy for the distinguished 265 gifts of the gods to be subdued by mortal men; nor to yield *to them*. Nor then did the heavy spear of the warlike Æneas penetrate the shield; for the gold stayed it, the gifts of a god. Through two folds, however, it past, but there were still three; for Vulcan had laid five folds 270 over it, two brazen, two within of tin, and one golden—that by which the ashen spear was stopped. Next Achilles, in turn, launched his long spear, and struck against the shield of Æneas, every where equal, at the

<sup>1</sup> ἐριδᾶς—scil. ἐριζέειν—νικῶσα νικεῖν, to rail railings.

<sup>2</sup> ἰ. e. prompt to utter all sorts of things, true and false.

<sup>3</sup> With brass.

<sup>4</sup> Taste.



275. utmost verge, where ran the brass thinnest, and the  
 ox-hide was thinnest upon it; and the Pelian ash burst  
 right through, and the shield rang under it. And Æneas  
 cowered, and held the shield from him, alarmed; but the  
 spear, *flying* over his shoulder, stood in the earth eager  
 280 *to go on*, and it had cut through both circles of the  
 mighty shield. He, however, having escaped the long  
 spear, stood (and infinite terror spread over his eyes<sup>1</sup>)  
 panic-struck, that the weapon stuck so near him. But  
 Achilles sprang eagerly upon him, drawing his sharp  
 285 sword, and shouting fearfully. And Æneas seized in his  
 hand a stone, a huge mass<sup>2</sup>, which not two men could  
 bear, such as are mortals now; but he, even alone, threw  
 it easily. Then would Æneas have smitten him, while  
 rushing on, with the rock, either upon the helmet or the  
 shield, which defended him from dire destruction; and  
 290 Pelides, close to him, would have deprived him of life with  
 his sword, had not the earth-shaking Neptune quickly  
 perceived it, and immediately uttered this speech among  
 the immortal gods:

“Ye gods! there is pity in me for the brave Æneas,  
 who will soon, subdued by the son of Peleus, descend to  
 295 Hades, persuaded, like a fool, by the words of the far-  
 darting Apollo; nor will he avert from him dire destruc-  
 tion. But why now should that guiltless man suffer  
 sorrows for the sake of others’ enmities<sup>3</sup>—and he always  
 gives acceptable gifts to the gods who possess the wide  
 300 heaven? But come, let us lead him away from death,  
 lest even the son of Saturn be angry, should Achilles slay  
 this man<sup>4</sup>:—for it is his fate to escape, that the family of  
 Dardanus, whom Jove loved above all the children which  
 305 were descended from him and mortal women, perish not  
 without offspring and be extinct. For the son of Saturn  
 has long hated the race of Priam; and now will the might

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* blinded him—took all perception from him.

<sup>2</sup> A great work—or thing.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* those of Apollo.

<sup>4</sup> The possibility of counteracting *fate* is frequently implied.

of Æneas henceforth govern the Trojans, and the sons of his sons, who shall be born in after times<sup>1</sup>."

And him answered then the large-eyed, imperial Juno:  
 "Shaker of the earth, do thou consider within thy mind 310  
 about Æneas, whether thou wilt defend him or suffer *him*  
 to be subdued, brave as he is, by Achilles, the son of  
 Peleus. For we indeed, I and Pallas Minerva, have  
 sworn many oaths in the presence of all the immortals,  
 that we will never avert the evil day from the Trojans— 315  
 not even when all Troy, lighted up, shall burn with de-  
 structive flame, and the warlike sons of the Achæans set  
 it on fire."

And when Neptune, the shaker of the earth, heard this,  
 he hastened to advance through the battle and the clash  
 of spears; and came where was Æneas, and the renowned 320  
 Achilles. Immediately then he poured darkness upon the  
 eyes of Achilles, the son of Peleus, and he drew out the  
 brass-tipped<sup>2</sup> ash from the shield of the brave Æneas;  
 and it he laid before the feet of Achilles, and forcibly  
 impelled Æneas along, lifting him high from the ground. 325  
 And over many ranks of men and many *ranks* of horses  
 Æneas leaped, urged along by the hand of the god; and he  
 came to the rear of the troubled fight, where the Caucons  
 were arming for war. But Neptune, the shaker of the 330  
 earth, came very near to him, and, addressing him, uttered  
 these winged words:

"Æneas, which of the gods bade thee, thus mad, to  
 fight and to combat against Achilles, who is at once su-  
 perior to thee, and dearer to the immortals? But fall 335  
 back whenever thou shalt encounter him, lest, even in  
 spite of fate, thou arrive at the mansion of Pluto. When,  
 however, Achilles shall have fulfilled his death and destiny,  
 then indeed, with<sup>3</sup> confidence, fight among the foremost,  
 for no other of the Achæans shall slay thee."

So saying, he left him there, when he had told him all; 340

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* for ever.

<sup>2</sup> *ευχαλκος*.

<sup>3</sup> taking confidence.

and immediately then he dispersed the thick darkness from the eyes of Achilles. And he then saw again clearly with his eyes; and, groaning, he communed with his own brave spirit:

“Ye gods! surely a great marvel this<sup>1</sup> I behold with  
345 my eyes. That spear lies upon the ground, nor do I at all behold the man at whom I threw it, eager to kill him. Undoubtedly Æneas also was dear to the immortal gods; but I thought that he boasted thus idly. Let him go; there will be no heart in him again to make trial of me,  
350 who has now gladly escaped from death. But come, animating the war-loving Danaans, I will go against the other Trojans, and try them.”

He said, and sprang into the ranks, and animated every man: “No longer now stand aloof from the Trojans, ye  
355 noble Achæans, but come, let man advance against man, and burn to engage. For it is difficult for me, even strong as I am, to attack so many warriors, and to fight with them all. Nor could Mars, who is an immortal god, nor Minerva, could charge and toil against the front of so  
360 vast an army. Yet whatever I can do with hands, with feet, and with strength, I declare that I will never relax—not the least; but I will go right through their line, nor do I think that any Trojan will rejoice, whoever may come near my javelin.”

Thus he spake, encouraging them. And the illustrious  
365 Hector animated the Trojans, upbraiding—and said he would go against Achilles:

“Ye bold Trojans, fear not the son of Peleus. I also could fight with words, even against the immortals<sup>2</sup>; but with the spear it would be difficult, for they are more powerful *than we*. Nor will Achilles give effect to all  
370 his words, but part he shall fulfil, and part leave mid-way imperfect. But I will go against him, even if his

<sup>1</sup> This is a great miracle.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* if words would do, I could fight even with the gods—or, I would challenge the gods.



hands were like to fire<sup>1</sup>—if his hands were like to fire, and his might to shining iron."

Thus he spake, animating them; and the Trojans lifted their spears against the foe; and their might was mingled together, and the shout arose. Then also Phœbus Apollo, 375 standing near, addressed Hector:

"Hector, no more by any means fight in front with Achilles, but await him in the throng, and from among the tumult, lest by some chance he strike thee with a missile weapon, or smite thee close with his sword."

Thus he spake, and Hector again plunged into the thick column of men, dismayed when he heard the voice of the 380 god addressing *him*. But Achilles leaped among the Trojans with a soul clothed in courage<sup>2</sup>, fearfully shouting; and first slew the gallant Iphition, the son of Otrynteus, leader of numerous forces, whom a Naid bore to Otrynteus, the destroyer of cities, at the foot<sup>3</sup> of the snowy Tmolus, in 385 the rich state of Hyda. And him, while eagerly rushing right forward, the noble Achilles smote with his spear in the middle of the head, which was all cleft asunder. And he, falling, gave a sound, and the noble Achilles gloried over him:

"Thou liest, son of Otrynteus, most terrible of all men. Here is thy death; but thy birth was at the Gygæan lake, 390 where is thy paternal estate, beside the fishy Hyllus, and the eddying Hermus."

Thus he spake, boasting; and darkness covered his (*Iphition's*) eyes, and the horses of the Achæans tore him with the tires of the wheels in the front line. And after 395 him Achilles smote Demoleon, the son of Antenor, a brave repeller of war, in the temples, through the brazen-studded helmet. Nor indeed did the brazen casque resist it, but through it the rushing javelin broke the bone, and the whole brain within was crushed. Thus he subdued him, 400

<sup>1</sup> If he were like to fire as to his hands.

<sup>2</sup> Clothed in his mind with courage.

<sup>3</sup> Under.

glowing with courage. And next he wounded with his spear, in the back, Hippodamas, in the act of leaping down from his chariot, when flying before him. And he breathed out, and groaned away his soul, as when a bull, forcibly  
 405 dragged round the Heliconian king<sup>1</sup>, groans, whilst the youths are dragging it; and the shaker of the earth is delighted with them: so, as he groaned, his fierce soul quitted his bones. And he went with his spear in chase of the godlike Polydorus, a son of Priam; and him his father had not at all suffered to combat, because he was his youngest  
 410 among all by birth, and was dearest to him, and excelled all in speed. Then indeed, through youthful folly, making a show of the excellence of his speed, he ran among the foremost combatants till he lost his life. The noble, swift-footed Achilles smote him with a spear in the middle of the  
 415 back as he rushed by, where the golden buckles of his belt clasped together, and the double corselet opposed. And the point of the spear pierced right through his navel, and he fell, groaning, upon his knees; and a black cloud covered him, and, bending down, he gathered his entrails towards him with his hands. But Hector, as soon as he perceived  
 420 his brother Polydorus holding his bowels in his hands, and rolled towards the earth, a mist immediately spread over his eyes, nor could he longer bear to exert himself<sup>2</sup> afar off, but advanced against Achilles like a flame, brandishing his sharp spear. On the other hand, Achilles, as soon as he saw him, leaped up, and, boasting, uttered this speech:

425 “Near me is the man, who has most stung my soul, who has slain my most beloved comrade; nor shall we longer timidly fly each other in the ranks of war.”

He said, and looking sternly, addressed the noble Hector: “Draw nearer, that thou mayst the sooner reach the goal of destruction.”

<sup>1</sup> Neptune; so called, because worshipped on Mount Helicon.

<sup>2</sup> To be turned.

And to him, not alarmed, the helmed Hector said: 430  
 “Do not hope, son of Peleus, to terrify me now like a  
 child with words; for I can<sup>1</sup> myself very well utter both  
 taunts and threats. And I know that thou indeed art brave,  
 and that I am much inferior to thee. But, however, these  
 things lie on the knees of the gods<sup>2</sup>—whether I, though in- 435  
 ferior, may take from thee thy life, by smiting thee with  
 my spear; for my spear also is sharp at the point.”

He said, and brandishing his spear, hurled it, and Mi-  
 nerva with a breath turned it back from the glorious  
 Achilles, breathing very softly; and it came back to the 440  
 noble Hector, and fell before his feet. And Achilles, eager  
 to slay him, rushed furiously upon him, shouting fearfully;  
 but Apollo, as a god, very easily snatched Hector away,  
 and covered him with a thick cloud. Thrice then sprang  
 the swift-footed, noble Achilles after him with his brazen  
 spear, and thrice struck the thick cloud. And when he 445  
 rushed upon him, like a god, the fourth time, terribly  
 threatening, he addressed to him *these* winged words:

“Dog, now again hast thou escaped death. But truly  
 evil came very near thee; and Phœbus Apollo now again 450  
 preserved thee, to whom thou art wont to pray when  
 going amidst the clang of spears. Yet I will undoubtedly  
 finish thee, when encountering thee another time—if to me  
 also there be any of the gods an assistant. But for the  
 present I will attack others of the Trojans, whom I may  
 overtake.”

So saying, he smote Dryops with his spear in the middle 455  
 of the neck, and he fell before his feet. But him he quitted,  
 and, wounding Demûchus, the son of Philêtor, a warrior  
 brave and mighty, in the knee with his javelin, he stopt  
 him; and then smiting him with his huge falchion, de-  
 prived him of life. And, rushing at Laogonus and Dar- 460  
 danus, the sons of Bias, both of them he dashed from the  
 car to the ground, wounding the one with his spear, and

<sup>1</sup> I know.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* if the gods please, I, though inferior, may take, &c.



striking the other, close, with his sword. Also Tros, the son of Alastor—he (*Tros*) came towards him, taking him by the knees, that he might spare him, and send him away alive, 465 nor slay him, taking pity on his age, which was equal to his own—foolishly, for he knew not this—that he was not likely to persuade him. For he was not a man of tender mind, nor gentle, but extremely fierce. He (*Tros*) then clasped his knees with his hands, seeking to intreat him, but 470 Achilles smote him in the liver with his sword; and his liver fell out, and the black blood from it filled his bosom, and darkness covered his eyes, deprived of life. Then Achilles, standing near Mulius, wounded him with his javelin in the ear, and immediately the brazen point went through the other ear. And with his large-hilted sword 475 he struck Echelus, the son of Antenor, in the middle of the head, and the whole blade was warmed with gore; and purple death and powerful fate seized his eyes. And next, where the tendons of the arm unite<sup>1</sup>, there he pierced Deucalion through the hand with his brazen spear; and 480 he, with a hand weighed down<sup>2</sup>, awaited him, seeing death before him. But he, (*Achilles*) smiting his neck with his sword, struck the head far away along with its helmet, and the marrow sprang from the spine; and Deucalion lay stretched upon the ground. Then he hastened in pursuit 485 of Rigmus, the renowned son of Pireus, who had come from fertile Thrace—him he struck in the middle with his javelin, and the brass stuck in his belly; and he fell from his car. And Achilles wounded in the back, with his sharp spear, Arethoüs, the attendant, while turning back the horses, and thrust him from the car: and his steeds were 490 affrighted. And as blazing fire rages through the deep glens of a dry mountain, and the thick forest burns, and the driving wind whirls about on all sides the flame; thus he rushed in every direction with his spear, like to a god, pressing upon those doomed to slaughter<sup>3</sup>, and the black

<sup>1</sup> i. e. with the hand—the wrist.<sup>2</sup> Rendered heavy as to the hand.<sup>3</sup> About to be slain.

earth flowed with blood. And as when any one yokes 495  
broad-fronted bulls to tread out the white barley on a well-  
rolled floor, and it soon becomes empty<sup>1</sup> beneath the feet  
of the loud-lowing bulls; so the solid-hoofed horses, driven  
by the brave Achilles, trampled down at once corpses and  
shields. And the whole axle-tree beneath was splashed with 500  
blood, and the pannels round the car, which drops from  
the horses' hoofs sprinkled<sup>2</sup>, as well as from the felloes.  
And the son of Peleus was eager to bear away renown,  
and drenched his invincible hands with gore.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* the corn gets beaten out of the ears.

<sup>2</sup> Struck.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XXI.

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ARGUMENT.

Achilles, having divided the Trojan army, drives one part to the city, and the other into the Scamander, where he takes twelve youths alive to be sacrificed at the tomb of Patroclus. Lycaon, who had been formerly taken, is now slain by Achilles. The river endeavours to overwhelm Achilles, but is opposed by Vulcan, and desists. The battles of the gods. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, leads Achilles away from the town, and the Trojans in the mean time rush in, and shut the gates.

BUT when now they had come to the stream of the fair-flowing river, the eddying Xanthus, to which immortal Jove gave birth; there dividing them, some<sup>1</sup> he drove to the plain towards the city, where<sup>2</sup> the Achæans the day  
5 before had fled in confusion, when the illustrious Hector raged. By that road flying in terror, they poured along; but Juno, to check them, spread a dense cloud before them. And the other half were driven into the deep-flowing, silver-eddying river. And in they dashed with a mighty  
10 clamour; and the deep streams resounded, and the banks echoed all around; and, with an outcry, they swam here

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* one part—with reference to line 7.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* where Patroclus was repulsed and slain.



and there, driven about in the eddies. And as when locusts, driven out by the force of the fire, soar into the air, to fly towards a river, but the unwearied flame, suddenly excited, blazes, and they drop, astounded, into the water; so was the resounding stream of the deep-flowing 15 Xanthus, filled pell-mell with horses and men, routed by Achilles. And the Jove-born *hero* left there his spear upon the banks, reclined against a tamarisk; and he sprang in, like a god, with nothing but his sword<sup>1</sup>, and meditated *dreadful* deeds in his mind. In every direction<sup>2</sup> he smote, 20 and a shocking groaning arose of those who were smitten by the sword, and the water was reddened with blood. And as other fishes, flying from a mighty dolphin, fill the recesses of a safe-anchoring harbour, frightened—for he devours whichever he catches—so the Trojans hid them- 25 selves under the banks along the streams of the rapid river. And, when his hands were weary with slaying, he selected twelve youths alive out of the river, as an expiation of the dead Patroclus, the son of Menœtius. These he led out, panic-struck, like fawns; and bound their hands behind 30 them with the well-cut straps<sup>3</sup> which they themselves wore upon their twisted tunics; and gave them to his comrades to take down to the hollow ships. And he rushed back again, eager to slay.

Then did he encounter Lycaon, the son of the Dardan Priam, escaping from the river—whom he himself had once 35 carried away, seizing him against his will, at his father's farm, going thither in the night: and he (*Lycaon*), with a sharp weapon, was cutting a wild fig-tree, the young boughs of *it*, to be the pannels of a car<sup>4</sup>. Upon him then came the noble Achilles, an unlooked-for evil; and then, conveying 40 him in his ships, he took him over to well-inhabited Lemnos; and the son of Jason gave his price<sup>5</sup>. And from thence

<sup>1</sup> Having his sword alone.<sup>2</sup> Around—right and left.<sup>3</sup> These might be *belts*; and the twisted tunics, *chain-mail*.<sup>4</sup> *αργυρε*—which were thus, sometimes, a sort of basket-work.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* bought him as a slave.

Eëtion, of Imbros, his friend, redeemed him, and gave him many *presents*, and sent him to the noble Arisba; whence, 45 secretly flying, he reached his father's house. And returning from Lemnos, he had delighted his soul for eleven days with his friends; but now on the twelfth again a god threw him into the hands of Achilles, who was going to send him to Hades though unwilling to go. But when the swift-footed noble Achilles beheld him naked, without helmet and 50 shield—neither had he a spear—but all these he had cast from him on the ground, for the sweat overcame him, flying from the river, and weariness broke down his limbs under him—then enraged Achilles communed with his own brave soul:

“Gods! a great miracle this I behold with my eyes. 55 Without doubt those bold Trojans whom I have slain will rise again from the pitchy shade—such as even this man has arrived, escaping from his fatal day, though sold<sup>1</sup> into beautiful Lemnos; nor has the depth of the salt sea restrained him, which restrains many against their will. But 60 come now, he shall taste the point of my spear, that I may see in my mind, and learn, whether he will in like manner come even thence, or whether the bounteous earth will hold him, which holds under it even the mighty.”

Thus he meditated, standing still; but the *other* (*Lycaon*) 65 came close to him, panic-struck, eager to touch his knees; for much did he wish in his mind to escape evil death and black fate. In the mean while the noble Achilles lifted his long spear, prepared to strike; but Lycaon ran under it, and, stooping, caught him by the knees, and the spear 70 stood in the earth over his back, eager to be glutted with human blood. And grasping his knees with one hand, he supplicated, and with the other held the sharp spear, nor let it go; and, beseeching, addressed to him these winged words:

“I supplicate thee, O Achilles; and do thou have re-

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* transported and sold.

spect unto me, and pity me. I am to thee in the place of a revered<sup>1</sup> suppliant, O Jove-supported *chief*. For with 75 thee first did I taste the fruit of Ceres on that day when thou didst seize me in the well-cultivated field, and didst sell me, carrying me far away from my father and friends to beautiful Lemnos; and I brought thee a price of an hundred oxen. And now have I been redeemed<sup>2</sup> giving thrice 80 as many; and this is but my twelfth morning since, after suffering much, I came to Troy. And now again has destructive fate put me into thy hands. I seem somehow to be hated by father Jove, who has again given me to thee. Short-lived did my mother Laothoë, the daughter of aged 85 Altes, bear me—of Altes, who governs the war-loving Leleges, possessing the lofty Pegasus, near the Satnioeis: whose daughter Priam had *in marriage*, as well as many others—of her were we two born, and thou wilt slaughter both. One thou hast already subdued among the foremost 90 infantry, the godlike Polydorus, when thou didst smite him with thy sharp spear; and now evil will be upon me here; for I expect not that I shall escape thy hands, since a god has brought me near thee. But I will tell thee another thing, and do thou cast it<sup>3</sup> in thy mind. Kill me not, 95 since I am not of the same womb with Hector, who slew thy companion, both gentle and brave.”

Thus then the illustrious son of Priam addressed him, intreating with words; but heard a rough reply:

“Fool, talk not to me of ransom, nor name it. Before 100 Patroclus fulfilled his fatal day, then was it more agreeable to me in my mind to spare the Trojans, and many I took alive and sold. But now there is not *one* of all the Trojans, whom a god shall throw into my hands in front of Ilium, who shall escape death, and above all of the sons of 105 Priam. And die thou also, friend—why lamentest thou thus? Patroclus likewise died, who was much braver

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* entitled to respect—one who flies for refuge, as to an asylum.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* from Lemnos.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* attend to it.



than thou. Seest thou not what I am?—both handsome and mighty, and of *how* gallant a father I am, and a goddess  
 110 mother bore me; yet even upon me death and powerful fate will come, either in the morning, or the evening, or at noon, when some one shall deprive me of life with a weapon, whether wounding me with a spear, or an arrow from the string."

Thus he spake, and then loosened the knees and beloved  
 115 heart of him. The spear indeed he left—and the other sat, stretching out both hands. But Achilles, drawing his sharp sword, smote him on the collar bone near the neck. And the whole two-edged sword entered in; and, extended at length, he lay prone upon the ground, and the black blood flowed  
 120 out and stained the earth. Then Achilles, seizing him by the foot, threw him into the river, to be carried down; and, boasting, addressed to him these winged words:

"Lie there now among the fishes, which will lick up the blood of thy wound without any concern for thee<sup>1</sup>; nor shall thy mother weep, placing thee upon the bier, but the  
 125 eddying Scamander shall bear thee even to the wide bosom of the sea. Some fish in the wave, leaping up, will come up to the dark ripple<sup>2</sup>—which will eat the white fat of Lycaon. Perish, *Trojans*, till we possess the city of sacred Ilium; ye indeed, flying, and I slaughtering in your rear: nor  
 130 shall the wide-flowing, silver-eddying river avail you, to which ye have long sacrificed many bulls, and cast in alive solid-hoofed horses in its waves. But even thus shall ye die an evil death, till ye all suffer vengeance for the fall of Patroclus, and the slaughter of those Achæans whom ye  
 135 slew at the swift ships during my absence<sup>3</sup>."

Thus then he spake; but the river-god was more enraged in his heart, and meditated in his mind how he might cause the noble Achilles to cease from martial toil<sup>4</sup>, and avert slaughter from the Trojans. But mean while the son of

<sup>1</sup> i. e. without concern for thy funeral.

<sup>2</sup> When the body floats.

<sup>3</sup> I being apart.

<sup>4</sup> πονος—repeatedly for μάχη.

Peleus, holding his long spear, sprang upon Asteropæus, 140 the son of Pelagon, eager to kill him; and him the wide-flowing Axius begot, and Peribœa, the eldest of the daughters of ACESSAMENUS, for with her had the deep river mingled. Against him then Achilles rushed; but he, emerging from the river, stood before him, holding two spears; 145 and Xanthus had sent courage into his heart, for he was filled with anger on account of the youths slain in battle, whom Achilles had slaughtered in his stream, and pitied not. And when, advancing, they were now near to each other, the swift-footed noble Achilles first addressed him:

“Who, of what men<sup>1</sup> art thou, who ventur’st to 150 come against me? They are sons of unhappy men, who encounter my might.”

And him, in return, the illustrious son of Pelegon addressed: “Brave son of Peleus, why askest thou my origin? I am from the fertile Pæonia, a far distant land, 155 leading hither Pæonian warriors, armed with long spears; and this is now my eleventh morning since I came to Troy. But my descent is from the wide-flowing Axius—Axius who pours the loveliest water along the earth, who begot Pelegon, renowned *for* the spear; and it is he who, they say, begot me. Now then, illustrious Achilles, let 160 us fight.”

Thus he spake, threatening: but the noble Achilles raised the Pelian ash; and the hero Asteropæus, both spears at the same time, for he was ambidexter. With the one spear then he struck the shield, nor did it pierce the 165 shield quite through; for the gold stayed it, the gift of a god: and with the other slightly wounded him upon the arm of the right hand<sup>2</sup>; and the black blood sprung out: but the *spear*, passing over him, stuck in the earth, though eager to satiate itself in his body. In his turn, next, Achilles hurled his straight-flying ashen spear at Asteropæus, ardently desiring to slay him. Him, however, he 170 missed, and struck the lofty bank, and drove the ashen

<sup>1</sup> Whence of men.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* above, or at the wrist.

spear half way into the bank. Then Pelides, drawing his sharp sword from his thigh, sprang eagerly upon him; and the other was unable to tear out, with strong hand,  
 175 Achilles' beam from the bank. Thrice did he shake it, desirous to draw it forth, and thrice did he fail in strength; but the fourth time, he determined within his mind, bending, to break the ashen spear of Æacides; but Achilles first, close at hand, deprived him of life with his sword:  
 180 for he smote him upon the belly near the navel, and all his bowels poured out upon the ground, and darkness covered his eyes as he expired. Then Achilles, leaping upon his breast, stripped off his armour, and, boasting, uttered *this* speech:

"So lie: it is a difficult thing for thee, though descended  
 185 from a river, to combat with the sons of all-powerful Jove. Thou saidst that thou wert of the race of a wide-flowing river, but I boast myself to be of the family of mighty Jupiter. A man, ruling many Myrmidons, begot me, Peleus, the son of Æacus; and Æacus was of Jove: the<sup>1</sup>  
 190 more powerful Jove is than seaward-flowing rivers, the more powerful is his offspring than that of a river. For here too is a great river beside thee, if it can avail thee aught; but it is not possible to fight against Jove, the son of Saturn. With him neither does king Achelous vie,  
 195 nor the vast might of deep-flowing Oceanus, from whom flow all rivers, and every sea, and all fountains, and deep wells: but even he dreads the bolt of mighty Jove, and the dreadful thunder, when it bellows from heaven."

200 He said, and plucked his brazen spear from the bank; but Asteropæus he left on the spot when he had taken away his life, lying among the sand, and the dark water laved him. Round him then were busy the eels and fishes, devouring *and* nibbling the fat upon his kidneys.  
 205 But he (*Achilles*) hastened in pursuit of the Pæonian cavalry<sup>2</sup>, who were still in flight along the eddying river, when they beheld their chief gallantly subdued in fierce

<sup>1</sup> *τετ*—by how much, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Fighting from horses.



battle by the hands and sword of Pelides. Then slew he Thersilochus, and Mydon, and Astypylus, and Mnesus, 210 and Thrasius, and Ænius, and Ophelestes. And the swift Achilles would still have slain more Pæonians, had not the deep-whirling river, filled with anger, addressed him, in the shape of a man, and sent a voice from its profound stream :

“ O Achilles, thou art strong beyond other men, and beyond them doest dreadful deeds : for the gods themselves 215 always aid thee. If the son of Saturn has given thee to destroy all the Trojans—driving them out of me, do thy fearful deeds along the plain. For now my lovely streams are filled with corpses, nor can I longer, obstructed by the dead, pour my water to the vast sea ; for thou killest *all* 220 unsparingly. But come, now cease—a stupor possesses me, O chief of the people.”

And him the swift-footed Achilles, answering, addressed : “ These things shall be, O Scamander, nourished by Jove, as thou biddest. But I will not desist *from* slaughtering the truce-breaking Trojans, till I shut them 225 up in the city, and make trial of Hector, hand to hand, whether he shall slay me, or I him.”

So saying, he sprang after the Trojans like a god ; and the deep-whirling river then addressed Apollo :

“ Alas ! god of the silver bow, son of Jove, thou hast not observed the counsels of Jove, who enjoined thee very 230 much to stand by and aid the Trojans, till the late setting evening came, and overshadowed the fertile earth.”

He said ; and the spear-skilled Achilles leaped into the middle, springing down from the bank. And Xanthus rushed at him, raging with swollen stream<sup>1</sup>, and, in 235 tumults, stirred up all his floods ; and impelled along many corpses—those which were in him in abundance, whom Achilles had slain. These he cast forth, roaring like a bull, upon the shore ; and the living he preserved in his beautiful streams, concealing them among his large deep waves. And 240 terrible round Achilles rose the tumultuous wave, and the

<sup>1</sup> With a swelling.

stream, falling upon his shield, pushed him along, nor could he stand firm on his feet. But he seized with his hands a flourishing large elm; and it, falling from its roots, brought down the whole bank, and choaked the beautiful streams  
245 with its thick branches, and made a bridge over the river itself, falling entirely in<sup>1</sup>. Then leaping up from the flood, Achilles hastened to fly towards the plain with rapid feet, struck with terror. Nor yet, however, did the mighty god desist, but rose to rush after him, blackening over the surface, that he might cause the noble Achilles to cease  
250 from warlike toil, and avert destruction from the Trojans. But Pelides leaped back as far as a spear's cast, with the force of a dark eagle, when darting on its prey<sup>2</sup>, which is at once the strongest and fleetest of birds. Like to it he rushed, and the brass rung awfully upon his breast; but,  
255 bending obliquely, he fled from it, and Xanthus, flowing behind, followed with a mighty noise. And as when a ditcher<sup>3</sup> leads a stream of water from a dark fountain through plantations and gardens, holding a spade in his hands, and casting out the obstructions from the channel;  
260 all the pebbles beneath are shaken as it flows along, and, rapidly descending, it murmurs in a gentle declivity, and overtakes even him who guides it: so the water of the river always overtook Achilles, though swift; for gods are  
265 more powerful than men. And as often as the swift-footed noble Achilles attempted to stand against it, and to know whether all the immortals, who possess the wide heaven, put him to flight, so often did a vast billow of the river flowing from Jove, wash his shoulders above: and he  
270 leaped high with his feet, sorrowful in his mind, but the rapid stream subdued his knees under him, and flowing on pulled away the sand from beneath his feet. And Pelides groaned, looking towards the wide heaven:

“ Father Jove, as none of the gods in pity attempts to  
275 save me from the river, then must I die<sup>4</sup>. But none

<sup>1</sup> And bridged him himself, all falling in.

<sup>2</sup> The hunter.

<sup>3</sup> A man digging a water course.

<sup>4</sup> Suffer something.



other of the heavenly powers is so blame-worthy in my eyes as my mother, who cheated me with falsehoods—who said that I should perish by the fleet arrows of Apollo under the wall of the armed Trojans. Oh that Hector had slain me, who was bred here the bravest; then would a brave man have slain me, and he have slain a brave man. 280 But now is it my fate to be carried off by an inglorious death, overwhelmed in a mighty river, like a swine-herd boy, whom the torrent overwhelms, when crossing in the winter."

Thus he spake; and to him Neptune and Minerva, very quickly approaching, stood near him, (but they had assimilated their bodies to men,) and taking his hand with their hand, confirmed him with words. But Neptune, the shaker of the earth, began to them these words:

"Son of Peleus, neither now greatly fear, nor be at all dismayed; for so great assistants from among the gods are we to thee, with the approbation of Jove<sup>1</sup>, I and 290 Pallas Minerva—since it is not decreed that thou shouldst be subdued by a river. But it shall soon subside, and thou thyself shalt see it. Nevertheless let us prudently suggest to thee—if thou wilt be persuaded—not to stop thy hands from destructive war, till thou hast shut up the 295 Trojan army within the renowned walls of Troy, whoever escapes<sup>2</sup>; but having taken away the life of Hector, return thou again to the ships; and we grant thee to carry off glory."

Having thus spoken, they departed to the immortals. But he proceeded towards the plain, (for the command of the gods strongly impelled him,) and it was all filled with 300 the overflowed water. And many rich coats of armour and bodies of youths, slain in battle, floated along; but his knees sprang aloft against the course of the direct-flowing *stream*—nor did the wide-flowing stream check him, for Minerva had cast into him great strength. Nor 305 did Scamander remit his violence, but raged still more

<sup>1</sup> Jove approving.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. all that escape the sword.



around Pelides, and rising into the air, swelled the water of his flood; and, shouting, animated Simoeis:

“Let us both, at least, my beloved brother, restrain the force of the mortal; otherwise he will soon overturn  
 310 the vast city of Priam, and the Trojans will not await him in battle. But bring me aid with haste, and fill thy floods from thy fountains of water, and rouse up all thy rills: and lift up a huge wave, and excite a mighty tumult of trunks  
*of trees* and stones, that we may repress this furious man,  
 315 who is now master, and meditates deeds equal to the gods. For I say that neither will his strength avail him, nor his beauty in aught, nor yet his rich armour, which shall lie somewhere in the very bottom of my channel<sup>1</sup>, covered over with mud. And himself will I involve in  
 320 sand, pouring vast quantities of mud round him, nor shall the Achæans be able<sup>2</sup> to collect his bones; with so much slime shall I cover him over. There likewise will be his tomb, nor will there be any want to him of a funeral-pile<sup>3</sup>, when the Achæans perform his obsequies.”

He said, and, rushing high, in tumult he pressed upon  
 325 Achilles, roaring, with foam, with blood, and with corpses. And then the purple water of the river flowing from Jove, stood erected, and bore down the son of Pelæus. But Juno cried aloud, fearing for Achilles, lest the mighty  
 330 deep-flooding river should sweep him away; and immediately addressed Vulcan, her own beloved son:

“Arise, Vulcan<sup>4</sup>, my son; for against thee do we deem the flooding Xanthus to be equally matched in battle: but assist with all haste, and show forth thy abundant  
 335 flame. And I will go and excite a furious storm of the west wind and rapid south from the sea, which, bringing a destructive conflagration, may consume the heads and armour of the Trojans. And do thou burn the trees upon the banks of Xanthus, and set himself on fire; nor let him at all turn thee away with kind words or with threat-

<sup>1</sup> λιμνης.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the accumulated sand will be quite enough.

<sup>4</sup> κυλλοποδιον—with lame or defective feet.

ening: neither do thou first restrain thy violence; but 340  
when I, shouting, shall give the signal, then check thy  
unwearied fire."

Thus she spake; and Vulcan darted forth his fierce-  
burning fire. And first of all he lighted a fire in the  
plain, and burned up the many bodies, which were in it<sup>1</sup>  
in abundance, whom Achilles had slain; and the whole 345  
plain was dried up, and the bright water restrained. And  
as when an autumnal north wind immediately dries up a  
newly-watered garden, and gladdens the person, whoso-  
ever cultivates it; so was the whole plain dried up, and  
he consumed the dead; and he turned his bright flame  
against the river. And the elms were burned up, and the 350  
willows, and the tamarisks; and the lotus was consumed, and  
the rushes and the reeds, which grew in abundance round  
the beautiful streams of the river. And the eels, and the  
fishes; those in the waves, which in the fair streams dived  
here and there, were harassed, exhausted by the breath of 355  
the various artificer Vulcan. And the force of the river was  
burnt up, and he addressed this speech to him, and said:

"None of the gods, O Vulcan, can oppose thee on  
equal terms, neither can I contend with thee, thus burn-  
ing with thy fire. Cease from the strife, and let the  
noble Achilles at once expel the Trojans from their city 360  
too<sup>2</sup>—what have I to do with contest or with assistance?"

He spake, scorched with fire; and his fair streams boiled  
up. And as a caldron, pressed by much fire, bubbles up  
within tumultuously on all sides, while melting the fat of  
a well-fed sow, and split sticks lie beneath it; so were his 365  
fair streams heated with the fire, and the water boiled;  
nor could he flow on, but was stopt, and the vapour,  
*created* by the power of crafty Vulcan, suffocated him.  
At length, supplicating much, he addressed Juno in these  
winged words:

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the plain, which requires *avro* (*πειδιον*); but the verse is the same  
as line 236 of this book, where *ποταμος* is meant.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. as well as from me.



“ Why, O Juno, does thy son press upon my stream, to  
 370 annoy *me* above others? I am not surely so much to  
 blame as are all the others, as many as are aiders of the  
 Trojans. But, however, I will desist, if thou commandest  
 it: and let him also cease; and I will likewise swear this,  
 375 never to avert the evil day from the Trojans—not when  
 all burning Troy shall be consumed with destructive fire,  
 and the warlike sons of the Achæans light the flame.”

And when Juno, the white-armed goddess, heard this,  
 she immediately addressed her beloved son Vulcan:

“ Vulcan, my illustrious son, desist; for it is not proper  
 380 thus to persecute an immortal god for the sake of mortals.”

Thus she spake; and Vulcan repressed his raging fire;  
 and then the refluent water poured downward its beautiful  
 streams. But when the force of Xanthus was subdued,  
 then, indeed they<sup>1</sup> were quiet; for Juno restrained them,  
 though enraged *with the Trojans*.

385 But among the other gods dire contention fell toilsome;  
 and their minds in their bosoms were borne away in op-  
 posite directions. And with a vast tumult they engaged,  
 and the wide earth re-bellowed; and the mighty heaven  
 resounded<sup>2</sup> around. And Jove heard it, sitting upon  
 390 Olympus, and laughed within his heart for joy, when he  
 beheld the gods meeting in contest. Then no longer stood  
 they asunder; for shield-piercing Mars began, and rushed  
 first upon Minerva, holding his brazen spear; and uttered  
 this opprobrious speech:

“ Why thus, O impudent, with boundless confidence  
 395 committest thou the gods to battle? Has thy mighty  
 spirit prompted thee? Or, rememberest thou not when  
 thou didst impel Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, to strike  
 me, and, thyself seizing the spear, in the sight of all,  
 didst drive it right against me, and lacerate my fair flesh?  
 Now, therefore, I think, in turn, that thou shalt pay for  
 all that thou hast wrought against me.”

400 So saying, he struck against the ægis, fringed, ter-

<sup>1</sup> Xanthus and Vulcan.

<sup>2</sup> Brayed as a trumpet.



rible, which not the bolt of Jove subdues—on that blood-polluted Mars smote her with his long spear. But she, retiring back, seized in her strong hand a stone lying in the plain, black, and rugged, and huge—one which men of 405 former days had placed to be the boundary of a field. With this she struck fierce Mars upon the neck, and loosened his knees. And seven acres he covered, falling, and defiled his hair in the dust; and his armour rang round him. And Pallas Minerva laughed, and, boasting over him, addressed to him these winged words:

“Fool, hast thou not yet perceived how much I boast 410 myself to be superior *to thee*, that thou opposest thy strength to me? Thus shalt thou expiate the Furies<sup>1</sup> of thy mother, who plans mischiefs against thee, enraged because thou hast deserted the Achæans, and dost assist the truce-breaking Trojans.”

Thus then having spoken, she turned away her shining 415 eyes. But Venus, the daughter of Jove, taking him by the hand, led him away, groaning very heavily; and with difficulty he collected his spirit. And her, as soon as Juno, the white-armed goddess, perceived, she immediately addressed to Minerva these winged words:

“Ah! child of the ægis-bearing Jove, invincible—again 420 that impudent wretch leads Mars, the destroyer of men, through the throng, from the glowing battle. But follow her.”

Thus she spake; and Minerva rushed after, and rejoiced in her mind; and, springing upon her, struck her with a strong hand in the breast, and relaxed her knees and dear 425 heart. Then both of them lay upon the fertile earth; and she, boasting, addressed to them *these* winged words:

“Would now that all were such, as many as are allies to the Trojans, when they fight against the armed Argives, and thus bold and daring, as Venus comes a support to 430

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* her vengeance. The Furies avenge crime—are the executors of vengeance; but here they seem to express the penalty—thou shalt suffer the *kaka* of the next line.

Mars, to encounter my might; in that case indeed should we have long ago ceased from battle, after destroying the well-built city of Ilium."

Thus she spake; and the white-armed goddess Juno  
435 smiled. But king Neptune<sup>1</sup> addressed Apollo:

"Phœbus, why stand we two apart? It is unbecoming now the others have begun<sup>2</sup>. This were disgraceful, if we return without fighting to Olympus, to the brass-floored mansion of Jove. Commence, for thou art younger by  
440 birth; for it would not be becoming in me, since I am the elder, and know more things. Thou fool, how senseless a heart thou possessest; rememberest thou nothing of the ills<sup>3</sup> we alone of the gods suffered round Ilium, what time, coming from Jove to the haughty Laomedon, we  
445 toiled during the space of a year for a stipulated hire, and he, commanding, gave directions? I indeed erected a city and wall for the Trojans, extensive and very handsome, that the city might be impregnable; and thou, O Phœbus, didst feed his oxen, slow-paced, crumple-horned, among the glens of the many-valled, woody Ida. But when at  
450 last the lovely Hours had brought round the period of payment, then did the violent Laomedon tyrannically withhold from us all our hire<sup>4</sup>; and, threatening, send us away. And<sup>5</sup> besides, he threatened that he would bind our feet and hands above, and sell us for slaves in distant islands; and  
455 affirmed that he would cut off the ears of both with brass; and we forthwith returned back with indignant mind, enraged on account of the hire which, having promised, he did not pay. For this then dost thou now favour his people? Nor strivest along with us, in order that the  
460 truce-breaking Trojans may basely perish from the root, along with their children and chaste wives."

And him in reply Apollo, the far-darting king, address-

<sup>1</sup> Earth-shaker.      <sup>2</sup> Neither is it becoming, the others commencing.

<sup>3</sup> Of those (*κακων*) evils, as many as, &c.

<sup>4</sup> He treated us tyrannically as to our pay.

<sup>5</sup> *συν*, &c. Together—at the same time.



ed: "Shaker of the earth, thou wouldst judge me to be by no means prudent, if I should now fight with thee, for the sake of miserable mortals, who, like to the leaves, are at one time very blooming, eating the fruit of the soil, and 465 at another again perish, deprived of life. Rather let us cease from combat, as soon as possible; and let them decide the matter themselves."

Thus having spoken, he turned back; for in truth he feared to join battle with the brother of his father. But 470 his sister, the rural Diana, mistress of wild beasts, severely reproved him, and uttered this upbraiding speech:

"Fliest thou, Far-darter? And resignest thou the whole victory to Neptune? And givest thou glory to him without a struggle? Fool, why at all dost thou thus hold an useless bow? No longer now let me hear thee boasting 475 in the halls of our father, as heretofore *thou wert wont* among the immortal gods, that thou wouldst combat in opposition against Neptune."

Thus she spake; yet the far-darting Apollo addressed her not at all. But the chaste spouse of Jove, inflamed with anger, chid *the fair* archeress<sup>1</sup> in reproving words: 480

"How dost thou now dare, fearless, to stand against me? I am a difficult one to be opposed in my might by thee, who art nothing but an archer; for Jove has made thee a lion among women<sup>2</sup>, and given thee to kill whomsoever of *them*<sup>3</sup> thou wilt. It is for thee, however, prefer- 485 able to slay savage beasts among the mountains, or wild stags, rather than to contend in force with superiors. But if thou desirest to have a lesson in battle, *come on*; that thou mayst well know how much superior I am to thee, since thou dost oppose my strength."

She said, and with her left hand seized both her (*Diana's*) hands at the wrist, and with her right plucked the bow<sup>4</sup> 490 from her shoulders; and with it, smiling, she beat her,

<sup>1</sup> Delighting in arrows.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* obstetrically.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* but not among goddesses.

<sup>4</sup> The arrows.



whilst writhing, about the ears; and the rapid arrows fell out<sup>1</sup>. And then the goddess fled, weeping, like a dove, 495 which flies from an hawk to a hollow rock, her hiding place, nor was it decreed that she should be taken by it—so fled Diana, weeping, and left there her bow. But Mercury<sup>2</sup>, the messenger, *thus* addressed Latona:

“Latona, I will by no means fight with thee; for it is a hazardous thing to combat with the wives of cloud-com- 500 pelling Jove; but thou art very welcome among the immortal gods, to boast that thou hast conquered me by fierce violence.”

Thus indeed he spake; and Latona collected together the bent bow *and the arrows* which had fallen<sup>3</sup> here and there amid the whirl of dust. And she, having taken the bow 505 and arrows of her daughter, went back; and Diana went to Olympus, to the brass-floored mansion of Jove, and, weeping, sat down at the knees of her father; and around them her ambrosial robe trembled; and her the Saturnian father took towards him<sup>4</sup>, and, sweetly smiling, interrogated her:

“Which of the heavenly powers, my beloved child, has 510 now rashly done thee such things, as if thou hadst openly perpetrated some evil<sup>5</sup>?”

And to him in return the fair-crowned huntress<sup>6</sup> said: “Thy spouse has ill-treated me, O father, the white-armed Juno, from whom contention and strife hang over the immortals.”

Thus they such things spoke to one another. But Phœ- 515 bus Apollo entered into sacred Ilium; for the wall of the well-built city was a care to him, lest the Danaans, in spite of fate, should that day destroy it. And the other ever-living gods repaired to Olympus, some, indeed, indignant, and others greatly boasting; and they sat down

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* of the quiver—as she writhed about.

<sup>2</sup> The Argicide—the inter-messenger.

<sup>3</sup> Having fallen.

<sup>4</sup> Saluted her.

<sup>5</sup> Having openly perpetrated.—Æ. 374.

<sup>6</sup> Loving the tumult of huntsmen.

beside the dark-clouded Jove. But Achilles slew at once 520 the Trojans themselves, and their solid-hoofed horses. And as when a smoke, ascending from a burning city, reaches to the wide heaven—and the anger of the gods has set it on fire—and it gives toil to all, and brings trouble upon many: so Achilles caused toil and troubles 525 to the Trojans.

And the aged Priam stood upon a sacred tower, and marked the huge Achilles; and the routed Trojans fled in confusion before him, nor was there any might in them<sup>1</sup>. And, groaning, he descended from the tower to the ground, to excite<sup>2</sup> the noble guards at the gates along the ram- 530 parts.

“Hold the gates open in your hands until the flying people come into the city—for Achilles is near, putting them to the rout. Now do I fear<sup>3</sup> there will be deadly deeds. But as soon as they respire, inclosed within the wall, put to again the close-fitted gates<sup>4</sup>, for I tremble lest 535 this destructive man rush within the wall.”

Thus he spake; and they opened the gates and drew back the bolts; and when opened, they afforded safety. And Apollo sprang out to meet them, that he might ward off destruction from the Trojans. Then they, parched 540 with thirst, and covered with dust, fled from the plain right towards the city and the lofty wall; and he (*Achilles*) furiously pursued with his spear; for fierce madness constantly possessed his heart, and he burned to obtain glory. Then would the sons of the Achæans have taken the lofty-gated Troy, had not Phœbus Apollo animated Agenor, a hero, 545 the son of Antenor, both illustrious and brave. Into his heart he cast confidence, and himself stood near him, concealed behind a beech-tree, that he might avert the heavy hands of death; and he was covered with a large cloud. And he (*Agenor*), as soon as he perceived Achilles, the 550

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* they could no longer resist.

<sup>2</sup> Exciting.

<sup>3</sup> Think.

<sup>4</sup> *σανίδες*—the doors, or rather leaves, of the gates.



destroyer of cities, stopt, and his heart debated much as he stood; and, groaning, he thus communed with his own brave spirit:

“Ah me! if I fly from the terrible Achilles, where the  
 555 others, routed, are flying, even thus will he seize me, and cut off my cowardly head<sup>1</sup>; but if I leave these to be routed by Achilles, the son of Peleus, and on my feet fly in another direction from the wall towards the Ilian plain, until I come to the glens of Ida, and enter its thickets;  
 560 and then, after washing myself at evening in the river, I return back to Troy, purified from sweat—but why does my spirit discuss these things *within* me? *I fear* lest he may observe me departing from the city towards the plain, and, hastily pursuing, overtake me with his rapid  
 565 feet; then no longer will it be possible to escape death and the fates: for he is very powerful beyond all men. But if I go against him in front of the city—for his body too, without doubt, is vulnerable by sharp brass; and one  
 570 soul only is in it, and men say that he is mortal; but Jove, the son of Saturn, affords him glory.”

So saying, prepared, he awaited Achilles; and his gallant heart within him burned to combat and to fight. As a pard advances from a deep thicket against a huntsman,  
 575 nor is aught troubled in its heart, nor fears, when it hears the hunting cry—for if even he has first<sup>2</sup> either wounded it from afar, or smitten it close at hand, nevertheless, although transfixed with a spear, it ceases not from combat, till either it engage at close quarters, or be subdued. Thus the noble Agenor, the son of the renowned Antenor, would  
 580 not fly till he had made trial of Achilles; but, on the contrary, held before him his shield, every where equal, and took aim at him (*Achilles*) with his spear, and cried aloud:

“Thou art, no doubt, in great hopes within thy mind, O illustrious Achilles, that thou shalt this day lay waste  
 585 the city of the glorious Trojans. Fool, still many woes

<sup>1</sup> Cut off the head from me a coward—or, cut my throat.

<sup>2</sup> *ῥαυμενος*—being beforehand.



will yet be effected over it, for we are numerous and brave warriors in it, who will defend Ilium for the sake of our beloved parents, our wives, and our children. Thou, however, shalt here fulfil thy destiny, thus terrible and confident as thou art."

He said, and hurled the sharp javelin from his heavy 590 hand, and struck his leg below the knee, nor missed: and the greave of newly-wrought tin around it sounded horribly; but the brazen weapon leaped back from it thus struck, nor penetrated; for the gifts of the god repelled it. Then Pelides next attacked the godlike Agenor; yet 595 Apollo permitted him not to obtain glory; but snatched him away, and covered him with a large cloud; and dismissed him to return in peace from the battle.

But by a stratagem he turned away the son of Peleus from the people; for the far-darter, having likened himself in every respect to Agenor, stood before his feet; and 600 Achilles made haste to pursue with his feet. Whilst he was pursuing him, running before a little space, over the fruitful<sup>1</sup> plain, turning towards the deep-pooled river Scamander; for Apollo drew *him* on with guile, so that he always expected to overtake him with his feet; the other 605 Trojans, in the mean time, put to rout, came delighted in a crowd towards the city; and the city was filled with them shut in. Nor did they any longer dare to wait for each other without the city and the wall, and to inquire who had escaped, and who had fallen in the battle; but they 610 eagerly poured into the city, whomsoever of them *his* feet and *his* knees had preserved.

<sup>1</sup> Bearing barley.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XXII.

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ARGUMENT.

Hector alone remains without, in spite of the intreaties of his father and mother. He flies thrice round Troy, then fights, and is slain by Achilles, who drags his body to the fleet. The lamentation of Andromache.

Thus driven by fright into the city, like fawns, they were refreshing themselves from sweat, and were drinking and slaking their thirst, leaning against the handsome battlements; and the Achæans drew near towards the wall,  
5 inclining their shields upon their shoulders<sup>1</sup>. But Hector his deadly fate compelled to remain there, in front of Ilium and the Scæan gates. And Phœbus Apollo thus addressed Achilles:

“ Why, O son of Peleus, being thyself mortal, dost thou  
10 with rapid feet pursue me, an immortal god? Not yet dost thou discover that I am a god, and that thou ragest extravagantly? Why truly thou regardest not the toil of the Trojans, whom thou hast put to flight, and who are

<sup>1</sup> In close column—with their shields so disposed as to form a line of defence.

already shut up within their city, but thou hast turned aside<sup>1</sup> here. Thou canst not slay me, for I am not mortal."

And him, greatly indignant, the swift-footed Achilles addressed: "Thou hast befooled me, O far-darter, most 15 destructive of all gods, by now turning me away hither from the wall; *otherwise* many had surely grasped the earth with their teeth, before they had gone into Troy. But now thou hast deprived me of great glory, and hast preserved them easily<sup>2</sup>, for thou didst not at all dread vengeance in after times. Assuredly I would chastise thee, 20 if the power at least were mine."

So saying, he departed haughtily towards the city, rushing like a horse<sup>3</sup>, victorious in the contest, with his car—which, when striving, flies swiftly over the plain. So Achilles moved hastily his feet and his knees.

But the aged Priam first beheld him with his eyes, 25 rushing along the plain, glittering like a star which rises in the autumn; and its resplendent rays shine among the other stars in the depth of the night—that which men call *by* the appellation of Orion's dog. Very bright is it; but it 30 is an evil omen, and brings a burning heat upon miserable mortals. So shone the brass round the breast of him as he ran along. Then the old man groaned, and beat his head with his hands, lifting them on high, and, groaning, cried aloud, supplicating his beloved son. But he (*Hector*) 35 was standing before the Scæan gates, insatiably eager to combat with Achilles; and to him the old man piteously addressed, extending his hands:

"Hector, my beloved son, O do not, for my sake, alone *and* without others, await this man; lest thou speedily fulfil thy fate, subdued by the son of Peleus; for he is much 40 more powerful *than thou*. Ruthless *man!* would that he

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* instead of endeavouring to prevent the Trojans from getting behind their walls.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* without regard to consequences—for you knew you were safe from my vengeance.

<sup>3</sup> Or, rather, a horse running for a prize.



were so dear to the gods as he is to me<sup>1</sup>; soon should the dogs and vultures devour him lying prostrate, *and* dire grief would depart from my bosom. *Ruthless man!* who has made me destitute of many and gallant sons, slaying, 45 and selling them into far distant islands. For even now also, though the Trojans are shut up within the city, I cannot see my two sons, Lycaon and Polydorus, whom Laothoë bore to me, a queen among women. But if they are alive at the camp, assuredly we will hereafter redeem 50 them with brass and with gold; for there is plenty within; for the aged Altes, renowned in story, gave abundance to his daughter. But if they be already dead, and in the abode of Pluto, it will be a grief to my soul, and to their mother, who gave them birth. Yet to the other people 55 will the grief be more tolerable, if thou also do not die, subdued by Achilles. But come within the wall, O my son, that thou mayst save the Trojan men and women, nor furnish great glory to the son of Peleus, and be thyself deprived of thy beloved life. Moreover, have pity upon 60 wretched me, while I am still alive<sup>2</sup>, *me*, miserable *man*, whom the Saturnian father will destroy with evil fortune upon the threshold of old age<sup>3</sup>, seeing many calamities—my sons slain, my daughters captives, their bridal chambers plundered, and infant children dashed against the earth in 65 dire slaughter, and my daughters-in-law dragged away by the destructive hands of the Achæans. And myself also, at last, at the entrance of the gates—when some one with the sharp brass, striking me with a pike or a sword, takes the life from my limbs—will ravenous dogs tear, which, 70 drinking up my blood, will lie in the vestibule, grown furious in their mind. To a young man indeed, slain in battle, *and* lacerated with sharp brass, it is honourable, in all respects to lie, all of him, though dead, whatever is

<sup>1</sup> i. e. would that he were not more dear to the gods than he is to me—not dear at all.

<sup>2</sup> Still thinking.

<sup>3</sup> At the extremity of age—entrance of extreme age.

visible is fair; but when dogs insult the grey head, and the hoary beard, and the privy parts of a slaughtered old 75 man, that indeed is most pitiable among wretched mortals."

The old man said; and tore up the hoary locks with his hands, plucking them from his head; yet persuaded not the soul of Hector. And next his mother, on the other side, weeping, lamented, baring her bosom, whilst with 80 the other hand she held her breast; and, shedding tears, addressed to him these winged words:

"O Hector, my son, have respect to these, and have pity on me myself. If ever I afforded thee the grief-lulling breast<sup>1</sup>, remember these things, my beloved child; and coming within the wall, repulse *this* hostile man; nor 85 stand forth the foremost against him. Unfeeling man! for if he slay thee, neither shall I mourn for thee on thy bier, my beloved offspring, whom I myself bore, nor shall thy rich-dowered wife; but far apart from us both, the swift dogs will devour thee at the ships of the Argives."

Thus did they, weeping, address their dear son, intreat- 90 ing him greatly; yet persuaded they not the soul of Hector; but he awaited the huge Achilles, coming near. And as a fierce serpent at its den, feeding upon evil poisons, waits for a man, and dire rage enters into him (*the serpent*), and he glares horribly, coiling around his den; so Hector, 95 possessed of inextinguishable valour, retired not, leaning his glittering shield against a projecting tower; and, full of indignation, thus communed with his own brave spirit:

"Ah me! if indeed I enter the gates and the wall, Polydamas will be the first to heap reproaches upon me— 100 he who advised me to lead the Trojans towards the city during this disastrous night, when the noble Achilles rose to battle. But I was not persuaded; doubtless it would have been much better *if I had*. And now, since by my rashness I have destroyed the people, I am afraid of the 105 Trojan men and long-robed<sup>2</sup> Trojan women, lest some one inferior to me should say, 'Hector, trusting in his own

<sup>1</sup> The breast causing forgetfulness of cares.

<sup>2</sup> Dragging their robes.



valour has destroyed the people.' Thus they will say, and then it would be much better for me, either to return, after  
 110 slaying Achilles in the encounter, or gloriously myself to perish in defence of the city. But if I were to lay down my bossed shield and strong helmet, and resting my spear against the wall, *and*, proceeding myself, go to meet the renowned Achilles, and promise him that we will allow <sup>1</sup> the two Atrides to take away Helen, who was the cause of the  
 115 struggle, and all her numerous treasures along with her, as many as Alexander brought to Troy in his hollow ships, and besides, that we will distribute others, as many as this city possesses, among the Achæans—and *if*, moreover, I should exact an oath from the elders of the Trojans <sup>2</sup>, that  
 120 they would conceal nothing, but divide all things into two portions, as much treasure as this delightful city contains within it—Yet why does my soul discuss such things within me? Never let me go, and come to him as a suppliant <sup>3</sup>; for he will not pity me, neither have any  
 125 respect to me, but slay me thus like a woman, being naked, after I put off my armour. It is not at all a time to converse with him from an oak, nor from a rock <sup>4</sup>, like a maiden and a youth, (the maiden and youth converse with one another). On the contrary, it is better to engage him  
 130 in battle; that we may know as soon as possible to which the Olympic god will give glory."

Thus he meditated, remaining; and Achilles came near him, like to Mars, the helmet-shaking warrior, brandishing upon his right shoulder the terrible Pelian ash; and round him shone the brazen armour, like to the splendour either  
 135 of a blazing fire, or the rising sun. And a tremor seized Hector as soon as he perceived him, nor any longer had he the courage to remain there, but left the gates behind him, and departed, panic-struck: and Pelides rushed after

<sup>1</sup> Give.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* as an oath more likely to be observed. Compare *Γ*. 105, 6.

<sup>3</sup> Or, *I am afraid*, if I should go, he will, &c.

<sup>4</sup> At full leisure—or upon agreeable matters.



him, trusting to his rapid feet<sup>1</sup>. As a falcon, the swiftest of birds, among the mountains easily dashes after a timid 140 pigeon; and she flies low<sup>2</sup> for fear; but he, close at hand, shrilly screaming, frequently assails her, and his desire impels him to seize her: thus, eager, Achilles rushed straight on; and Hector fled in terror under the wall of the Trojans, and moved his agile limbs. Then rushed they past the 145 rising ground and lofty<sup>3</sup> fig-tree, always under the wall along the public road; and reached the two fair-flowing fountains, where rise two springs of the eddying Scamander. For the one flows with tepid water, and from it a smoke 150 rises around, as from a burning fire; but the other flows forth during the summer, like to hail, or cold snow, or ice from water. And there, near to them, are the wide, beautiful stone basins, where the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans, formerly, in peace-time, used, before the 155 sons of the Achæans arrived, to wash their beautiful robes. In this direction they ran past, *the one* fleeing, and the other pursuing after. A brave man indeed ran before, but a much more valiant rapidly pursued him; for they strove not for a victim or a bull's-hide, such as are the 160 prizes for the speed<sup>4</sup> of men, but they ran for the life of Hector, the tamer of horses. And as when solid-hoofed race-horses<sup>5</sup> run very swiftly round the course<sup>6</sup>; and a great prize is staked—either a tripod, or a woman—in honour of a hero dead; so these two thrice encompassed 165 the city of Priam with rapid feet. And all the gods looked on. Then the father of men and gods began among them with *these* words:

“Ye gods, assuredly I behold with my eyes a dear hero pursued round the wall; and my heart is grieved for Hector, who has sacrificed to me numerous legs of oxen upon 170 the tops of the many-valled Ida, and at other times again

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* with full confidence of overtaking him.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* out of the line of his flight.

<sup>3</sup> Windy.

<sup>4</sup> The feet.

<sup>5</sup> The bearers away of prizes.

<sup>6</sup> The marks.

in the highest *part of* the city; now, again, the noble Achilles chases him, with swift feet, round the city of Priam. But come, consider, ye gods, and consult together, whether we shall save him from death, or now subdue him, brave as he is, *by the hands of* Achilles, the son of Peleus."

And him, in return, Minerva, the blue-eyed goddess, addressed: "O my father, hurler of the thunder-bolt, *compeller of* the dark clouds, what hast thou spoken? A man being mortal, long ago devoted to his fate, wouldst thou again free from evil death? Do *so*; but all we the other gods will by no means assent."

And to her the cloud-compelling Jove, answering, said: "Be of good cheer, my beloved child, Tritogeneia; I by no means speak with serious<sup>1</sup> mind, but wish to be gentle. 185 Do whatsoever is thy desire<sup>2</sup>, nor check thyself in aught."

So saying, he roused Minerva, before prepared; and, springing<sup>3</sup>, she descended from the summits of Olympus.

And the swift Achilles followed Hector, ceaselessly pressing upon him. As when a dog in the mountains pursues the fawn of a deer through glens and through 190 thickets, having roused it from its lair; and, although fear-stricken, it conceal itself behind a brake, still tracking it, he runs without stopping till he catch it; so Hector eluded not the swift-footed son of Peleus. For as often as he strove to rush in front of the Dardan gates, towards the 195 well-built towers, that if possible they might assist him with missile weapons from above, so often, anticipating him, did he turn him away towards the plain; whilst he himself always flew on the side of the city. And as in a dream one cannot pursue a fugitive; neither can the one 200 escape the other, nor the other pursue: so the one was not able to overtake the other by his speed, nor the other to escape. By what means then could Hector have escaped the doom of death, if Apollo had not, for the last

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* with a mind resolved to execute its wishes.

<sup>2</sup> Where thy mind is.

<sup>3</sup> Giving herself an impulse.



time<sup>1</sup>, come to meet him, who roused up for him his courage and swift knees? And the noble Achilles nodded 205 to the people with his head, nor suffered them to throw their dire weapons at Hector, lest some one, wounding him, should obtain glory, and he come but second. But when, for the fourth time, they came to the fountains, then at length the father lifted up his golden scales, and 210 placed in them two destinies of death, causing long sleep, the one for Achilles, and the other for the horse-taming Hector. And taking them by the middle, he sustained them, and the fatal day of Hector weighed down, and descended to Hades; and Phœbus Apollo left him. And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva approached Pelides, and, standing 215 near, addressed to him these winged words:

“Now, O illustrious Achilles, beloved of Jove, do I hope that we two shall bear back great glory to the ships of the Achæans, having slain Hector, insatiable of battle though he be. Now it is no longer possible for him to escape us, not even if the far-darting Apollo should labour<sup>2</sup> ever so much, throwing himself forward at the feet of *our* father, the ægis-bearing Jove. But stand thou now and breathe; and I, approaching, shall persuade him to engage thee in opposition.”

Thus spake Minerva; and he obeyed and rejoiced in his soul: and stood, leaning upon his ashen, brass-pointed 225 spear. And she then left him, and overtook the noble Hector, like Deiphobus in person and unwearied voice; and, standing near, addressed to him these winged words:

“My brother, the swift Achilles without doubt now presses thee greatly, chasing thee with rapid feet round 230 the city of Priam. But come now, let us stand, and, awaiting, let us repulse him.”

And her, in return, the mighty helmed Hector addressed: “Deiphobus, thou wast indeed to me, before, far the dearest of brothers—of the sons whom Hecuba and Priam produced. But now I think that I honour thee 235

<sup>1</sup> For the last and extreme time.

<sup>2</sup> Should suffer very much.



yet more, since thou hast dared for my sake, when thou didst behold me with thine eyes, to come out of the city; and the others remain within."

And him again the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed: "My brother, indeed my father and venerable mother  
240 intreated me much, by turns embracing my knees, as well as my companions around, to remain there—so much do all above measure fear him<sup>1</sup>—nevertheless my mind within was harassed with severe grief. But now let us, eager *as we are*, combat straightway, nor let there longer be a sparing of spears<sup>2</sup>, that we may know whether Achilles,  
245 having slain us both, shall bear our bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or be subdued by thy spear."

Thus having spoken, Minerva also with guile led the way. And when, advancing towards each other, they were now near, the mighty helmed Hector first addressed him:

250 "No longer, son of Peleus, shall I fly thee as before. Thrice have I fled round the vast city of Priam, nor ever dared to await thee, coming on; now, however, my spirit urges me to stand against thee—I shall slay, or be slain. But come, let us here take the gods to witness; for  
255 they will be the best witnesses and overseers of covenants. For I will not horribly maltreat thee, if Jove shall give me the victory, and I take away thy life: but when I shall strip from thee thy distinguished armour, O Achilles, I will give back thy body to the Achæans;  
260 and so do thou *to me*."

Then, looking sternly, the swift-footed Achilles addressed him: "Hector, demon, talk not of covenants to me. As there are not faithful treaties between lions and men, nor yet have wolves and lambs a concordant mind, but unceasingly meditate evils against one another; so it is  
265 not possible for thee and me to contract a friendship; nor

<sup>1</sup> τοιοῦν—such—or, so great as he is.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* lose no time in employing them.

shall there at all be treaties between us two, till one or the other, falling, shall glut with his blood Mars, the daring warrior. Be mindful of all thy valour; now does it greatly behove thee to be both a spear-man and a gallant combatant. No longer is there a retreat for thee, for Pallas 270 Minerva at once subdues thee by my spear; and thou shalt now give satisfaction for all the sorrows of my comrades collected together, whom, raging, thou didst slay with thy spear."

He said, and brandishing it, dismissed his long spear, and the illustrious Hector, seeing it coming, avoided it; for, looking forward<sup>1</sup>, he stooped, and that brazen spear 275 flew over him, and fixed in the earth. And Pallas Minerva plucked it up, and gave it back to Achilles; and it escaped the knowledge of Hector, shepherd of the people. Then Hector addressed the renowned son of Peleus:

"Thou hast missed, O godlike Achilles, nor art thou yet acquainted with my fate from Jove, though thou saidst *thou* 280 wast—but thou art a prater, and a dissembler of words<sup>2</sup>—in order that, dreading thee, I might be forgetful of my courage and might. Not in my back, while flying, shalt thou thrust thy spear, but drive it through my breast, rushing directly on, if a god grant *that* to thee. Now in 285 turn avoid my brazen spear—oh that thou mayst receive it all in thy body. Then surely would the war become lighter to the Trojans, since thou art the greatest destruction to them."

He said, and, brandishing, hurled his long spear, and struck the middle of Pelides' shield, nor missed; but the 290 spear was repelled far from the shield. And Hector was enraged that his swift weapon had escaped useless from his hand; and stood dejected, for he had not another ashen spear. Then called he upon the white-shielded Deïphobus, shouting aloud, *and* demanded a long spear; but he 295

<sup>1</sup> Or, previously seeing it.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to Achilles' talk about Minerva.



was no longer at hand; and Hector perceived in his mind, and said:

“Alas! without doubt now the gods summon me to death. For I thought indeed that the hero Deiphobus was near, but he is within the wall, and Minerva has de-  
300 ceived me. Now in truth is evil death near me, nor longer at a distance, nor is there escape. For truly long ago has this been agreeable to Jove, and to the far-darting son of Jove, who, before at least, propitious, defended me; now, on the contrary, fate overtakes me. Yet let me not, at least,  
305 perish ignobly and dishonourably, but, acting mightily, to be heard of even by posterity.”

Thus having spoken, he drew his sharp sword, which hung below his loins, both huge and strong, and, turning,  
310 rushed *forward* like a high-flying eagle, which descends to the plain through the dark clouds, for the purpose of snatching away either a tender lamb, or a timid hare; so Hector rushed forward, brandishing his sharp sword. Achilles also sprang to the attack, and filled his soul with fierce valour. And he held in his defence before his breast  
315 his shield, beautiful, curiously wrought; and nodded with his glittering four-coned helmet, whilst the beautiful golden crests which Vulcan had spread in great abundance round the cone, were shaken. And as the star Hesperus, which is the brightest star in heaven, goes among other  
320 stars during the depth of the night; so *splendour* shone from the very sharp spear which Achilles, meditating evil to the noble Hector, shook in his right hand, examining his handsome body where it would most readily yield. But the rich brazen armour, which, having slain the mighty Patroclus, he had stripped off, completely<sup>1</sup> covered the rest of his body; yet *that part* of the throat appeared,  
325 where the collar-bones divide the neck from the shoulders, and where is the quickest destruction of life. There the noble Achilles, eager, drove into him with a spear, and the point came out<sup>2</sup> at the opposite side through the tender

<sup>1</sup> Had so much.

<sup>2</sup> Came quite through.



neck. Yet the ash, heavy with brass, cut not through the windpipe, so that he could say to him any thing, replying in words. But he fell among the dust, and the noble 330 Achilles boasted over him :

“ Yet, Hector, thou didst once suppose, when stripping the dead Patroclus, that thou wouldst be safe, nor didst dread me, being absent. Fool, I was left behind a much braver avenger for him, apart at the hollow ships, *I* who 335 have loosened thy knees. Thee indeed shall the dogs and birds foully tear, but him the Achæans shall bury with funeral rites.”

And him the helmed Hector, growing languid, addressed : “ I intreat thee by thy life, and by thy knees, and by thine own parents, suffer not the dogs to devour me at the ships of the Achæans ; but accept thou brass in abundance, and 340 gold, which my father and venerable mother will give thee ; and give back my body home, that the Trojans and wives of the Trojans may give me *when* dead a funeral pile.”

But the swift-footed Achilles, looking sternly, thus addressed him : “ Dog, supplicate me not by my knees, nor 345 my parents ; for I would that my fury and indignation would in any way stimulate me myself, tearing to pieces thy raw flesh, to eat it, for the deeds which thou hast done me. Therefore there is no one who shall drive away the dogs from thy head—not if they should lay down ten-fold 350 and twenty-fold ransoms, bringing them here, and promise others also ; not even if Dardan Priam should desire to weigh thyself with gold<sup>1</sup> ; not even thus shall thy venerable mother weep over *him* whom she bore, placing him upon his bier, but the dogs and birds shall entirely tear thee in pieces.”

And him the helmed Hector, dying, addressed : 355 “ Well knowing thee, in truth, I foresaw this, nor was I likely to persuade thee ; for surely there is an iron soul

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* to redeem thee with thy weight in gold.

within thee. But reflect now, lest I be a cause of divine hatred<sup>1</sup> to thee, on that day, when Paris and Phœbus  
 360 Apollo shall slay thee, brave as thou art<sup>2</sup>, in the Scæan gates."

The end of death enveloped him, thus speaking; and, quitting vigour and youth, his soul, flying from his limbs, descended to Hades, mourning its destiny. And him, although dead, the noble Achilles addressed:

365 "Die: and I shall then receive my fate whenever Jove wills to accomplish it, and the other immortal gods."

He said, and plucked the brazen spear from the body, and laid it aside, and he tore the bloody armour from his shoulders. And the other sons of the Achæans ran round,  
 370 who also admired the stature and admirable form of Hector; nor did any one stand by without inflicting a wound.  
 380 And thus said they, looking to those *who* were near:

"Ye gods, surely Hector is now much more gentle to be handled, than when he kindled the ships with glowing fire."

375 Thus said some, and, standing by, wounded him. But the swift-footed Achilles, when he had stripped him of his spoils, standing among the Achæans, addressed *to them these*  
 013 winged words:

"O friends, leaders and chiefs of the Argives, since the  
 311 gods have granted *me* to subdue this man, who wrought  
 380 many evils, such as did not all the others—come, let us try the city all around with our arms, that we may gain some knowledge of the mind of the Trojans, which they have; whether they will leave the highest city, now he has fallen, or venture to remain, although Hector be no more.

385 But why does my heart deliberate these things within me? Patroclus lies an unwept, unburied corse beside the ships; and him I shall never forget, as long as I am among the living, and my dear knees can move; and if even they be  
 390 forgetful of the dead in Hades, yet will I remember my

<sup>1</sup> Hatred of the gods.

<sup>2</sup> Being brave.



beloved comrade even there. But come now, ye youths of the Achæans, singing pæans, let us return to the hollow ships, and bear him away, for we have obtained great glory: we have slain the noble Hector, whom the Trojans throughout the city honoured as a god."

He said, and meditated shocking deeds against the noble Hector. He perforated the tendons of both his feet behind, from the heel to the instep, and fastened in them leathern thongs, and tied him to the car; and left his head to be dragged. And then mounting his chariot, and lifting up the noble armour, he flogged *the horses* to proceed, and they, not unwilling, flew. And the dust arose from him, while dragged along, and his azure hair was shaken around, and his whole head, once graceful, lay in the dust; for Jove had then granted to his enemies to insult him in his own native land. Thus was his whole head defiled with dust; and his mother plucked out her hair, and threw off her shining veil far from her, and shrieked very loudly, beholding her son. And his beloved father groaned piteously, and all the people around were occupied in howling and lamentation throughout the city; and it was most like to this, as if all lofty Ilium were consuming from its summit with fire. Hardly indeed did the people detain the old man, swelling with grief, eager to go out from the Dardanian gates; for, rolling himself among the mud, he supplicated all, addressing each man by name from among the crowd:

"Desist, my friends, and anxious though ye be, permit me, alone, going out of the city, to proceed towards the ships of the Achæans. I will intreat this destructive man, the perpetrator of dreadful actions, if perchance he will reverence my years<sup>1</sup>, and have pity upon my age; for such as I am is his own father, Peleus, who begot and brought him up to be a destruction to the Trojans; but particularly on me above all has he laid sorrows. For he has slain for me so many blooming sons—for all of whom I lament

<sup>1</sup> Age.



425 not so much, grieved though I be, as for this one, Hector, for whom my grief will soon bear me down even to Hades. Would that he had died in my arms<sup>1</sup>; so should we have been satisfied, weeping and mourning *over him*, both his unhappy mother who bore him, and I myself."

Thus he spake, weeping, and the people also groaned.  
430 And Hecuba began her miserable<sup>2</sup> lamentation among the Trojan women:

"My son, why do I, miserable, live, suffering terrible things, since thou art dead? Thou who by nights and day wast my boast throughout the city, and an advantage to the Trojan men and women throughout the town, who re-  
435 ceived thee like a god. For surely thou wast a very great glory to them, being alive; now, on the contrary, death and fate hold thee."

Thus she spake, weeping; and the wife of Hector had not yet learned aught; for no sure messenger, going, had informed her that her husband had remained without the  
440 gates; but she was weaving a web in the inner chamber of her lofty house, double, splendid, and was spreading on it various flowers. And she had given directions to her fair-haired attendants in the house, to place a large tripod round the fire, that a warm bath might be *ready* for Hector, re-  
445 turning from the battle; foolish *woman*, nor did she know, that very far from baths, the blue-eyed Minerva had subdued him by the hands of Achilles. But she heard the shriek and wail from the tower, and her limbs were shaken, and her shuttle fell to the ground; and she again addressed her fair-haired domestics:

450 "Hither, two *of ye* follow me, that I may see what deeds have been done. I heard the voice of my venerable mother-in-law, and within myself, the heart in my breast leaps to my mouth, and my limbs are torpid under me. Surely some evil is now near the sons of Priam. And I  
455 very much fear lest the noble Achilles, having already cut

<sup>1</sup> Hands.<sup>2</sup> Thick.

off the brave Hector alone from the city, drive him to the plain, and have now caused him to desist from the fatal valour which possessed him; since he never remained among the throng of warriors, but sprang far forward, yielding in his own valour to none."

So saying, she rushed through the mansion like a maniac, 460 with a palpitating heart<sup>1</sup>; and her handmaids went along with her. And when she came to the tower and to the crowd of men, she stood, gazing round upon the wall; and marked him dragged in front of the city, and the swift steeds dragged him disgracefully towards the hollow ships 465 of the Achæans. Then gloomy night involved her at the eyes, and she fell backwards, and breathed out her life. And far from her head fell the admirable head-dresses, the garland, and the net, and the twisted fillet, and the veil which the golden Venus had given to her on that day, when the 470 helmed Hector led her from the house of Eëtion, after he had given numerous marriage presents. And around her in great numbers stood her sisters-in-law and sisters, who held her among them, eagerly desiring to destroy herself. But when she again respired, and her mind was collected in her 475 breast, sobbing at intervals, she spake among the Trojan women:

"Hector, wretched me! we were both then born to an equal destiny, thou indeed in Troy, in the abode of Priam, and I in Thebes, at the woody Poplacus, in the mansion 480 of Eëtion; who, ill-fated, nourished me, ill-fated, being yet a little child:—Oh! that he had never begotten me. Now, however, thou goest to the mansions of Pluto, below the recesses of the earth, and leavest me, in heavy grief, a widow in *our* halls; and thy boy thus, yet an infant, whom 485 thou and I, unfortunate, begot; nor wilt thou be an advantage to him, O Hector, since thou art dead; nor he to thee. For even if he shall escape the lamentable war of the Achæans, still toil and sorrows will always be his lot<sup>2</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> Palpitating as to her heart.

<sup>2</sup> Be to him.



time to come; for others will deprive him of his fields by  
490 taking away the landmarks; and this orphan-making day  
has rendered the boy destitute of all companions of his own  
age, and he is altogether cast down, and his cheeks are wet  
with tears. And the boy in want shall go to the comrades  
of his father, seizing one by the cloak, and another by the  
coat: and one of these, compassionating him, shall present  
495 him with a very small cup; and he shall wash his lips, but not  
moisten his palate. And him also shall some one, blessed  
with both his parents, push from the feast, striking him with  
his hands, and reviling him with reproaches: ‘ Begone *with  
a curse*, thy father in truth feasts not along with us.’ And  
500 then shall the boy Astyanax repair weeping to his widowed  
mother—he who formerly, upon the knees of his own  
father, was wont to eat marrow alone, and the rich fat of  
sheep: and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased *from*  
childishly crying, was wont to sleep upon a couch in the  
arms of his nurse, in a soft bed, having his heart filled<sup>1</sup>  
505 with delicacies. But now, Astyanax, upon whom the Tro-  
jans bestowed the surname, (because thou alone didst defend  
for them their gates and lofty walls,) shall suffer many  
things, deprived of<sup>2</sup> his dear father. And now thee shall  
the crawling worms devour, naked, beside the curved-  
510 beaked ships, far from thy parents, after the dogs shall  
have glutted themselves: and thy garments, fine and grace-  
ful, woven by the hands of women, lie in thy halls. Never-  
theless all these will I consume with glowing fire, being of  
no use to thee, for thou shalt not lie in them; yet they  
will be a glory before the Trojan men and women.”  
515 Thus she spake, weeping, and the women also wailed  
around.

<sup>1</sup> Filled as to his heart.<sup>2</sup> Erring from.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

The funeral of Patroclus, and the games celebrated on the occasion.

THUS they mourned throughout the city; but the Achæans, as soon as they reached the ships and the Hellespont, dispersed each to his own ship. Achilles, however, suffered not the Myrmidons to disperse, but *thus* addressed himself 5 to his war-loving comrades:

“Ye swift-riding Myrmidons, comrades dear to me, let us not yet loose our solid-hoofed horses from our cars, but with the steeds themselves and cars, going near, let us weep for Patroclus; for this is the reward of the dead. And after we have indulged our sad lamentation, there 10 unyoking the horses, we will all sup.”

Thus he spake, and they mourned in a body; and Achilles led. And three times they drove their beautiful steeds round the body, mourning; and Thetis excited a thirst of lamentation among them. The sands 15 were wetted, and the armour of the men were wetted with tears; for they much regretted so brave a warrior. And among them Pelides led<sup>1</sup> the interrupted lamentation,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* he was chief mourner.

laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade :

“ All hail, Patroclus, even in the mansions of Pluto; 20 for I will now make good all those things which I before promised—that, dragging Hector hither, I would give him to the dogs to be devoured raw; and that before thy pile I would cut off the heads of twelve noble sons of the Trojans—enraged on account of thee, slain.”

He said, and meditated foul deeds upon the noble Hector, 25 stretching himself prone in the dust before the bier of Menetiades; and they stripped off each their brazen glittering armour, and unyoked their high-sounding steeds. Then they sat down in great numbers beside the ship of the swift-footed *Æacides*; and he furnished to them a refreshing 30 funeral feast. Many white bulls were stretched around by the knife<sup>1</sup>, having their throats cut, and many sheep and bleating goats. Many swine also, with white teeth, full with fat, were extended for roasting over the flame of *Vulcan*; and in every direction round the corpse blood 35 flowed in abundance. And the king, the swift-footed son of *Peleus*, the princes of the *Achæans* conducted to the noble *Agamemnon*, with difficulty persuading him, grieved as he was at his heart for his comrade. And when they, proceeding, had now reached the tent of *Agamemnon*, he immediately gave orders to the loud-tongued heralds to 40 place a large tripod on the fire, that he might persuade *Pelides* to wash off from himself the bloody gore. But he steadily refused, and moreover swore an oath:

“ No, by *Jove*, who is both the supreme and best of the gods, it must not be that the bath come near my 45 head, before I lay *Patroclus* upon his funeral pyre, and pile up his mound, and crop my hair; since never thus will sorrow a second time reach my heart, whilst I am among the living. Nevertheless let us now obey the hateful feast. And to-morrow, O king of men, *Agamemnon*, 50 give orders to fetch wood and place it near, such as is

<sup>1</sup> Iron.



proper for a dead body, possessing, to repair beneath the gloomy shade; in order that the unwearied fire may consume him more quickly from our eyes, and the people be turned to their labours."

Thus he spake: and they readily listened to him, and obeyed. Then each, sedulously preparing supper, feasted; 55 nor did their appetite want aught of an equal banquet. And when they had taken out of themselves the desire of eating and drinking, they went for the purpose of sleeping, each to his tent.

But the son of Peleus, among his numerous Myrmidons, lay on the shore of the far-sounding sea, heavily moaning, upon a clear spot, where the waves washed in upon the beach; when sweet sleep, poured round, took possession of him, dissolving the cares of his soul; for he was greatly fatigued in his fair knees, chasing Hector towards the windy Ilium. And the ghost of the 65 miserable Patroclus came to him, like to him in every respect, as to his bulk, and his beautiful eyes, and his voice; and similar garments also were upon his body; and he stood over his head, and addressed to him *this* speech:

"Sleepest thou, Achilles, and art forgetful of me? Thou didst not neglect me when alive, but *thou dost now that I am* 70 dead. Bury me, that I may as soon as possible pass the gates of Hades. The spirits, the shades of the deceased, drive me far away, nor at all permit me to mingle with them on the other side of the river; but thus do I wander round the wide-gated abode of Pluto. And give me thine 75 hand, I beseech thee, for I shall not again return from Hades, after ye have made me a partaker of the fire. For not again, alive, sitting apart from our beloved comrades, shall we deliberate upon plans; but that hateful fate, which fell to my share at my birth, has swallowed me up. And to thyself also, O godlike Achilles, it is thy doom to 80 perish beneath the wall of the nobly-born Trojans. But I will speak and enjoin thee another thing, O Achilles, if thou wilt obey—not to lay my bones apart from thine:



but as we were together brought up in your mansions,  
 85 ever since Menœtius took me from Opoeis, while yet a  
 little one, to your house, on account of a sad homicide on  
 that day, when, foolish, I slew the son of Amphidamus,  
 not intending it, enraged about some cockals<sup>1</sup>—there Pe-  
 leus, receiving me in his abode, carefully brought me up,  
 90 and named me thy attendant<sup>2</sup>. So also the bones of both  
 us may the same casket enclose—the golden vase which  
 thy venerable mother gave thee.”

And him, the swift-footed Achilles, answering, ad-  
 dressed: “Why, O revered spirit<sup>3</sup>, comest thou to me,  
 95 and givest me these particular directions? But I will  
 readily fulfil all these things for thee, and obey, as thou  
 commandest. But stand nearer me—let us embrace each  
 other, though but for a little while, and indulge our sad  
 lamentation.”

Thus then having spoken, he stretched out *for him* with  
 100 his friendly hands, but caught him not; for the spirit  
 vanished shrieking under the earth, like smoke. Then  
 Achilles started up astounded, and clapped together his  
 hands, and uttered this doleful speech:

“Alas! there is indeed then, in the abodes of Hades,  
 some spirit and image, but there is no body in it at all;  
 105 for all night the ghost of the miserable Patroclus stood by  
 me, groaning and lamenting, and gave me particular direc-  
 tions, and wonderfully resembled himself.”

Thus he spake; and excited among them all the desire  
 of lamentation; and the rosy-fingered morn appeared to  
 110 them while weeping round the wretched corpse. But the  
 king Agamemnon roused in every direction, from the tents,  
 both mules and men to fetch in wood; and for this purpose  
 rose a brave man, Meriones, the attendant of the valour-  
 loving Idomeneus. And others went, holding in their  
 115 hands wood-cutting axes and well-twisted ropes; and be-  
 fore them went the mules. And over many ascents and

<sup>1</sup> Or, pastern-bones, played with as dice.

<sup>2</sup> Comrade—or, in the chivalric sense, a sort of squire.

<sup>3</sup> Head.

descents, and straight roads and cross ones, they passed. But when now they arrived at the forests of Ida of many fountains, immediately making haste, they cut down the high-branched oaks with long-edged hatchets<sup>1</sup>. And these, loudly crashing, fell: and the Achæans, then laying them 120 together, bound *them* upon the mules, which pawed the ground with their feet, anxious to reach the plain through the close thickets. And all the wood-cutters carried trunks of trees; for so Meriones, the comrade of the valour-loving Idomeneus, gave command; and then cast them in order 125 upon the shore, where Achilles had marked out a vast tomb for Patroclus, and for himself.

And when in every direction they had thrown down vast quantities of wood, they sat there in a body, waiting; and Achilles immediately commanded the warlike Myrmidons to gird on their brazen armour, and to yoke each his 130 horses under his car; and they bestirred themselves, and put on their armour. And both the combatants and charioteers ascended into their chariots. First went the cavalry, and a cloud of infantry followed after in immense numbers; and his comrades bore Patroclus in the midst. And they covered all the dead body over with hair, which, 135 clipping off, they threw upon it; but the noble Achilles held his head behind, grieving, for he was sending an illustrious comrade to the grave.

And when they came to the spot where Achilles pointed out to them, they laid him down; and immediately piled up for him in abundance the wood. Then again the swift- 140 footed Achilles thought of something else. Standing apart from the pile, he cut off his yellow hair—that which he nourished, blooming, *dedicated* to the river Spercheius: and, groaning, he spake, looking upon the dark sea:

“In vain, O Spercheius, did my father Peleus vow to thee, that I, returning to my beloved native land, would 145 there cut off for thee *my* hair, and offer a sacred hecatomb; and that I would on the same spot sacrifice fifty male sheep

<sup>1</sup> Brass.



at the fountains, where there are a grove and a fragrant altar to thee. Thus vowed the old man, but thou hast not fulfilled his purpose. And now since I return not to my dear native land, I will give my hair to the hero Patroclus, to be carried *with him*."

So saying, he placed the hair in the hands of his friend; and excited among them all the desire of lamentation. And the light of the sun would have surely set upon them *still* mourning, had not Achilles, standing by, immediately addressed Agamemnon:

"Atrides—for to thy words will the people of the Achæans pay most obedience—there may be too much of grief; and now disperse them from the pile, and bid them get their supper. About those matters will we toil, to whom the corpse is most *an object* of care: but let the chiefs remain with us."

And when the king of men, Agamemnon, heard this, he immediately dismissed the people to their good ships; but the mourners<sup>1</sup> remained there, and piled up the wood. And they erected a pyre, an hundred feet *wide* on this side and on that<sup>2</sup>, and laid the body upon the top of the pile, grieving in their heart. And many fat sheep, and slow-footed, crumple-horned oxen they skinned and dressed before the pile; and from them all the brave Achilles, taking the fat, covered over the dead body *with it* from head to feet, and heaped round it the skinned carcases. And leaning over the bier, he placed likewise jars of honey and oil, and, groaning heavily, hastily threw upon the pile four high-necked horses. Nine dogs were companions at table to the king, and, slaying two of them, he cast them upon the pile: and twelve gallant sons of the brave Trojans, killing them with the sword; and meditated evil deeds in his soul<sup>3</sup>. Next he sent in the invincible force of fire, that it might feed: then groaned, and addressed his beloved companion by name:

<sup>1</sup> Those having care.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* a square of 100 feet.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* the sacrifice of these twelve.



“Rejoice with me, O Patroclus, even in the abodes of Hades; for I now accomplish all things for thee which I 180 before promised—twelve gallant sons of the brave Trojans, all these, along with thee, shall the fire devour; but I will not give Hector, the son of Priam, to the fire to devour, but to the dogs.”

Thus he spake, threatening; but him the dogs seized not upon; for Venus the daughter of Jove, drove away the 185 dogs by days and nights, and she had anointed him with a rosy ambrosial oil, that, *while* dragging, Achilles might not lacerate him. Over him also Phœbus Apollo brought a cerulean cloud from heaven to the plain, and overshadowed all the space, as much as the corpse occupied, 190 that the force of the sun might not previously dry the body all round with the nerves and limbs.

Yet the pile of the dead Patroclus lighted not. Then again the noble Achilles thought of other things. Standing apart from the pile, he prayed to two winds, Boreas and Zephyrus, and promised handsome sacrifices; and, 195 pouring out many libations from a golden goblet, he intreated them to come, in order that they might as soon as possible consume the body with fire, and the wood might hastily be burnt<sup>1</sup>. And the swift Iris, hearing his prayers, came as an inter-messenger to the Winds. They were 200 then together within *the palace* of the fierce-breathing Zephyrus, celebrating a feast; and Iris, running *in*, stood upon the stone threshold. And when they beheld her with their eyes, they started up, and invited her, each towards himself. But she, however, refused to sit down, and delivered *this* speech:

“No seat *for me*; for I am going again to the streams 205 of Oceanus, to the land of the Æthiopians, where they are sacrificing hecatombs to the immortals, that I also may now have a share in their offerings. But Achilles now supplicates Boreas and tumultuous Zephyrus to come—and promises handsome victims—that ye may stir up the pile

<sup>1</sup> Make haste to, &c.

210 to burn, on which lies Patroclus, whom all the Achæans lament."

She then, having thus spoken, departed; and they rushed forward with a vast tumult, driving the clouds before them. And forthwith they came to the sea to blow, 215 and the billow rose under their sonorous blast; and they reached fertile Troy, and fell upon the pile, and the fierce-burning fire loudly roared. And all night indeed did they together toss about the flame of the pile, shrilly blowing; and all night did the swift Achilles, taking a two-eared 220 cup, pour wine upon the ground from a golden bowl, exhausting it, and moisten the earth, calling upon the spirit of the wretched Patroclus. And as a father mourns, while burning the bones of his own son, a bridegroom, who, dying, hath grieved his miserable parents; so mourned 225 Achilles, while burning the bones of his comrade, stalking beside the pile, frequently groaning. But when Lucifer arrived, bearing news of light to the earth, after whom the crocus-robed Aurora diffuses over the sea, then the pile grew languid, and the flame ceased: and the Winds de- 230 parted again, to return home across the Thracian sea; and that groaned, raging with a swell. But Pelides, removing in another direction from the pile, lay down wearied, and sweet sleep came upon him. The others, however, gathered in a body round Atrides<sup>1</sup>, the tumult and bustle of whom, approaching, awoke him; and raising himself 235 upright, he sat, and spake to them *this* word:

"Son of Atreus, and ye others, the bravest of all the Achæans, first of all quench the whole funeral pile, as much as the force of fire occupied, with dark wine; and then let us collect the bones of Patroclus, the son of Me- 240 nœtius, correctly distinguishing them, (and they are easily distinguishable; for he lay in the middle of the pyre, and the others, horses and men, mixed together, lay apart at the extremity;) and let us place them in a golden vase,

<sup>1</sup> But those about Atrides numerous collected—*i. e.* Atrides and his staff—Atrides and other chiefs.



and double tallow, till I myself be hid in Hades. I likewise desire a tomb to be made, not very large, but such as 245  
*is* decent; and do you Achæans, afterwards, render it both broad and lofty, who may be left after me in the many-benched ships."

Thus he spake; and they obeyed the swift-footed Pelides. First they extinguished the funeral pile with dark 250  
 wine, as much as the flame came upon, and the deep ashes sank down; and, weeping, collected the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden vase, and *into* double fat; then laying it in the tent, covered it over with fine linen. Next they marked out the tomb, and threw the 255  
 foundations round the pile; then cast upon it the dug earth; and having piled up the tomb, returned again. But Achilles detained the people there, and caused a large assembly to sit down; and brought from the ships, *as* prizes, goblets, and tripods, and steeds, and mules, and 260  
 strong heads of oxen, and women with beautiful zones, and splendid iron. First he proposed as prizes for fleet horsemen<sup>1</sup>, a woman to be taken home, beautiful and accomplished; and a tripod with handles<sup>2</sup> of two-and-twenty measures, for the foremost; and for the second, 265  
 again, he proposed a mare, six years old, unbroken, heavy with a mule foal; for the third, again, he proposed a tripod that had not felt the fire, beautiful, containing four measures, still bright<sup>3</sup>; for the fourth he proposed two talents of gold; and for the fifth he proposed a double vase that 270  
 had not felt the fire. And he stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

"Atrides, and ye other well-armed Achæans, these prizes lie in the circus, awaiting the charioteers. If now, in honour of another, we were celebrating games, surely 275  
 would I, taking the first *prizes*, bear them to my tent. For ye know how much my steeds surpass in excellence; because they are immortal; and Neptune presented them

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* for a car-race.

<sup>2</sup> Eared—with ears.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* as it came from the maker.



to my father Peleus, and he again delivered them to me. But, however, I will remain *quiet*, and my solid-hoofed  
 280 horses; because they have lost the gallant strength of so kind a charioteer, who very frequently poured the moist oil over their manes for them, having washed them with pure water. Him do they, standing, mourn, and their  
 285 manes hang down upon the ground, and they stand, grieved at heart. But do ye make ready the rest throughout the army, whosoever of the Achæans has confidence in his steeds and well-compacted chariots."

Thus spake the son of Peleus; and the swift horsemen arose. By far the first rose Eumelus, king of men, the beloved son of Admētus, who was conspicuous for his horse-  
 290 manship. After him rose the son of Tydeus, the brave Diomedes, and led beneath the yoke *those* Trojan horses which he once took from Æneas; but himself Apollo saved alive<sup>1</sup>; and next to him rose the nobly-born son of Atreus, the yellow-haired Menelaus, and led under the yoke fleet  
 295 coursers, Agamemnon's Æthe, and his own Podargus.

Her, Echepolus, the son of Anchises, had presented as a gift to Agamemnon, that he might not accompany him to windy Ilium, but, remaining at home<sup>2</sup>, enjoy his ease; for Jupiter had given him great wealth, and he dwelt in spacious Sicyon. Her, eager for the race, Menelaus led under  
 300 the yoke. And Antilochus, the fourth, harnessed his beautiful horses, (the illustrious son of the brave king Nestor, the son of Neleus:) and swift-footed Pylus-bred steeds bore his chariot for him; and his father, standing near,  
 305 spake for his good, advising him, though he was himself intelligent:

"Antilochus, certainly both Jupiter and Neptune loved thee, when very young, and taught thee all kinds of horse-  
 310 manship; and therefore there is no great need to teach thee. For thou knowest well how to turn the goals; but thy horses are very slow in running, and therefore I am

<sup>1</sup> Saved by snatching away.

<sup>2</sup> There.

afraid disasters will occur<sup>1</sup>. But though their horses are more fleet, yet they themselves know not how to make use of more stratagems than thyself. But come now, dear, lay thou up all sorts of devices within thy mind, that the prizes may not escape thee. By skill is the wood-cutter much 315 more powerful than by strength; and by skill again does the pilot upon the dark sea direct the swift ship, tossed about by the winds; and by skill does charioteer excel charioteer. One who relies on his steeds and his car, turns unskilfully here and there over much *space*, and his 320 steeds wander along the course, nor does he controul them. But he who is acquainted with stratagems<sup>2</sup>, *though* driving inferior horses, looking always towards the goal, turns it close, nor does he neglect, from the first, to tighten his leathern reins<sup>3</sup>; but he keeps steadily on, and watches 325 him who precedes. Now I will describe thee the goal very distinctly, nor shall it escape thee. There stands a dry stake, as much as a cubit, above the ground, either of oak, or of larch, which does not rot with rain: and two white stones are placed on each side of it, in the narrows of the road; but *there is* a level horse-road on both sides— 330 either it is the monument of a man long since dead, or perhaps it has been a turning-post among the men of old, and now the swift-footed noble Achilles has made it a goal. Approaching this very closely, drive thou thy chariot and horses near; but incline thyself a very little towards the 335 left of them in the well-wheeled chariot; and cheering<sup>4</sup> thy right-hand horse with a shout, flog *him*, and yield to him the reins in thy hands. Let thy left-hand horse, however, be moved close upon the post, so that the nave of thy good wheel may appear to touch the top of the post; yet shun to strike upon the stone, lest thou both wound 340 thy horses, and break in pieces thy car, and thou be sport

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* that ye will not succeed.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* who knows how to take advantage of circumstances.

<sup>3</sup> Nor does it escape him, that at first he should pull with his reins.

<sup>4</sup> ὀμοκλήσας, cheering with a shout.



to the others, and disgrace to thyself. But, dear, be carefully on thy guard; for if at the turning-post thou couldst  
345 drive past, there is no one who could overtake thee in pursuit, nor pass thee by; no, not if at thy heels he drive the noble Areion, Adrastus' fleet steed, which was of race divine; or those of Laomedon, which also, *of good breed*, have here been reared."

So saying, the Neleian Nestor again sat down in his  
350 place, after he had told the chief parts of each thing to his own son. And Meriones, the fifth, harnessed his well-maned horses. Then they ascended their chariots and cast in lots. Achilles shook *the helmet*, and the lot of Antilochus, the son of Nestor, sprang out, and after him king  
355 Eumelus obtained his lot; and next to him was the spear-skilled Menelaus, the son of Atreus, and after him Meriones obtained his lot to drive. The son of Tydeus, however, being by far the bravest, obtained his lot to drive his coursers last. Then they stood in order; and Achilles pointed out the goals, far away in the level plain; and  
360 placed beside *them*, as an observer, the godlike Phoenix, the armour-bearer of his own father, that he might pay attention to the race, and report the truth.

Then at once all lifted their lashes over their steeds, and struck them with the reins, and ardently cheered them on  
365 with their words; and they swiftly flew across the plain, soon far away from the ships; and beneath their chests the excited dust rose like a cloud or a whirlwind; and their manes were waved about by the breath of the wind. Sometimes indeed the chariots approached the fruitful earth, and  
370 at other times leaped up aloft; but the drivers stood erect in their chariots, and the heart of each of those, eager for victory, palpitated: and each animated his own coursers, and they flew along, stirring up dust from the plain. But  
375 when now the fleet horses were accomplishing the last part of the course, back towards the hoary deep, then was the excellence of each apparent, and the speed of the horses



immediately put to its stretch<sup>1</sup>; and the swift-footed steeds of the son of Pheres, (Eumelus) quickly bore him before the others. The Trojan stallions of Diomed, however, carried him next to them; nor were they at all far apart, but very near; for they always resembled *animals* about to ascend the chariot. The back and broad shoulders of 380 Eumelus grew warm with their breathing; for they flew along, leaning their heads over him. And without doubt he would have either passed, or made *the victory* doubtful, had not with the son of Tydeus Phæbus Apollo been enraged—he who threw out of his hands the shining lash. Tears then poured from the eyes of him, indignant, because 385 he beheld them going now much swifter, and his own were retarded, running without a scourge. Neither did Apollo, craftily injuring Tydides, escape the observation of Minerva, for she very quickly overtook the shepherd of the people, and gave to him his lash, and sent vigour into his 390 steeds. But the goddess advanced, full of anger, to the son of Admetus, and broke for him the yoke<sup>2</sup> for his horses; and his mares ran on each side out of the way, and the pole fell to the earth. And he himself was cast out of the car beside the wheel, and was lacerated all 395 round in his arms, and his mouth, and nostrils, and his forehead was bruised near the eyebrows; and his eyes were filled with tears, and his liquid voice was checked. Then Tydides, passing him, guided his solid-hoofed horses, leaping forth far before the others; for Minerva had sent vigour into his steeds, and gave to him glory. And then 400 next to him, the son of Atreus, the yellow-haired Menelaus, held *his course*; and Antilochus exhorted the steeds of his father:

“Push on! and exert yourselves, both of you, as fast as possible. I do not indeed bid you contend with those coursers of the warlike Tydides, to which Minerva has now 405

<sup>1</sup> And their running to the horses stretched.

<sup>2</sup> His equestrian yoke.

supplied speed, and given glory to himself; but quickly overtake the steeds of Atrides, nor be left behind, lest Æthe, though a mare, pour disgrace upon you both. Why  
 410 be left *behind*, good *steeds*? For thus I tell you, and it will surely be accomplished; there will be no farther care for you with Nestor, the shepherd of the people, but he will immediately slay you with sharp brass, if we are lazy, and bear away the more unworthy prize. But keep up  
 415 with them, and hasten as speedily as possible. These things I shall myself see to, and contrive to pass him by in the narrowest road; nor shall he elude me."

Thus he spake; and they, fearing the threat of their master, ran faster for a little while; and immediately after the stout warrior Antilochus beheld the narrow of the  
 420 hollow way. It was a cleft of the earth, where the wintry water, collected, had broken away *part* of the road, and deepened all the place; thither Menelaus drove, avoiding a concussion of wheels. But Antilochus, turning out of the road, directed his solid-hoofed horses, and, deviating a  
 425 little, pursued him. Then Atrides was afraid, and shouted to Antilochus:

"Antilochus, thou drivest<sup>1</sup> madly; but check thy steeds—for the road is narrow, and thou wilt soon drive past in a wider—lest thou damage both, by running foul of *my* chariot."

Thus he spake: but Antilochus still drove even much  
 430 faster, impelling *them* on with the lash, like one who did not hear<sup>2</sup>. As far as are the casts of a quoit, hurled from the shoulder, which a vigorous man throws, making trial of his strength<sup>3</sup>; so far they ran together; but the *mares* of Atrides fell behind; for he himself, of his own accord, ceased to drive, lest the solid-hoofed horses should run foul  
 435 of *each other* in the road, and overturn the well-compacted chariots, and they themselves fall amid the dust, while con-

<sup>1</sup> Guidest thy horses.

<sup>2</sup> As like to *one* not hearing.

<sup>3</sup> Of his youth.



tending for victory. The yellow-haired Menelaus also addressed him, reviling :

“Antilochus, none other among mortals is more pernicious than thou. Begone, since we Achæans have un- 440  
truly said thou wert a prudent person. Yet not even thus shalt thou bear away the prize without an oath<sup>1</sup>.”

So saying, he animated his coursers, and spake to them :  
“For my sake do not dally, nor stand, grieving in your hearts : the feet and knees of them will be sooner weary 445  
than yours ; for they have both lost their vigour.”

Thus he spake ; but they, respecting the exhortation of their lord, ran more fleetly, and were soon near to them.

But the Argives, sitting in assembly, looked towards the steeds, which flew along, raising dust over the plain. And Idomeneus, the leader of the Cretans, first distinguished 450  
the horses ; for he sat out of the ring, very high upon a watch tower ; and hearing him, being afar off, animating *his steeds*, knew him. He distinguished also a remarkable horse taking the lead, which in every other place indeed was of a chestnut colour, but in its forehead there was a 455  
white circular spot, like the moon. And he stood upright, and delivered *this* speech among the Argives :

“O friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, do I alone observe the coursers, or do ye also ? Other steeds appear to me to be the foremost, and there seems another charioteer ; and those of his which were there superior, 460  
have been impeded somewhere upon the plain : for assuredly I saw them passing round the turning-post first, but now I am no longer able to see them, though, gazing, my eyes look in all directions over the Trojan plain. Surely the reins have dropped<sup>2</sup> from the charioteer, and he could not 465  
well check *his horses* round the turning-post, and was unfortunate<sup>3</sup> in turning. There I am afraid he fell out, and at the same time broke the car, and the mares bolted, when

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* you shall take an oath that you had no malicious designs—that it was not your purpose to gain your object by overturning me.

<sup>2</sup> Fled.

<sup>3</sup> Did not obtain.



470 fury seized their souls. But look ye also, rising<sup>1</sup>, for I do not well distinguish; yet it appears to me to be a man, an Ætolian by birth, and *who* rules among the Argives, the son of the horse-taming Tydeus, the gallant Diomedes."

But him the swift Ajax, son of Oileus, sharply reproved: "Idomeneus, why chatterest thou prematurely? Those  
475 high-galloping<sup>2</sup> mares scour the vast plain far away. Neither art thou so much the youngest among the Argives, nor do thine eyes see the sharpest from out thy head; but thou always talkest too fast. Nor does it become thee to be prating, when others, thy superiors, are by. But the  
480 mares, however, of Eumelus, are *still* foremost, which were before, and he himself is advancing, holding the reins."

And to him, in reply, the leader of the Cretans, indignant, spake: "Ajax, thou art the best at abuse, reviler—in all other things thou art inferior to the Argives—be-  
485 cause thy disposition is spiteful; come, let us bet<sup>3</sup> a tripod or a goblet, and appoint Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, umpire, as to which horses are foremost; that thou mayst learn *modesty* by paying<sup>4</sup>."

Thus he spake; and the swift Ajax, son of Oileus, instantly started up to reply in angry words. And the strife would have now proceeded farther with both, had not Achilles himself stood up, and delivered *this* speech:

"No longer now, O Ajax and Idomeneus, reply in vile angry words; since it is not becoming, and ye also would  
495 blame another, who did such things: but, sitting down in the ring, look ye to the horses; they will, contending for victory, soon come here themselves; and then ye will know, each of you, the steeds of the Argives, which *are* second, and which are first."

Thus he spake; and Diomedes, dashing along, came very  
500 near, and always urged on *his coursers*, with the lash over the shoulders; and his steeds rose high into the air, rapidly making their way, and the spots of dust kept

<sup>1</sup> *αναστὰς*, in an upright position.

<sup>2</sup> Lifting their feet into the air.

<sup>3</sup> Bind ourselves with.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* pay the penalty of your insolence.

striking their charioteer. And the chariot, ornamented with gold and tin, rolled along close to the swift-footed horses, nor was there a deep track of the tires behind in the fine dust, and they flew, hastening. And he stood in the middle of the course, and much sweat sprang out from the steeds, from their crests and chests to the ground. And he himself sprang to the ground from his glittering car, and leant his scourge against the yoke; nor was the gallant Sthenelus idle, but eagerly took the prize, and gave the lady to his brave comrades, to take away, and the handled tripod to bear off; and he himself unyoked the horses.

And next to him the Neleian Antilochus drove his steeds, outstripping Menelaus by guile, and by no means by speed. Yet even thus Menelaus kept his fleet coursers near him; but as distant from the wheel as is a horse, which, stretching along with its chariot, drags its master over the plain, and the last hairs of its tail touch the wheel-tire, for it runs very near, nor is there much space between, as it scours the vast plain<sup>1</sup>; so far was Menelaus left behind by noble Antilochus; but at first he had been left behind as much as a quoit's cast, yet he speedily overtook him; for the good vigour of Agamemnon's mare, the beautiful-maned *Æthe*, was increased. And if the race had been yet farther to both, in that case he would have passed him by, nor left *the victory* doubtful. Meriones again, the active comrade of Idomeneus, was left behind a spear's cast by the illustrious Menelaus; for his steeds were the slowest, and he himself the worst at driving a car in contest. And the son of Admetus came last of all<sup>2</sup>, dragging his handsome chariot, and driving his horses before him. And beholding, the swift-footed noble Achilles pitied him, and, standing among the Argives, uttered these winged words:

“The best man drives his solid-hoofed horses last. But

<sup>1</sup> It running over much plain.

<sup>2</sup> Of the others.



come, let us give him, as is fitting, the second prize; but let the son of Tydeus bear away the first."

Thus he spake; and all approved as he commanded.

540 And now he would have given him the mare—for the Achæans approved—had not Antilochus, the son of brave Nestor, rising, answered Achilles, the son of Peleus, with justice:

"I shall be very angry with thee, O Achilles, if thou givest effect to this speech; for thou art going to deprive  
545 me of my reward, thinking these<sup>1</sup> things, that his car and fleet horses met with an accident, and himself was a good driver; but he ought to have prayed to the immortals, so he would not have come driving *his horses* the last. But if thou pitiest him, and it be agreeable to thy mind, there is in thy tent much gold, and there is brass, and there are  
550 cattle, and handmaids, and solid-hoofed steeds. Taking from these by and bye, give him even a greater reward, or even now at once, that the Achæans may praise thee. But this *mare* I will not give up, and let *him* among the warriors strive for her, who chooses to contend with me in battle<sup>2</sup>."

555 Thus he spake; and the swift-footed noble Achilles smiled, congratulating Antilochus, because he was a comrade dear to him; and, answering, addressed to him these winged words:

"If now, O Antilochus, thou dost advise me to give to Eumelus something else from my house, that will I do.  
560 I will give him the corselet which I took from Asteropæus, brazen, round which runs a rim of shining tin; and it will be of great value to him<sup>3</sup>."

He said; and commanded his beloved companion Automedon to fetch it from the tent; and he went, and  
565 brought it to him: and he put it into the hands of Eumelus, and he received it rejoicing. And Menelaus also

<sup>1</sup> i. e. on this ground.

<sup>2</sup> With hands.

<sup>3</sup> Worthy of him.



rose among them, grieving in his mind, vehemently enraged with Antilochus. Then a herald placed the sceptre in his hands, and ordered the Argives to be silent; and the godlike hero then spake among *them*:

“Antilochus, heretofore prudent, what hast thou done? 570  
*Thou* hast disgraced my skill, and wronged my steeds, pushing on before them thine, which are greatly inferior. But come, ye leaders and princes of the Argives, judge ye between us both<sup>1</sup>, and not for favour; lest some of the 575  
 brazen-mailed Achæans should say: ‘Menelaus, having oppressed Antilochus with falsehoods, is going to carry off the mare, because, though his horses were much inferior, he himself is superior in dignity and power.’ But come, I will myself judge, and I am not afraid<sup>2</sup> that any other 580  
 of the Danaans will blame me, for the *sentence* will be just. Come, if thou wilt, noble Antilochus, as it is proper, standing before thy horses and car, and holding in thine hands the pliant lash with which thou didst drive before, touching the steeds, swear by earth-encircling Neptune, that thou didst not designedly impede<sup>3</sup> my car by guile.” 585

And to him, in reply, the prudent Antilochus said:  
 “Bear with me now, for I am much younger than thou, 588  
 O king Menelaus, and thou art elder and superior *to me*. Thou knowest what are the follies of a young man; for *his* temper is hasty and his wisdom weak. Therefore let thy 590  
 heart bear *with me*, and I will myself give thee the steed which I have received. And if thou demandest aught else of greater *value* from my house, I would prefer immediately to give it, rather than fall for ever, O noble *prince*, 595  
 from thy good will<sup>4</sup>, and be a sinner against the gods.”

He spake; and the son of brave Nestor, leading the mare, placed it in the hands of Menelaus; and the soul of *Menelaus* was cheered, as the dew on the ears of growing corn refreshes them, what time the fields are bristling *with grain*. Thus indeed, O Menelaus, was thy soul in thy 600

<sup>1</sup> In the middle to both.

<sup>2</sup> I do not think.

<sup>3</sup> Entrap, entangle.

<sup>4</sup> From the mind to thee.

breast cheered; and, speaking, he addressed him *in* these winged words:

“ Now indeed, Antilochus, will I myself give way, angry as I was, since thou wert before neither foolish nor hair-  
605 brained; though now, on the contrary, *thy* youth has conquered *thy* reason. It will be better henceforth to avoid over-reaching<sup>1</sup> *your* superiors; for another man of the Achæans might not easily have appeased me. But as<sup>2</sup> thou hast already suffered much, and performed much, as well as thy good father and brother, for my sake—therefore will I  
610 be persuaded by thee, *thus* supplicating, and will give likewise the mare, though she is mine; that these also may know, that my soul is never implacable and ungentle.”

He said; and gave the steed to Noëmon, the comrade of Antilochus, to lead away; and then took the glittering goblet *himself*. And Meriones, the fourth, *just* as  
615 he drove *his* car, took up the two talents of gold; and the fifth prize was left, a double vase, which Achilles, carrying through the assembly of the Argives, gave to Nestor, and, standing by him, said:

“ Accept it now, and let this gift be *preserved* by thee, to be a memorial of the burial of Patroclus; for never more  
620 shalt thou behold him among the Argives. And I present thee with this prize gratuitously; for thou wilt not fight with the cæstus, nor wrestle, nor take part in the hurling of the javelin, nor run with thy feet, since afflictive old age now presses thee.”

So saying, he placed it in his hands; and he received it  
625 rejoicing, and, addressing him, uttered these winged words:

“ Assuredly, my child, thou hast said all these things with propriety; for no longer, dear, are my limbs firm, nor my feet; nor yet do my hands move light on both sides from my shoulders. Would that I were as young,  
630 and my strength as firm to me, as when the Epeians buried king Amarynceus, at Buprasium, and his sons staked the prizes of the king. Then no man was a match for me,

<sup>1</sup> To over-reach.

<sup>2</sup> *αλλα γαρ*—*γαρ* refers to *τε* in line 609.

neither of the Epeians, nor of the Pylians themselves, nor of the brave Ætolians. With the cæstus I conquered Clytomedes, the son of Enops: and, in wrestling, Ancæus, the Pleuronian, who stood up against me; and on foot I 635 outstripped Iphiclus, though a good *runner*; and with the spear I threw beyond Phyleus and Polydorus. The two sons of Actor outdrove me with their steeds alone<sup>1</sup> by number<sup>2</sup> overcoming me, eager for victory, because the greatest prizes were left for that struggle. And they were 640 two; the one steadily guided the reins, and the other urged on *the steeds* with the lash. Thus was I once, but now, in turn, let younger *men* undertake such deeds; for it becomes me now to obey sad old age, as I then excelled among heroes. But go, and celebrate thy comrade's ob- 645 sequies with *other games*. This, however, I willingly accept, and it delights my soul that thou art ever mindful of me, who am kindly disposed to thee—nor am I forgotten by thee—with respect to the honour with which it is right for me to be honoured among the Achæans. And 650 for these things may the Gods give thee a proper return<sup>3</sup>."

Thus he spake; and the son of Peleus went down the large assembly of the Achæans, after he had heard all the praise of Nestor. And he proposed the prizes for a laborious boxing match. Leading a mule, patient of toil, 655 six years old, unbroken, one most difficult to be tamed, he tied it down in the circus; and for the conquered, again, he proposed a double cup: and then stood upright, and delivered *this* speech among the Argives:

"Ye sons of Atreus, and other well-greaved Achæans, for these prizes we invite two men, who are the most expert, very patient, to strike with their fists; and to which- 660 ever Apollo give victory, and all the Achæans approve, let him, taking the mule, patient of labour, conduct it to his tent; and the vanquished shall bear away *this* double cup."

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* it was only in the car-race I was beaten.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* by there being two of them.

<sup>3</sup> Becoming favour.



Thus he spake; and immediately rose a man brave and  
 665 huge, skilful in boxing, Epeios, the son of Panopeus; and  
 he touched the mule, patient of labour, and said:

“Let him draw near, who shall bear away the double  
 cup; but I say that no other of the Achæans, conquering  
 with his fists, shall lead away the mule; since I boast  
 670 myself to be the best *boxer*. Is it not enough that I am  
 inferior in battle<sup>1</sup>? It is by no means *possible* for a man  
 to become skilled in all works. For thus I declare, and it  
 shall also be accomplished, I will, in the presence of you  
 all<sup>2</sup>, lacerate his body, and break his bones. And let his  
 675 friends<sup>3</sup> remain here assembled, who shall carry him out,  
 subdued by my hand.”

Thus he spake; and they all became mutely silent.  
 And Euryalus alone stood up against him, a godlike hero,  
 the son of king Mecisteus, a descendant of Talaïon, who  
 once came to Thebes at the funeral of the fallen Œdi-  
 680 podes<sup>4</sup>, and there overcame all the Cadmeians. Him the  
 spear-skilled Tydides attended, encouraging him with  
 words, and he greatly wished him victory. And first he  
 threw round him his girdle, and then gave him the well-  
 cut<sup>5</sup> thongs *made of the hide* of a wild bull. And they,  
 685 having girded themselves, advanced into the middle of the  
 circus, and both at once, lifting their strong hands in  
 opposition, fell to, and their heavy hands were mingled  
 together. And there was a dreadful crashing of jaws, and  
 the sweat flowed in all directions from their limbs. And  
 690 the noble Epeios rushed in, and struck him on the cheek  
 while looking round, nor was he able longer to stand; for  
 his noble limbs sunk under him. And as when, under  
 the breeze of the north wind, a fish leaps out upon the  
 weedy shore, and the black billow covers it; so leaped he  
 695 up<sup>6</sup> *when struck*. And the brave Epeios, taking *him* in his

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* is it not enough, that though I am inferior in battle, I am superior  
 in boxing?

<sup>2</sup> Or, entirely.

<sup>3</sup> Those who care for him.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* Eteocles.

<sup>5</sup> These are *cæstus*—or boxing-gloves.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* and fell.

hands, raised him up; and his dear comrades stood round, who led him through the circus with his feet dragging, spitting out clotted blood, *and* dropping his head on each side; and then, leading him, placed him among them, insensible<sup>1</sup>; and, departing, they took the double cup.

And the son of Peleus quickly proposed other third 700 prizes for severe wrestling, showing *them* to the Danaans; for the conqueror a large tripod, fit for the fire, and the Achæans valued it among themselves at twelve oxen; and for the vanquished man he placed a lady in the midst. And many works she understood, and they valued her at four 705 oxen. And he stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“Arise, ye who will attempt this contest also.” Thus he spake; and up then the mighty Telamonian Ajax arose, and the sagacious Ulysses stood up, skilful in wiles. And these, having girded themselves, advanced into the middle 710 of the circus, and seized each other in an embrace<sup>2</sup> with their strong hands: as when the rafters of a lofty house *are interwoven*, which a skilful builder has fitted, warding off the violence of the winds. Then their backs cracked, forcibly dragged by their powerful hands, and the humid 715 sweat poured down; and many welks, purple with blood, started up upon their sides and shoulders. Yet always eagerly sought they the victory, for the sake of the well-wrought tripod. Neither could Ulysses overthrow, nor at all bring him to the ground, nor could Ajax, for the firm 720 strength of Ulysses hindered him. But when the well-armed Achæans were now growing weary, then at length the mighty Telamonian Ajax addressed him:

“Most noble son of Laërtes, wily Ulysses, either lift me up, or I *will* thee, and the consequences will be a care to Jove<sup>3</sup>.”

So saying, he lifted him up; but Ulysses was not for- 725 getful of a stratagem. Aiming at his ham, behind, he

<sup>1</sup> Delirious.

<sup>2</sup> *αγκας*—within their arms.

<sup>3</sup> *τα αυ*—thing then, or after—leave the rest to Jove.

struck him, and loosened his limbs, and he fell backwards; and Ulysses fell upon his breast; and the people, again, gazed in admiration, and were amazed. Next the wily  
730 noble Ulysses raised him in turn, and moved him a little from the ground, and yet did not lift him up; but twisted round his knee; and both fell upon the ground near one another, and were covered with dust. And a third time, springing up, they would have wrestled, had not Achilles himself stood up and restrained them:

735 “No longer contend, nor weary yourselves with evils. Victory *belongs* to both, therefore depart, taking equal rewards, that the other Achæans may also contend.”

Thus he spake; and they very readily listened to him, and obeyed; and, brushing away the dust, put on their  
740 tunics. And the son of Peleus immediately proposed other rewards of speed, a wrought silver cup; and it contained six measures, and in beauty greatly excelled every one upon the whole earth, for the ingenious Sidonians had skilfully wrought it, and Phœnician men had brought it over  
745 the dark sea, and placed it in the harbours, and given *it* as a present to Thoas. And Euneus, the son of Jason, had given it to the hero Patroclus, as a ransom for Lycaon, the son of Priam. This also Achilles proposed as a prize to be contended for, *in honour* of his comrade, by *him* who was most active with his rapid feet; for the second again  
750 he proposed an ox, large and flourishing with fat; and for the last he proposed half a talent of gold. And he stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“Arise, ye who would make trial of this contest also.”

Thus he spake; and immediately the swift Ajax, son of  
755 Oileus, rose, and the wily Ulysses; and then Antilochus, the son of Nestor, for he indeed excelled all the youths in speed<sup>1</sup>. And they stood in a row, and Achilles showed the bounds; and their course was marked out by a turning post. Then the son of Oileus swiftly took the lead; but  
760 the noble Ulysses pressed very close upon him; as when

<sup>1</sup> With his feet.



a shuttle is *near* the breast<sup>1</sup> of a well-zoned woman, which she throws very skilfully in her hands, drawing out along the shuttle-thread, and holds it near her breast: so Ulysses ran near him; and with his feet struck his foot-marks behind, before the dust was sprinkled about. More-765 over the noble Ulysses, always running swiftly, poured his breath upon his head; and all the Achæans shouted for him, eager for victory, and animated him, hastening rapidly. And when now they were completing the end of their race, Ulysses immediately prayed within his mind to the blue-eyed Minerva:

“Hear me, O goddess, and come a kind assistant to my 770 feet.”

Thus he spake, praying; and Pallas Minerva heard him; and she made his knees light, his feet, and his hands above. And when now they were just going to spring upon the prize, then Ajax slipped, whilst running—for Minerva did the mischief—where the dung was scattered about of 775 the slaughtered loud-lowing oxen, which the swift-footed Achilles had slain *in honour* of Patroclus; and his mouth and his nostrils were filled with cow-dung. Then the crafty noble Ulysses took up the goblet, as he came in first; and the illustrious Ajax received the ox. And he 780 stood, holding the horn of the wild bull in his hands; and, spitting out the dung, said among the Argives:

“Alas! it is a goddess that has injured my feet, who ever of old, like a mother, stands by and assists Ulysses.”

Thus he spake; and they all then laughed heartily at him. But Antilochus now took away the lowest prize, 785 smiling, and delivered *this* speech among the Argives:

“I speak to you all, who know it, my friends, that still even now the immortals honour the aged. For Ajax, indeed, is a little older than I; but this<sup>2</sup> *man* is one of a 790 former generation, and of former men; yet they say that he is of a green old age, and it is difficult for the Achæans to contend with him in speed, excepting Achilles.”

<sup>1</sup> *στηθεος* governed by *αγγυ*.

<sup>2</sup> Ulysses.

Thus he spake; and complimented the swift-footed son of Peleus. And Achilles, answering, addressed him in *these* words:

795 “Thy praise, O Antilochus, shall not be spoken in vain—but I will add half a talent of gold for thee.”

So saying, he placed it in his hands; and he received it rejoicing. But the son of Peleus, carrying them into the circus, laid down a long spear, and a shield, and an helmet,  
800 the arms of Sarpedon, which Patroclus had taken from him: and stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“For these prizes we invite two, who are the bravest, clothing themselves in armour, *and* grasping the body-piercing brass, to make trial of each other in presence of  
805 the assembly. Whichever is first in aiming with the spear at the fair body, and touches the viscera through the armour and black blood<sup>1</sup>, to him indeed shall I give this silver-studded beautiful Thracian sword, which I once took from Asteropæus. But let both bear away this  
810 armour in common; and I will set before them a good feast in my tents.”

Thus he spake; and then the mighty Telamonian Ajax arose, and also the son of Tydeus, the gallant Diomedes, sprang up. And when they had armed, apart on each side from the throng, both came together into the midst,  
815 eager to fight, looking fiercely; and amazement seized all the Achæans. And when, advancing towards each other, they were near, thrice they sprang forward, and thrice charged hand to hand. There then Ajax smote *his adversary* upon the shield, every where equal, but reached not the body, for the corselet within defended him. And  
820 Tydides next, with the point of his glittering spear, cut even to his neck, over his large shield. And then in truth the Achæans, fearing for Ajax, commanded them, desisting, to receive<sup>2</sup> equal rewards. The hero, however, gave

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* in one sentence—whichever first wounds the other through his armour.

<sup>2</sup> To lift up.

the huge sword to Tydides, bringing *it* with both its 825 scabbard and well-cut belt.

Then the son of Peleus laid down a rough iron-quoit, which the vast strength of Eëtion was formerly wont to throw. But him, however, the swift-footed noble Achilles slew; and he brought this also, with other spoils, into his ships. Then he stood upright, and delivered this speech 830 among the Argives:

“ Arise, ye who would make trial of this contest also. If the rich fields of any one be of ever so great extent, using this, he will have enough for even five revolving years<sup>1</sup>; for neither his shepherd nor ploughman shall go 835 to the town in want of iron, but *this* shall supply *it*.”

Thus he spake; and then up sprang the brave Polypætes, and up *sprang* the gallant might of the godlike Leonteus; up *sprang* also the Telamonian Ajax, and the noble Epeios. Then they stood in a row; and the noble Epeios seized the quoit, and, whirling *it* round, hurled it; 840 and all the Achæans laughed at *him*. Then Leonteus, a branch of Mars, threw second; third, again, threw the mighty Telamonian Ajax from his strong hand, and cast beyond the marks of all. But when now stout Polypætes had seized the quoit, as far as some cow-herd man hurls his 845 crook, and it, whirling, flies through herds of oxen; so far he cast beyond the whole field<sup>2</sup>, and the Achæans shouted aloud; and the comrades of the gallant Polypætes, standing up, carried the prize of the king to the hollow ships.

Next, for the archers, he laid down black<sup>3</sup> iron, and 850 placed on the one hand ten battle-axes, and on the other ten half-axes. And he set upright the mast of a cerulean-beaked ship, at a distance on the sand; from *which* he fastened a timid dove with a small cord, by the foot, at which he ordered *them* to shoot: “ Whosoever shall strike 855 the timid dove, let him lift up all the battle-axes, and

<sup>1</sup> It—*i. e.* so large was the mass.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* beyond all the other competitors—*αγων* used for *αγωνιστης*.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* apparently—weapons, or tools of iron.



bear<sup>1</sup> *them* to his tent; and whosoever shall hit the string, missing the bird—for he is inferior—let him carry off the half-axes."

Thus he spake; and then up sprang the might of king  
 860 Teucer, and up *sprang* Meriones, the active comrade of Idomeneus; and, seizing the lots, shook them in a brazen helmet. And Teucer first gained his chance by lot; and immediately sent an arrow forcibly, but did not promise to sacrifice a noble hecatomb of firstling lambs to king *Apollo*.  
 865 The bird he missed, for *Apollo* grudged him this, but he hit, near *the bird's* foot, the string with which the bird was fastened; and the bitter arrow cut the string quite through. Then the bird mounted towards heaven, and the string dropt towards the earth; and the Achæans  
 870 shouted applause. And then Meriones, making haste, snatched the bow from his hand; and already was holding the arrow for some time as he had aimed; and immediately he vowed to sacrifice to the far-darting *Apollo* a noble hecatomb of firstling lambs. And high up, under the  
 875 clouds, the timid dove he beheld; and her, as she was wheeling around, he hit in the middle, below the wing, and the arrow went quite through. It indeed was fixed again in the ground before the foot of Meriones; but the bird, alighting upon the mast of the cerulean-beaked ship, hung down its neck, and its thick wings were at the same  
 880 time distended. And its fleet soul flew from its members, and it fell far from the *mast*; and the people wondered at the sight, and were astonished. And then Meriones lifted up all the ten battle-axes, and Teucer bore away the half-axes to the hollow ships.

Then the son of *Peleus*, carrying them into the  
 885 circus, laid down<sup>2</sup> a long spear, and also a cauldron, untouched by fire, of the value of an ox, adorned with flowers; and forthwith the spearmen arose. Up *sprang* the son of *Atreus*, the wide-ruling *Agamemnon*, and up *sprang* Meriones, the active comrade of *Idomeneus*: and to

<sup>1</sup> Lifting—bear, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *κατα*, 883, belongs to *ἤκε*, 885.

them also the swift-footed noble Achilles addressed *himself*:

“ Son of Atreus—for we know how far thou surpasses<sup>t</sup> 890  
all, and how much thou art the best in power and in  
dartings<sup>1</sup>—do thou then take<sup>2</sup> to the hollow ships this  
prize; and we will give the spear to the hero Meriones,  
if, at least, thou wilt consent in thy mind; for *so* I ad-  
vise.”

Thus he spake; nor did the king of men, Agamemnon, 895  
refuse; and Achilles gave the brazen spear to the hero  
Meriones; and the hero himself gave the splendid prize to  
the herald Talthybius.

<sup>1</sup> ἰμασιν—in thongs—with which the javelins were thrown.

<sup>2</sup> Go, having.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

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BOOK XXIV.

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ARGUMENT.

Jupiter commands Thetis to repair to Achilles, and require the restoration of Hector's body. Mercury, by his desire, also repairs to Priam, whom he guides through the Grecian camp to the tent of Achilles. The interview between Achilles and Priam. The body is ransomed, brought back to Troy, and honoured with a funeral; for the celebration of which a truce of twelve days had been granted.

THE meeting was now dissolved, and the people were dispersed to go each to the hollow ships. They indeed were careful to indulge in the feast and in sweet sleep; but Achilles wept, calling to mind his beloved comrade, nor did all-subduing sleep take possession of him, and he turned  
5 on this side and on that, mourning the loss<sup>1</sup> of the vigour and mighty courage of Patroclus. Whatever things, also, he had accomplished with him, and *whatever* labours suffered, both in the battles of heroes, and in crossing the dangerous waves—recalling these things, he poured down the warm  
10 tear, lying sometimes upon his sides, sometimes again on his back, and at other times on his belly; and then, starting upright, wandered about, in sadness, by the shore of

<sup>1</sup> Desiring or wishing for the vigour, &c.



the sea; nor did the morn, appearing over the sea and shores, escape his observation<sup>1</sup>. And when he had yoked his fleet horses to the car, he fastened Hector to be dragged behind his car; and having drawn him thrice round the tomb of the dead son of Menœtius, was again quiet in his tent; and left him, having stretched him (*Hector*) prone in the dust. But Apollo kept away all pollution from his body, pitying the hero, even although dead; and covered him all round with *his* golden ægis, that, in dragging him, he (*Achilles*) might not lacerate him. 15 20

Thus he indeed, raging, insulted the noble Hector, but the blessed gods, looking towards him, felt compassion, and stirred up the watchful Argiphontes<sup>2</sup> to steal him. Then indeed that pleased all the rest, but by no means Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid (*Minerva*;) but they were obstinate, as sacred Ilium was from the first hateful to them, as well as Priam and his people, on account of the insult of Paris, who affronted the goddesses<sup>3</sup>, when they came to his cot, and favoured her who gratified his sad lust. But when the twelfth morning from that had arisen, then also Phœbus Apollo spake among the immortals: 25 30

“Ye are cruel, O gods, and injurious. Did Hector never burn for you the legs of bulls and of chosen goats? And will ye now not venture to rescue him, a corpse, for his wife, and mother, and his son, and his father Priam, and the people to behold; who would quickly burn him with fire, and perform for him his funeral obsequies? But ye desire to bestow favour, O ye gods, upon the destructive Achilles, in whose bosom there is neither a just mind, nor a flexible disposition; and who is as savage<sup>4</sup> as a lion, which, when yielding to his great strength and haughty spirit, rushes upon the flocks of men, that he may take *his* repasts. Thus Achilles has destroyed compassion, nor is 35 40

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* he was still awake.

<sup>2</sup> Juno and Minerva.

<sup>2</sup> Slayer of Argus—Mercury.

<sup>4</sup> Knows savage things.

45 there in him respect for others—a *quality* which both greatly injures and assists men. For a man may lose another even more dear, either an own brother, or even a son; nevertheless he desists from weeping and lamenting, for the fates have into men put an enduring mind. But  
50 this man drags Hector round the tomb of his beloved comrade, fastening him to his car, after he has deprived him of valued life; although this is by no means proper, nor better for him. *Let him beware*, lest we be avenged on him, brave as he is—for, raging, he insults even the insensible earth."

55 And to him the white-armed Juno, indignant, said:  
"This might indeed be thy speech, god of the silver bow, if ye *gods* were to give equal honour to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is a mortal, and sucked a woman's breast; but Achilles is the offspring of a goddess, whom I myself  
60 brought up and nursed, and gave as a wife to the hero Peleus, who is dear to the immortals at heart: and ye were all present at the nuptials, O ye gods; and thou among them didst feast, holding thy lyre, O companion of the vile, ever faithless."

And to her the cloud-compelling Jove, answering, said:  
65 "Juno, be not now altogether enraged with the gods; for their<sup>1</sup> honour shall not by any means be one: but even Hector was to the gods the dearest of the mortals who are in Ilium; for so *he was* to me; because he never failed in agreeable gifts. For my altar never wanted an equal feast,  
70 frankincense, nor odour: for this honour is ours by fate. Nevertheless we will have nothing to do with stealing the brave Hector—nor indeed can it *possibly* be done without the knowledge of Achilles—for he always watches him, as well by night as by day, *like* a mother. But I wish one of the  
75 gods would call Thetis near me, that I may speak to her a prudent word, in order that Achilles may accept gifts from Priam, and set Hector free."

<sup>1</sup> Hector and Achilles.

Thus he spake ; and Iris, swift as the storm, arose to carry the message. And midway between Samos and the rugged Imbrus she sprang into the dark sea, and the water flounced. And she sank to the bottom like a leaden bullet, which, 80 put into the horn of a wild bull, descends, bearing death to the carnivorous fishes. And Thetis she found in her hollow cave, and around her sat the other sea goddesses, collected together ; and she, in the midst, was weeping the fate of her own illustrious son, who was soon to perish at 85 fertile Troy, far from his native land. And the swift-footed Iris, standing near, addressed her :

“ Rise, Thetis, Jove, skilful in eternal counsels, calls thee.” And her answered then the silver-footed goddess Thetis :

“ Why does that mighty god summon me ? I am 90 ashamed to mix with immortals, for I have innumerable woes in my soul. But I must go ; the word which he speaks cannot be neglected.”

Thus then having spoken, the noblest of the goddesses took her dark veil, and there is not a blacker robe than it. And she set out to go, and the wind-footed, fleet Iris led 95 the way before ; and the water of the sea retired around them. And next, ascending the shore, they rushed up<sup>1</sup> to heaven. And they found the far-sounding son of Saturn ; and all the other blessed ever-living gods sat assembled round him ; and she then sat down beside father Jove, and 100 Minerva gave place to her. And Juno placed a beautiful golden cup in her hands, and consoled her with words ; and Thetis, having drunk, returned it. But the father of men and gods began among them in *these* words :

“ Thou hast come to Olympus though grieved, O goddess Thetis, having in thy mind a sorrow not to be for- 105 gotten ; and I myself know it. But even so must I speak, and for this have I called thee hither. Nine days already has a contest been excited amongst the immortals respect-

<sup>1</sup> They were impelled up.



ing the body of Hector, and Achilles, the destroyer of cities; and they have urged the watchful Argiphontes to  
 110 steal him. But I rather give this glory<sup>1</sup> to Achilles, preserving for the future thy respect and love. Go with all speed to the camp, and enjoin thy son. Tell him that the gods are offended, and that I above all the immortals am displeased, because with furious mind he detains Hector  
 115 at the beaked ships, nor releases *him*: and see if he will respect me, and restore Hector. And I will dispatch Iris to the brave Priam, for him to repair to the ships of the Achæans, and ransom his beloved son, and carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his soul."

120 Thus he spake; nor did Thetis, the silver-footed goddess, disobey; but, leaping, descended from the summits of Olympus. And she came to the tent of her own son, and in it she then found him incessantly groaning; and round him his beloved comrades were busily employed, and  
 125 cooking a repast, for a large thick-fleeced sheep had been slain by them in the tent. And his august mother sat down very near him, and caressed him with her hand, and addressed him, and called *him* by name:

"How long<sup>2</sup>, O my son, grieving and lamenting, wilt thou thus consume thy heart, having no remembrance of  
 130 either food or the couch? Yet is it good to mingle in love with woman; and thou wilt not live long for me, but death and powerful destiny already stand close to thee. But quickly learn from me, for I am a messenger to thee from Jove. He says that the gods are offended with thee, and  
 135 that himself above all the immortals is displeased, because with furious mind thou detainest Hector at the hollow ships, nor releasest him. But come now, restore, and accept the ransom of the corpse."

And to her the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said:  
 "Let him come hither, who brings the ransom, and carry

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* which he is going to mention—selling the body.

<sup>2</sup> Up to what time?

away the corpse, if the Olympian himself now command it 140  
with a mind disposed to it"<sup>1</sup>.

Thus they, the mother and the son, at the assemblage of the ships, spake many winged words to one another; and the son of Saturn urged Iris towards sacred Troy:

"Haste—away, rapid Iris, quitting the seat of Olympus, bear a message to the brave Priam to Ilium, to repair 145  
to the ships of the Achæans, and ransom his beloved son, and to carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his mind, himself alone, nor let any other man of the Trojans go with him. Let some herald, advanced in years, accompany him, to guide his mules and well-wheeled waggon, as well 150  
as to bring back again to the city the corpse which the noble Achilles has slain; nor let death be a trouble to his mind, nor any dread; such a conductor we shall give him *in* the Argicide, who shall lead him, guiding him until he place him beside Achilles. And when he has led him 155  
within the tent of Achilles, Achilles will not himself slay him, and will keep off all others: for he is neither foolish, nor improvident, nor impious; but will very humanely spare a suppliant man."

Thus he spake; and Iris, swift as the storm, hastened to deliver her message. And she came to Priam's, and found 160  
wailing and lamentation. His sons, sitting round their father in the hall, were drenching their robes with tears: and the old man, in the midst, *was* wrapt closely up in a cloak, and much filth was around the head and neck of the old man, which, while rolling on the ground, he had heaped 165  
on with his own hands. And the daughters and daughters-in-law throughout the houses were lamenting, remembering those who, many and brave, lay, deprived of life by the hands of the Argives. And the messenger of Jove

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* seriously.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* let no fear of death trouble him.

170 stood beside Priam, and addressed him, speaking low, and a tremor seized his limbs<sup>1</sup>.

“Be confident, O Dardan Priam, in thy mind, nor fear aught; for this is not an evil I come announcing to thee, but designing good; and I am to thee the messenger of Jove, who, though being far off, greatly cares for, and  
175 pities thee. The Olympian commands thee to ransom the noble Hector, and to carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his soul, thyself alone, nor let any other man of the Trojans go with thee. Let some herald, advanced in years, accompany thee, to guide thy mules and well-  
180 wheeled waggon, as well as to bring back to the city the corpse, which the noble Achilles has slain. Nor let death be a care in thy mind, nor any dread; for such a conductor shall accompany thee *in* the Argicide, who shall lead thee, till, guiding thee, he shall place thee near Achilles. And  
185 when he shall have conducted thee within the tent of Achilles, he (*Achilles*) will not slay thee himself, and will keep away all others; for he is neither foolish, nor improvident, nor sinful; but will very humanely spare a suppliant man.”

Thus then having spoken, the swift-footed Iris departed. And he enjoined his sons to make ready his good-  
190 wheeled car, drawn by mules, and to bind upon it the coffer; and he himself descended into a scented chamber, made of cedar, lofty-roofed, which contained many treasures, and called to *him* his spouse Hecuba, and said:

“My dear spouse, an Olympian messenger has come to me from Jove, to go to the ships of the Achæans and ransom  
195 my beloved son, and to carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his soul. But come, say this to me, how seems this to thy mind? For my spirit and wishes strongly impel me myself to go there to the ships, to the wide camp of the Achæans.”

<sup>1</sup> But a tremor seized him as to the knees.



Thus he spake; and his wife shrieked, and answered him 200  
 in *this* speech: "Ah me, where now is gone thy prudence,  
 for which formerly thou wast celebrated among strangers, as  
 well as *among those* whom thou dost govern? Why wilt thou  
 go alone to the ships of the Achæans, to the sight<sup>1</sup> of *that*  
 man, who has slain many and gallant sons of thine? Iron 205  
 must be thy heart<sup>2</sup>. For if this cruel and faithless man  
 shall seize thee and behold thee with his eyes, he will not  
 pity thee, nor will he have any respect for thee. But let  
 us now mourn him apart, sitting in the hall—for so<sup>3</sup> at his  
 birth powerful fate thus spun his thread, what time I brought 210  
 him forth, to glut the light-footed dogs, far from his own  
 parents, beside that fierce man, the middle of whose liver I  
 would that I held—clinging to it I would devour it; then  
 would the deeds against my son be avenged; since he slew  
 not a coward, but one standing in defence of the Trojan 215  
 men, and deep-bosomed Trojan women, mindful neither of  
 flight nor avoidance."

And to her again the godlike aged Priam said: "Detain  
 me not when desirous to go, nor be thyself an evil omen<sup>4</sup>  
 within my halls; nor shalt thou persuade me. For if in- 220  
 deed any other of terrestrial *beings* had commanded me,  
 whether they were prophets, soothsayers, or priests, we  
 might have pronounced it a falsehood, and been the rather  
 averse to it. But now—as I myself heard the goddess,  
 and saw her before me—I will go, and her word shall not 225  
 be vain; and if it be my fate to die beside the ships of the  
 brazen-mailed Achæans, I am willing: for Achilles will in-  
 stantly slay me, after I, embracing my son in my arms, have  
 taken away the desire of weeping<sup>5</sup>."

He said; and opened the beautiful lids of *his* chests;  
 thence he took out twelve splendid mantles, twelve single 230

<sup>1</sup> Eyes.<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* insensible to fear—not to pity.<sup>3</sup> τῇ—by that.<sup>4</sup> Bird.

<sup>5</sup> For I could wish that Achilles would kill me, at once, when having  
 taken my son in my arms, I have taken out of myself the desire of grief—  
*i. e.* when I have embraced my son, and given vent to my sorrow.

cloaks, and as many rich carpets, and as many tunics; and having weighed as many as ten whole talents of gold, took them out. He took out also two glittering tripods, and four bowls, and a most beautiful cup, which the Thracian men had given to him *when* he went there on an embassy, 235 a mighty gift. Not even this did the old man then spare in his halls; for he wished above *all things* in his mind to ransom his beloved son. And he drove away all the Trojans from his portal, reviling them in opprobrious words:

“Begone, ye infamous and vile; is there not now 240 lamentation enough for you at home, that ye come to trouble me? Or are ye pleased that Jove, the son of Saturn, has sent sorrows upon me, to lose my bravest boy? But ye too will yourselves know them<sup>1</sup>; for ye will be much easier for the Achæans to destroy now, he being 245 dead. I shall, however, before I behold with my eyes the city plundered and laid waste, descend to the abode of Hades.”

He said; and chased away the men with his staff, and they rushed out, the old man driving *them*. And he threatens his own sons, reviling them—Helenus, and Paris, 250 and the godlike Agathon; and Pammon, and Antiphonus, and gallant Polites, and Deïphobus, and Hippothous, and the noble Dios. These nine the old man, reviling, commanded thus:

“Hasten for me, ye base children, scandalous *wretches*; would that ye had all together been slain at the swift ships 255 instead of Hector. Oh, every way unfortunate! for I begot the bravest sons in wide Troy, and I say none of them is left; the godlike Mestor, and the equestrian Troilus, and Hector, who was a god among men, nor was like the son of a mortal man, but of a god. Those has 260 Mars destroyed for me, but all these scandals are left, liars, seducers<sup>2</sup>, and dancers, and excellent at choral-feasts, and public plunderers of lambs and of kids. Will ye not

<sup>1</sup> *scil. αλγιστα*.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding especially to Paris.



with all speed make ready for me my car, and lay all these things upon it, that we may perform our journey?"

Thus he spake; and they then, respecting the chiding 265 of their father, lifted out the well-wheeled waggon, drawn by mules, beautiful, newly built, and bound upon it the coffer. They took, likewise, the yoke made of box-wood for the mules from the peg, bossed, well-fitted with collars; and they brought out the traces, nine cubits in 270 length, along with the yoke. And this they correctly fastened to the pole, at its outward part, and threw a small ring over the hook of the pole. And thrice on each side they tied it to the boss; and when they had successively made it fast, they bent it under the angle; then, carrying the invaluable ransom of Hector's head from the 275 chamber, they heaped them upon the well-polished car. Next they yoked the strong-hoofed mules, accustomed to the yoke, which the Mysians once gave to Priam, distinguished gifts. And they led under the yoke also, for Priam, the steeds, which the old man, possessing, fed himself at the well-polished manger. These the herald 280 and Priam<sup>1</sup> made themselves ready in the lofty palace, having prudent counsels in their minds. And near to them came Hecuba, with a sorrowful mind, holding in her right hand sweet wine, in a golden cup, that, having made libations, they might depart. And she stood before the 285 horses, addressed him, and said:

"Take *this*, and offer a libation to father Jove, and pray that thou mayst return back home again from *these* hostile men; since thy mind impels thee to the ships, though I am not willing. And pray thou then to the dark cloud- 290 collecting Idæan son of Saturn, who looks down upon all Troy; and ask for the bird, *his* swift messenger, which is the most beloved of birds to himself, and whose strength is the greatest, on thy right hand—that, marking him thyself with thine eyes, thou mayst go, confident in him, to the 295

<sup>1</sup> τω—refers to κηνυξ και Πριαμος.



ships of the fleet-horsed Danaans. But if the far-seeing Jove will not give thee his own messenger, then I would not, urging, advise thee to go to the ships of the Argives, though *thou art* very eager."

And to her the godlike Priam, answering, said: "O  
300 woman, surely I will not disobey thee advising this; for it is good to lift up *my* hands to Jove, that he may pity *me*."

The old man spoke; and he exhorted a diligent handmaid to pour pure water upon his hands; for the handmaid stood by, holding in her hands a basin, and with it an ewer; and, washing himself, *he* took the cup from his  
305 wife. Then he prayed, standing in the middle of the court, and poured out a libation of wine, looking towards heaven; and, speaking, delivered *this* speech:

"O father Jove, ruling from Ida, most glorious, most great, grant that I may come to Achilles' tent as a  
310 friend, an object of love and pity<sup>1</sup>; and send the bird, thy swift messenger, which is the most beloved of birds to thyself, and whose strength is greatest, on my right hand; that I myself, marking him with my eyes, may go, confident in him, to the ships of the fleet-horsed Danaans."

Thus he spake, praying; and wise Jove heard him, and  
315 immediately sent the hunter eagle, the most sure augur of birds, which they call Morphnos and Percnos<sup>2</sup>. As large as *is* the well-closed, neatly-fitted door of the chamber of an opulent man, so wide on each side were its wings; and it appeared by them, rushing on the right-hand over the  
320 city. But they, beholding it, rejoiced, and the soul was gladdened in *all* their bosoms.

Then the old man, making haste, mounted his polished car, and drove out of the vestibule and resounding portal. Before the mules dragged the four-wheeled waggon, which  
325 the skilful Idæus drove; and behind *were* the horses,

<sup>1</sup> Pitiable.

<sup>2</sup> Φ. 252.

which the old man animated, driving *them* quickly through the city with his lash; and with *him* followed all his friends, loudly mourning him, as if going to death. But when they had descended from the city, and reached the plain, the sons and sons-in-law then returned back to Ilium. Nor 330 were these two, proceeding forward upon the plain, unobserved by the far-seeing Jove; for, beholding the old man, he felt compassion, and immediately addressed himself to Mercury, his beloved son:

“Mercury—for to thee is it particularly agreeable to companion with man, and thou listenest to whom thou 335 wilt—away then, and so conduct Priam to the hollow ships of the Achæans, that neither any one may see him, nor yet any of the other Danaans observe him till he come to Achilles.”

Thus he spake; nor did the inter-messenger, the Argicide, disobey. Forthwith then he tied under his feet his 340 beautiful sandals, ambrosial, golden, which bore him as well over the sea, as over the immeasurable earth, along with the blasts of the wind. And he took his rod, with which he charms the eyes of *those* men whom he chooses, and again rouses those *that are* asleep—holding this in his 345 hands, the powerful Argicide flew along. And he came forthwith to Troy and the Hellespont, and proceeded to go like to a princely youth, first growing into manhood<sup>1</sup>, whose bloom<sup>2</sup> is very graceful. But they, when they had driven past the large tomb of Ilus, stopt their mules and 350 horses, that they might drink in the river; for darkness had already come over the earth. And the herald, looking, marked Mercury a little way off, and spake to Priam, and said:

“Consider, O descendant of Dardanus; there is occasion for a prudent mind<sup>3</sup>. I see a man, and I am afraid 355 he will soon destroy us. But come now, let us escape on

<sup>1</sup> First coming to the age of puberty.

<sup>2</sup> Youth.

<sup>3</sup> Works of a prudent mind are made.



the horses<sup>1</sup>; or let us now, clasping his knees, intreat that he will pity us."

Thus he spake; and the old man's mind was confused, and he was very much feared; and the hair stood upright  
 360 on his flexible limbs. And he stood panic-struck; but Mercury himself coming near, taking the old man's hand, interrogated and addressed him:

"Whither, O father dost thou thus direct thy steeds and mules in the ambrosial night, when other mortals sleep? Fearest thou not the valour-breathing Achæans,  
 365 who, hostile and implacable to thee, are near? If any one of these should see thee during the fleet ambrosial night, carrying so many treasures, what would be thy feelings then? Thou art not young thyself—and this *is* an old man *who* attends thee—to repulse a warrior, should one first attack  
 370 thee. But I will do thee no harm, and will repel any other that would; for I liken thee to my own dear father."

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man:  
 "Surely these things are so, my dear son, as thou sayst. But one of the gods still holds his hand even over me, who  
 375 has sent such a favourable conductor to meet me as thou art—admirable in thy form and countenance—prudent also art thou in thy mind, and art *doubtless sprung* from blessed parents."

And him again the inter-messenger, the Argicide, addressed: "All these things, old man, thou surely hast said  
 380 with propriety. But come, tell me this, and tell me truly; art thou now taking away many and valuable treasures to foreign men, that these at least may remain safe for thee? Or are ye all now quitting sacred Troy alarmed? For so great *was* that very brave man, thy son, *who* perished: for  
 385 he was not at all inferior in combat to the Achæans."

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man:  
 "And who art thou, O most excellent, and of what parents art thou, who speakest honourably to me of the death of my ill-fated son?"

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* on Priam's car—leaving the waggon and mules.



And him again the inter-messenger, the Argicide, addressed: "Thou triest me, old man, and inquirest about 390 noble Hector—him I have very often seen with my eyes in the glorious battle, and when, driving the Argives, he slew them at the ships, cutting through *them* with his sharp spear; and we, standing, wondered; for Achilles, enraged with Atrides, permitted us not to combat. For I am his 395 servant, and one well-built ship brought *us*. I am one of the Myrmidons, and my father is Polyctor; he is wealthy, but now old, so as thou *art*. There are six sons *belonging* to him, and I am his seventh, with whom casting lots, I obtained the lot to follow hither. And I am now come 400 to the plain from the ships, because in the morning the noble Achæans will stir up battle for the city<sup>1</sup>. For they are grieved with sitting still, nor can the princes of the Achæans restrain them, eager for the combat."

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man: 405 "If thou in truth art a comrade of Achilles, the son of Peleus, come now, relate to me all the truth—whether is my son still at the ships, or has Achilles, tearing him limb from limb, already cast him before his dogs."

And the Argicide, the inter-messenger, again addressed 410 him: "Old man, not yet have the dogs eaten him, nor the fowls *of the air*; but he still lies beside the ship of Achilles, in the same state<sup>2</sup>, at his tents; and *this is* the twelfth morning to him lying, nor is his body at all putrid, nor do the worms devour him—those which eat heroes slain 415 in battle. He indeed drags him piteously round the tomb of his own beloved companion when the divine morning appears; yet he insults him not<sup>3</sup>. Coming to *him*, thou wouldst thyself admire how fresh he lies, and *how* the blood is washed away *all* round, nor *is he* any where polluted. Moreover all his wounds are closed, as many as were in- 420 flicted; for many thrust a spear into him. Thus do the

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* will attack it.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* as he was—untouched.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* does not mangle him—or spoil his appearance.

blessed gods care for thy son, though being a corpse; since he was dear to their hearts<sup>1</sup>."

Thus he spake; and the old man rejoiced, and answered  
425 in this speech: "O my son, assuredly it is a good *thing* to give to the immortals the gifts *which are* due; for never did my son, whilst he yet was in his halls, neglect the gods which possess Olympus; therefore are they mindful of him, even though in the condition<sup>2</sup> of death. But come now, accept from me this handsome cup; rescue him  
430 for me, and, with the gods, conduct me until I come to the tent of Achilles."

And him again the inter-messenger, the Argicide, addressed: "Old man, thou temptest me, younger *than thyself*; but *thou* wilt not persuade me; thou who biddest me accept thy gifts without the knowledge of Achilles. Him  
435 I fear and respect at my heart too much to plunder, lest some evil afterwards come upon me. Nevertheless I would be thy conductor even to renowned Argos, willingly accompanying thee in a swift ship, or on foot<sup>3</sup>; nor, in truth, would any one fight with thee, through contempt for thy guide<sup>4</sup>."

440 Mercury said, and, leaping upon the car and horses, instantly seized the lash and reins in his hands; and breathed great vigour into the horses and mules. And when they had now come to the ramparts and trench of the ships, the guards were then newly employed about  
445 their repast; but upon all of them the inter-messenger, the Argicide, poured sleep; and instantly he opened the gates and pushed back the bars, and let in Priam, and the splendid gifts upon the waggon. And when they reached the lofty tent of Pelides, which the Myrmidons had made  
450 for their prince, cutting down timbers of fir; and they covered it above with a thatch roof, cropping it from the meadow, and made a large court around, with numerous

<sup>1</sup> *περὶ*—very much—beyond others.

<sup>2</sup> Fate.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* by land.

<sup>4</sup> Despising thy guide.



stakes, for their king: one fir bar alone held the door, which three Achæans of the others were in the habit of pushing in, and three were in the habit of opening the large fastening of the gates; but Achilles even alone used to put it across. Then indeed the good Mercury opened it for the old man, and brought in the distinguished gifts to the swift-footed Achilles; and descended from the car to the ground, and said:

“Old man, I, Mercury, an immortal god, have in truth come; for my father gave me to thee as a guide. Nevertheless I shall now go back, nor be present to the eyes of Achilles; for it would be truly an unbecoming *thing* for an immortal god thus openly to favour mortals. But do thou, going in, clasp the knees of the son of Peleus, and intreat him by his father, and fair-haired mother, and his son; that thou mayst touch his feelings.”

Thus then having spoken, Mercury departed to the lofty Olympus; and Priam leaped from his car to the ground, and left Idæus there: and he remained, keeping there the steeds and mules; but the old man went straight to the abode, where sat Achilles, beloved of Jove. And himself he found within; and his comrades sat apart; but two alone, the hero Automedon, and Alcimus, branch of Mars, very near, attended on him. And, eating and drinking, he had just ceased from a repast, and the table still stood near. And the mighty Priam, entering, was unseen by them; and then, standing near him, he clasped the knees of Achilles with his hands, and kissed *those* terrible man-slaying hands, which had slain many of his sons. And as when a severe calamity seizes a man, who, having slain a man in his native country, comes to another state, to the house of an opulent man, and stupor possesses the beholders; so Achilles wondered, seeing the godlike Priam; and the others also wondered, and looked at one another. And Priam, supplicating, addressed to him *this* speech:

“Remember thy father—O Achilles, who resemblest the gods—of the same age as myself, upon the sad thres-



hold of old age. And him perhaps his neighbours who are round harass, nor is there any one to repel war and  
 490 destruction. But he, however, hearing of thee being alive, both rejoices in his soul, and every day hopes to behold his beloved son, returning from Troy. But I *am* every way miserable, since I begot the bravest sons in wide  
 495 Troy, and of them I say none are left. I had fifty when the sons of the Achæans arrived: nineteen were from one womb, and the rest, women bore to me in my halls. Of the greater part fierce Mars hath loosened the knees under them; but Hector, who was my favourite<sup>1</sup>, and defended  
 500 the city and ourselves, hast thou lately slain, fighting for his native land; for his sake I now come to the ships of the Achæans, and bring a precious ransom, to redeem him from thee. And respect the gods, O Achilles, and pity me myself, remembering thy own father; and I am even  
 505 more wretched, for I have dared, what never any other earthly mortal *has done*, to move towards my mouth the hand of a man, the slayer of my son."

Thus he spake; and excited in him the desire of mourning for his father; and then, touching him by the hand, he gently pushed away the old man. And they recalling  
 510 to mind—the one, prostrate at the feet of Achilles, plentifully wept *for* Hector, the homicide; and Achilles now wept for his own father, and now for Patroclus in turn; and their lamentation was raised throughout the house.

And when the noble Achilles had indulged his grief, and  
 515 the desire of *it* had gone away from his breast and limbs, he instantly rose from his seat, and raised up the old man with his hand, pitying both his hoary head and hoary beard: and, addressing him, said these winged words:

"Ah! unhappy *man*, thou hast without doubt endured many evils in thy mind. How hast thou ventured to come  
 520 alone to the ships of the Achæans, into the sight of *that* man, who has slain for thee many and gallant sons? Iron

<sup>1</sup> Alone to me—*i. e.* regarded above others.

must be thy heart. Yet come now, sit down upon a seat ;  
 and we will let our sorrows repose in our mind, grieved  
 although *we be* ; for not any use is there in sad sorrow.  
 For thus have the gods doomed to miserable mortals, that 525  
 they should live wretched ; whilst they themselves are  
 without care. For two vessels of gifts, such as they give,  
 stand at the threshold of Jove, *the one* of evil, and the  
 other of good. He, to whom Jove, the thunderer, gives,  
 mixing, sometimes falls into evil fortune, and at other 530  
 times into good ; but the man to whom he gives of the  
 bitter, he makes miserable ; and a fatal calamity pursues  
 him upon the blessed earth ; and he roams, honoured  
 neither by gods nor mortals. Thus have the gods also  
 given their splendid gifts to Peleus from his birth ; for he 535  
 was adorned among men both with happiness and wealth,  
 and he governed the Myrmidons ; and they (*the gods*)  
 made a goddess his wife, *though* he was a mortal. Yet  
 even upon him also has the god inflicted evil, because there  
 was not in his halls an offspring of princely sons ; but one 540  
 short-lived boy only he begot ; nor in truth do I take care  
 of him in his old age<sup>1</sup>, since I sit in Troy, very far from  
 my native country, causing sorrow to thee and to thy sons.  
 Thee also, old man, we hear to have been once wealthy—  
*possessing* as much as Lesbos above, the seat of Macar,  
 contains within it, and Phrygia below, and the boundless 545  
 Hellespont. With the wealth of these, old man, they say  
 that thou wert adorned, and with sons. But since the  
 powers of heaven have brought this misfortune upon thee,  
 battles and the slaughtering of men are always round thy  
 city—bear with it, nor grieve without ceasing in thy mind ;  
 for thou wilt not profit aught, afflicting thyself for thy son, 550  
 nor wilt thou raise him up before thou suffer even another  
 misfortune<sup>2</sup>."

And him then answered Priam, the godlike old man :  
 " Place me not by any means upon a seat, O Jove-

<sup>1</sup> Being old.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. sooner wilt thou suffer new misfortunes.



supported *prince*, whilst Hector lies unburied in thy tents;  
555 but restore him as soon as possible, that I may see him  
with my eyes; and receive thou the numerous presents  
which we bring for thee; and mayst thou enjoy them, and  
arrive at thine own native land, since thou sufferest me  
first to live, and to behold the light of the sun."

And to him the swift-footed Achilles, looking sternly,  
560 then said: "Stir me no more, old man; I am myself dis-  
posed to restore thee Hector; for the mother who bore  
me, the daughter of the aged sea-god, came to me *as* a  
messenger from Jove. And as to thee, I know, O Priam,  
in my mind, nor does it escape me, that some one of the  
gods led thee to the swift ships of the Achæans; for a  
565 mortal would not have ventured to come into the camp,  
not even in the vigour of youth<sup>1</sup>, for he could not have  
eluded the guards, nor yet pushed back the bolts of our  
gates. Wherefore now stir no more my mind already in  
sorrows, lest I endure thee not, old man, in my tents,  
570 though being a suppliant, and violate the mandates of  
Jove."

Thus he spake; and the old man feared and obeyed the  
command. And Pelides sprang like a lion from the door  
of the house—not alone, for with him followed two attend-  
575 ants, the hero Automedon, and Alcimus, whom Achilles  
honoured most of his comrades, after the death of Patro-  
clus<sup>2</sup>. These then loosed the horses and mules from the  
yoke, and led in the vocal herald of the old man; and  
placed him upon a seat. And from the well-polished  
waggon they took down the invaluable ransom of Hector's  
580 head; but they left two cloaks and a well-woven tunic, in  
order that covering the body, he might give it to be carried  
home. But having summoned his female domestics, he  
commanded them to wash and anoint *it* around, taking it  
up apart, that Priam might not behold his son; lest,  
seeing his boy, he might not contain the anger in his

<sup>1</sup> Not even very youthful.

<sup>2</sup> After Patroclus being dead.



sorrowing heart, and the soul of Achilles be stirred up, 585  
and he slay him, and violate the mandates of Jove. When  
then the domestics had washed and anointed it with oil,  
and thrown round him a handsome cloak, and a tunic,  
Achilles himself, raising, placed him upon a bier, and his 590  
comrades with *him* lifted him upon the well-polished wag-  
gon. And then he groaned, and addressed by name his  
beloved companion: "Be not angry with me, O Patroclus,  
shouldst thou hear, though in Hades, that I have freed  
the noble Hector to his beloved father, since he has given  
me no unworthy ransom. And besides, even of these I 595  
will give thee a share, as much as is fitting."

The noble Achilles said, and went back into the tent,  
and sat down in a curiously-wrought couch, whence he  
had risen, at the other<sup>1</sup> wall, and addressed *this* speech to  
Priam:

"Thy son is now freed to thee, as thou hast desired,  
and lies upon a bier; and with the appearing morning thou 600  
shalt thyself see him, and take<sup>2</sup> *him away*: but now let us  
think of supper; for even the fair-haired Niobe was mind-  
ful of food, although twelve children perished in her halls,  
six daughters and six blooming sons; these Apollo slew  
from his silver bow, enraged with Niobe; and those Diana, 605  
delighting in arrows, because, that is, she had deemed  
herself equal to the beautiful-cheeked Latona. She said  
that *Latona* had borne *only* two, but she herself had borne  
many *children*; nevertheless those, though but two, ex-  
terminated all *these*. Nine days indeed they lay in *their* gore, 610  
nor was there any to bury them, for the son of Saturn had  
made the people stones; but upon the tenth day the  
heavenly gods buried them. But still she was mindful  
of food, after she was exhausted *with* weeping. And now  
somewhere among the rocks, in the desert mountains in  
Sipylos, where, they say, are the beds of the goddess 615  
Nymphs, who dance round the Acheloüs—there, though  
a stone, she sighs over the sorrows *sent upon her* from the

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* opposite to Priam.

<sup>2</sup> Taking.

gods. But come now, O noble old man, let thou and I likewise pay attention to food, and hereafter thou mayst  
 620 again weep *for* thy beloved son, carrying him into Troy; and he will be mourned by thee with many tears."

The swift Achilles said, and, starting up, slew a white sheep, and his comrades skinned it, and prepared it well in the usual manner<sup>1</sup>, and then skilfully cut it in pieces<sup>2</sup>, transfixed them with spits, carefully cooked, and pulled  
 625 them all off. Then Automedon, taking bread, distributed it over the table in beautiful baskets; and Achilles furnished the flesh; and they stretched out their hands to the prepared victuals lying before them. But when they had removed the desire of food and drink, the Dardan Priam, in truth, beheld with admiration Achilles, so great  
 630 and such *as* he was; for he was to look on like the gods; and Achilles admired the Dardan Priam, seeing his good countenance, and hearing his conversation. When, however, they were satisfied *with* gazing at one another, Priam, the godlike old man, first addressed him:

635 "Send me now to repose as soon as possible, O Jove-supported prince, in order that, lying down, we may now enjoy sweet sleep; for never have the eyes beneath my eyelids been closed, from the time when my boy lost his life by thy hands; but I always groan and nourish my  
 640 numerous woes, prostrate in the dirt within the fences of my palace<sup>3</sup>. Now, however, I have both tasted food, and sent the sweet wine down my throat—before, at least, I had not tasted aught."

He said; and Achilles commanded his comrades and handmaids to place couches under the portico, and to cast  
 645 upon them beautiful purple mats, and to strew over them blankets, and to lay on them woollen cloaks to be drawn over *all*. And the maidens went out of the hall, having a torch in their hands, and, making haste, quickly spread

<sup>1</sup> Skinned it, and attended to it well, according to order.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* into joints—as a butcher would say.

<sup>3</sup> Hall.

two couches. But the swift-footed Achilles, jocularly addressed him:

“Lie thou now without, dear old man; lest some prince 650  
of the Achæans come hither—any of those, who, sitting  
with me, always consult *upon* measures in the customary  
way. If any of these should see thee during the swift  
black night, he would immediately tell it to Agamemnon,  
the shepherd of the people, and there might be a delay in 655  
the liberation of the corpse. But come, tell me this, and  
tell me truly; how many days dost thou desire to employ  
in performing the obsequies of the noble Hector, that so  
long I may myself remain quiet, and restrain the people?”

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man:  
“If thou be now willing *that I* celebrate the funeral of 660  
the noble Hector, in so doing, O Achilles, thou wilt do  
me a favour. For thou knowest how we are shut up  
within the city, and the wood is far off to fetch it from  
the mountain; and the Trojans are greatly afraid. Nine  
days will we lament him in the halls, and on the tenth we 665  
will bury him, and the people shall feast, and upon the  
eleventh we will erect a tomb for him, and on the twelfth  
we will fight, if there be a necessity.”

And him the swift-footed Achilles again addressed:  
“And these things shall be to thee, O aged Priam, as  
thou desirest: for I will stop the war as long a time as 670  
thou biddest me.”

Thus having spoken, he grasped the right hand of the  
old man near the wrist, that he might not fear in his  
mind. Then the herald and Priam went to recline there  
in the vestibule of the house, having many cares in their 675  
hearts; and Achilles slept in the interior of the well-built  
tent; and beside him lay the beautiful-cheeked Briseïs.

Now the other gods and warriors who fight from chariots,  
reposed all night, overcome with soft sleep; but sleep  
occupied not the good Mercury, revolving in his mind 680  
how he should send out king Priam from the fleet<sup>1</sup>, without

<sup>1</sup> The ships.



the knowledge of the sacred warders<sup>1</sup>. And he stood over his head, and addressed to him *this* speech:

“ Old man, thou hast now no thought of evil—so<sup>2</sup> thou still sleepest among hostile warriors, because Achilles has  
685 left thee unharmed. And now thou hast ransomed thy beloved son, and hast given many things; yet the sons *which are* left behind to thee would *have to* give three times as many ransoms for thee alive<sup>3</sup>, should Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, know thee, and all the Achæans recognise thee.”

Thus he spake; and the old man feared, and roused the  
690 herald. And for them Mercury then yoked the horses and mules, and quickly drove them himself through the camp, nor did any one know it.

But when they now reached the ford<sup>4</sup> of the fair-flowing river, the eddying Xanthus, to which immortal Jove gave birth, then indeed Mercury departed to the lofty Olympus; and the saffron-veiled morning diffused over the whole  
695 earth. And they drove the horses towards the city, with groaning and lamentation, and the mules bore the corpse; nor did any other of the men and elegantly-zoned women previously know it; but Cassandra, resembling golden  
700 Venus, ascending the Pergamus, recognised her beloved father standing in the car, and the herald who cried through the city<sup>5</sup>. Him (*Hector*) also she beheld upon the mules, lying on the bier; and then she shrieked, and exclaimed through the whole city:

“ Go ye Trojans and Trojan women, and behold Hector, if ever ye rejoiced even for him returning alive from battle; for he was a great joy to the city and to the whole state.”

<sup>1</sup> The keepers of the gates.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* with such confidence.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* they would seize thee, and thy sons would have to ransom thee at a still higher price.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* the point where there was a ford—it does not appear that they crossed it.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* whose business it is to cry through the city—to assemble the citizens to council.

Thus she spake; nor was there then any man left in the city, or woman; for an intolerable grief came upon all; and they crowded near the gates to meet him (*Priam*) bringing in the corpse. And for him his wife and venerable mother, 710 first rushing to the well-wheeled waggon, tore out their hair, embracing *his* head; and the people stood around, weeping. And surely now for the whole day till sun-set would they have mourned before the gates, weeping for Hector, had not the old man addressed the people from his 715 chariot:

“Give me way, to pass through with the mules; and ye shall afterwards indulge your weeping, when I have carried him home.”

Thus he spake; and they stood apart, and made way for the waggon. And when they had brought him into the noble mansions, they then laid him upon splendid<sup>1</sup> couches, 720 and stationed beside him the leaders of funeral dirges, who then chanted a mournful strain, and the women also groaned in addition. And the white-armed Andromache began the lamentation among them, holding between her hands the head of Hector, the man-slayer:

“O my husband, thou hast fallen from life a youth, and 725 leavest me a widow in *our* halls. Thine infant boy too thus, whom thou and I, ill-fated, produced—nor do I think he will reach *the years of youth*; for before that will this city be overthrown from its summit. For thou, indeed, its guardian, hast perished, who didst defend it, and *protect its* chaste wives and infant children—they (the women) 730 now will be soon carried away in the hollow ships, and I also among them. Thou, again, my child, wilt either follow me myself, where thou shalt toil *at some* disgraceful works, labouring for an ungentle master<sup>2</sup>; or some one of the Achæans, seizing thee by the hand, shall cast thee, 735

<sup>1</sup> Perforated, probably of net-work.

<sup>2</sup> King.

enraged, from a tower, to a bitter death—one of whom perchance Hector slew a brother, or a father, or even a son—since by the hands of Hector very many of the Achæans grasped the vast soil with their teeth. For thy father was not gentle in the bitter fight; and therefore do  
 740 the people mourn him throughout the city. But thou hast caused execrable woe and sorrow to thy parents, O Hector, and to me, most, severe sorrows are left. For thou didst not stretch out thine hands to me from the bed when dying; nor speak any wise word, of which I might  
 745 be ever mindful, when weeping nights and days.”

Thus she spake, mourning; and then the women also groaned; and Hecuba in turn began among them her vehement lamentation:

“O Hector, far the dearest to my soul of all my sons—whilst alive, indeed, thou wert beloved by the gods, and  
 750 they in truth have taken care of thee, even in the condition of death. For the rest of my sons, whichever he took, the swift-footed Achilles sold beyond the unfruitful sea, in Samos, and in Imbrus, and the inhospitable<sup>1</sup> Lemnos. But from thee when he had taken away the life with  
 755 his long-pointed spear, he frequently dragged thee round the tomb of his own comrade Patroclus, whom thou didst slay; but not thus did he raise him up. And now thou liest for me in the halls, dewy and fresh<sup>2</sup>, like to one whom Apollo of the silver bow, attacking, has slain with his own gentle<sup>3</sup> weapons.”

760 Thus she spake, weeping; and raised a violent lamentation. Next Helen, the third, began her wail among them:

“O Hector, far the dearest to my soul of my brothers-in-law—for indeed the godlike Paris is my husband, who brought me to Troy; and Oh! that I had perished first.

<sup>1</sup> Without a harbour.

<sup>2</sup> As if just killed.

<sup>3</sup> Mild—for a swift death is without pain.



For now is this the twentieth<sup>1</sup> year to me, from the time 765  
at which I came from thence and quitted my native land;  
but never did I hear from thee an evil nor reproachful  
word; and if any other of my husband's brothers, or his  
sisters' husbands, or elegantly-robed wives of his brothers,  
upbraided me in these halls, or my mother-in-law (for my 770  
father-in-law was always kind as a father)—him, then, ad-  
monishing with words, didst thou check with thy gentleness  
and thy gentle words. Wherefore grieving in my heart, I  
wail at once for thee, and for my unhappy self; for there is  
no other tender and kind to me in wide Troy; but all de- 775  
test me."

Thus she spake, weeping; and again the unnumbered  
crowd groaned. And the aged Priam delivered this speech  
among the people:

"Ye Trojans, bring wood now to the city, nor at all  
fear in your mind a close ambushade of Argives; for 780  
Achilles thus surely promised *when* sending me away from  
the black ships, that he would not commence hostilities,  
before the twelfth morning should arrive."

Thus he spake; whereupon they yoked the oxen and  
mules to the waggons; and immediately after assembled 785  
in front of the city. Nine days indeed they brought in  
immense *quantities* of wood, but when at length the tenth  
morning had appeared, bringing light upon mortals, then  
also they, weeping, bore out the gallant Hector, and laid  
the corpse upon the high funeral pile, and cast in the fire.

And when the early-born, rosy-fingered morn appeared, 790  
then were the people assembled round the pile of the illus-  
trious Hector. But when they were assembled, and were  
collected together, first indeed they extinguished all the  
pile, as much as the force of the fire had occupied, with  
dark wine; and then his brothers and comrades gathered  
his white bones, mourning, and the hot tears poured down

<sup>1</sup> The Achæans were ten years in collecting, and remained ten years  
at the siege.

795 their cheeks. And, taking them, they placed them in a golden urn, covering it with fine purple robes, and presently laid it in a hollow grave; and then strewed it above with many large stones. The tomb, however, they hastily threw up, whilst spies sat round in every direction, lest the  
800 well-armed Achæans should too soon make an assault. But after heaping up the tomb, they returned again; and then assembling in order together, they partook of a splendid feast in the mansions of Priam, *their* Jove-supported king.

Thus they then celebrated the funeral of Hector, the tamer of steeds.

THE END.









